NOTES FROM A DIARY

1892-1895

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1892-1895

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1904

PREFACE

THE two volumes, which I now publish, cover a period of four years, from the beginning of 1892 onwards. Seventy-five is not first youth, even in these days of comparative longevity; but I cherish the hope that I may be able, by the publication of two more volumes, to conclude these Notes with the 23rd January 1901, on which the Privy Council took the oaths to our present King. As they began with New Year's Day in 1851, they will then have extended over half a century.

All my earlier books, *Studies in European Politics*, *A Political Survey*, *Elgin Speeches*, etc.—everything indeed which I printed, while I remained in political life, was, whatever else it may have been, as grave as the least frivolous could desire.

In the two volumes to which this forms a preface, I have, as in all their predecessors of the same series, resolutely kept to the less serious side of life, and I purpose doing the same to the end.

1892

January

3. AMONGST our party to-day at York House was Wilfrid Ward, who told me that M. de Banville, describing an interview with Manning, had said: "I expected to find a priest; I found the skeleton of a parson."

6. Mr. J. R. Byrne came over to lunch, accompanied by his son, now German master at Eton. The former told me that he heard an excellent sermon lately by an old Balliol contemporary of mine, Canon Warburton, in the course of which he called attention to the great amount of difference which may be made by a single letter. The text, Timothy iv. 8, has been usually quoted, "Bodily exercise profiteth little," which has been understood as a disparagement of asceticism; but the revised version reads, "Bodily exercise profiteth for *a* little."

11. There has been read to me in the last day or two a good deal of Professor Flint's book upon various Philosophies of History—F. Schlegel's, Krause's, Lotze's,

Lasaulx's, "und wie sie alle heissen"—with scant result, it must be admitted. The following passage, however, in the chapter upon Hegel interested me:—

"The 'Æsthetik' is the most attractive of all his works, and wonderfully rich in positive knowledge and original remarks. Probably no other great speculative philosopher has had an equally extensive acquaintance with all the forms of art, been so familiar with the chief poets of different ages and nations, travelled so much, simply to enjoy beautiful landscapes, buildings, statues, and paintings, visited so diligently the concerts, theatres, galleries, etc.; and probably no other great speculative philosopher has had a more manifoldly susceptible and profound emotional nature. It is in the resulting mastery over the materials as a whole, in the direct and living relationship of his mind to an extraordinary number of the products of art in every department, that his chief merit lies."

Dined with the Literary Society. Sir Douglas Galton, just returned from Florence, whither he had gone to advise about sanitation, said the state of things was not very bad; the drainage was better than that of most Italian, but below that of the better sort of French cities.

Coleridge mentioned that he had gone as Marshal to his father, when he was an Eton boy, and had known Lord Abinger, who had said to him when speaking of Lord Erskine, "Never believe that he was not a great lawyer." Coleridge said that he thought he was the

greatest advocate who has lived since Cicero, and that if he had been made Lord Chief-Justice, instead of Lord Ellenborough, he would have rivalled Mansfield. Disraeli's name coming up led to the poem written by Chidiock Tichborne the night before his execution, not good as a whole, but containing some fine lines, as for instance the last two :—

> "The glass is full, and yet my glass is run.
> And now I live, and now my life is done."

This poem is quoted by the elder Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, and a compliment with reference to that fact, paid to father and son by Coleridge during the legal proceedings connected with the person known some years ago as the "Claimant," mightily pleased Disraeli the younger. Tichborne's lines led Coleridge on to Raleigh's much finer ones, written under similar circumstances :—

> "Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
> Our Youth, our joys, our all we have ;
> And pays us but with age and dust ;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days."

A question was raised which none of us, I regret to say, could answer : When Pandarus lost his character? He was known to Homer as an archer (*Iliad* ii. 824).

He was known to Virgil (*Æneid* ix. 672) as a highly respectable companion of Æneas.

À propos of Gladstone's interest in the Danai and his idea that they might have something to do with the tribe of Dan (!), Coleridge mentioned that he had called the great man's attention to the fact, which he had not before observed, that the name of that tribe does not occur amongst the 144,000 in the Apocalypse—the tribe of Joseph figuring in two parts as Ephraim and Manasseh. "Do you infer anything from that?" he enquired.

12. I said something in writing to Arthur Russell about the character of the opinions which are now spoken of as Liberal, and he replies:—

> "Alas! the Liberalism of the present day is not masculine; it is not because we are growing old that we think so. Taine says: 'Un homme fier désire le pouvoir pour éxécuter les idées qu'il a eu non pour éxécuter les idées des autres. Après tout c'est une mince ambition que celle de devenir domestique.'"

18. Mackenzie Wallace and Alfred Bailey spent yesterday with us. I had much talk with the former of many things, amongst others of the question between Russia and ourselves about the Pamirs.

In connection with a very different subject he repeated, incidentally, the remark of a French lady to her son;

"Ce qui se passe dans le cœur d'une jeune fille Dieu seul le sait—et encore !"

Bailey quoted the motto of Lord Ellesmere—"*Sic Donec*," which he freely translated: "Bridgwater House will do till we are transferred to the Celestial Mansions."

To him, too, I owe the statement that a connection of his, wishing to ask a waiter at Kissingen for another spoon, exclaimed, "Kellner, noch ein Teufel!" and the story of one of his brother judges pulling down Lord ——— (when in the absence of any more authorised spokesman he rose to reply for the Navy) and adding the words, "It's not Knavy with a K they have been drinking."

25. The whole house being disorganised from Influenza, Victoria and Lily are acting as my secretaries, and have read to me the "cynical but priceless" autobiographical fragment, as Lord Rosebery well calls it, prefixed to the *Life of Lord Shelburne*, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. It is full of curious things, as, for instance, the account of Mr. Craggs the elder, who said: "That it was as rare to meet with men perfectly wicked as to meet with men perfectly honest or perfectly able, but that he was one." Other notable passages are the sketch of Lord Carteret, the abuse of Bolingbroke, the interview between Lord Harley and the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Chatham's bad opinion

of Eton as it was in his day, the very interesting and not eulogistic account of that eminent person, the description of the battle of Dettingen, the railing at Lord Mansfield and the Scotch in general, the notice of Wolfe, whose father, as it appears, was the man who having saved Sir Robert Walpole's life was offered anything he liked to have. He considered, and desired leave to ride through the park. He was then asked whether he would not rather have an Irish peerage, but stuck to his first request. I should have thought that the word "link" for a "flambeau" was one of the most harmless in the language, but it seems I am wrong, for Lord Shelburne instances the use of it by Sir Robert Walpole as an altogether damning proof of his coarseness and vulgarity!

We had a very small party at the Geographical Club dinner—Freshfield, Seebohm, General Shaw Stewart, and several guests. One of these was Captain Younghusband, our Gold Medallist of 1890, whose name has lately been before the public in connection with the Pamirs. I told him that when the Penjdeh affair occurred, people were burying their valuables in the Salem district of Madras, and he replied: "When I was in Kashgar, and quite alone, the people in Russian Turkestan, two hundred miles off, likewise set to work to bury their valuables, for it was rumoured that I had

with me two hundred men, the vanguard of an English army." So sensitive is Eastern opinion in such matters that when, a few years ago, the military manœuvres took place around Delhi, similar precautions were resorted to. Part of the performance was to be a feigned attack upon the town; but the recollections of 1857 had not died out.

In the course of the afternoon I met Morley at the Athenæum, and he recalled to me his meeting at York House with Gladstone, in 1879. I told him that when I walked with the latter to the station, he said, speaking of Morley, "I know no man with whom I agree so little in opinion, with whom I have so much sympathy." I also mentioned that some time before that, when it was proposed to put in force, in favour of Lord Selborne, the power which enabled us to elect a man at the Metaphysical Society by acclamation, Arthur Russell proposed that the same course should be adopted in the case of Morley, who was at the opposite pole of opinion from Selborne. Gladstone faintly protested, but the election took place.

27. On my way to attend the Senate of the University of London I went into Westminster Abbey to see the bust of Mat Arnold, which, flanked by those of Kingsley and Maurice, looks straight across to that of Mr. Keble, who was Arnold's godfather; but who, if he made his

godchild "hear sermons," did not do so with much success, in so far as dogma is concerned.

From the Abbey I went to the Athenæum, where I met Frank Palgrave, who, beginning with his brother's book, which was mentioned in these Notes two years ago, but has been published under the title not of the *Pageant*, but of the *Vision of Life*, proceeded by the space of three-quarters of an hour to discourse to me — and to discourse extremely well — upon Poetry, interrupted only here and there by a question from me to turn the stream in this or in that direction. The whole, bating a somewhat too emphatic or too festive expression, might have been delivered in his lecture-room at Oxford. I was not surprised to find that he put Tennyson above all the poets of our time, but below Tennyson, and in a line with each other, he put Browning, Mat Arnold, and, strange to say, Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet. All other contemporary or recent singers he placed far lower than these.

29. On my way to a special meeting of the Literary Fund, I looked into the Athenæum, where, in a book which I took up for a few moments, I came on a rather happy saying of a Glasgow professor. Several of his brethren were discussing with some vehemence the direction of the wind: "De gustibus," he remarked, "non est disputandum."

30. A strong west wind, hurrying clouds before it turned golden by the sunrise. The winter mornings at York House are often exceedingly beautiful, and my wife, sketching recently while snow was on the ground, caught particularly well the character of one of them—misty and mystical. The yellow aconites, of which hardly any came up amidst the icy horrors of last year, are now pretty numerous, and the snowdrops just beginning to show their white heads.

February

4. Drove up to London in the evening to take the chair at the Historical Society, where Mr. Oscar Browning read a paper on the "Evolution of the Family." On my way I dined at the Athenæum with Sir George Bowen and Emly. The latter mentioned that when the Bishop of Emmaus, the same who is mentioned under the name of Monsignor Patterson in these Notes for 1877, went to talk to Manning about some one being sent over to represent the Pope at the Jubilee, the Cardinal expressed himself in an adverse sense, saying that he thought the importance of kings and princes had very much passed, and that what the Church had to think of was the People. "Am I," said the Bishop, "to take that as your real opinion? And am I to tell

His Holiness that it is your opinion?" "Certainly," was the reply. The Bishop mentioned it to the Pope accordingly, to his no small astonishment.

8. I spent in the middle of the day a short time at the Athenæum, where I read an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by John Morley, upon Frederic Harrison's recent book.

I extract some sentences which seem to me striking in more ways than one:—

"We are told that, historically considered, the *Imitatio* is to be viewed as a final summary of the moral wisdom of Catholicism; that it is a picture of man's moral nature; that it continually presents personal moral improvement as the first and constant aim for every individual. I do not say that any of this is untrue, but is moral the right word? Is not the sphere of these famous meditations the spiritual rather than the moral life, and their aim the attainment of holiness rather than mere moral excellence? As indeed another writer under the same head better expresses it, is not their inspiration 'the yearning for perfection—the consolation of the life out of self?' By Holiness do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty; still less is it the same as religious belief. It is a name for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of reason, argument, and the struggles of the will, dwells in patient and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good. In this region, not in ethics, moves the *Imitatio*."

The afternoon and evening belonged chiefly to the Geographical Council, Club Dinner and Meeting. At the second, which was very largely attended, I had on my left the American Military Attaché. I asked him about West Point. He said the discipline was extremely strict and the work very continuous, there being only a period of leave of about sixty days during the whole of the four years' course. The pupils begin at a lower level of attainment than at our English Military Colleges. As the school teaching is very unequal in different parts of the States, the authorities find it necessary to lower the standard in order to secure candidates for admission. He thought the success in many lines of life, of those who passed through West Point, justified the system.

The paper, which was by Captain Younghusband, on the Pamirs and the way thither, drew a very large audience, and was much praised by various speakers. The following sketch of character amused me:—

"This interesting person had a few years ago murdered his father, poisoned his mother, and thrown his two brothers over precipices, and then announced his deeds to his suzerain, the Maharaja of Kashmir, in the following terms: 'By the grace of God and the decree of fate, my father and I fell out. I took the initiative and settled the matter, and have placed myself on the throne of my ancestors.'"

10. Arthur Russell sends me a letter from Mr.

Shorthouse to a friend, from which it would appear that the sense which he gave to the word *falaiser* was like the German's camel, evolved out of his inner consciousness. From the same letter it results that the author thinks that Blanche brought about her own fate, for that he had intended the story to end in a different way, if she had not acted for herself. He is of opinion, too, that George Falaise had his deserts, since he insisted upon marrying Blanche against her repeated warnings.

Drove over to lunch with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont. The house was built for Clive, and the size of the drawing-room, which is very large, was determined by his wish to have an apartment capable of containing a gigantic Indian carpet which belonged to him.

Many of the ceilings are beautiful, and the Duchess possesses a number of interesting things; amongst them a good medallion of Charles Edward, and the signatures of all the signatories to the Berlin Treaty. The conversation turning upon mistakes in talking foreign languages, H.R.H. said that some of the best were made by Dutchmen talking German, one of whom astonished a servant by saying to him, "Ich habe mein Frühstück gebellt!" The little Duke and his sister are bright, healthy-looking children. I had never before seen a photograph of Mlle. Vacaresco, who has been

troubling Israel, not a little, in these last days—a handsome person with an expression of much life and "go."

13. To the Grillion breakfast, which was well attended, and where we elected Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. George Curzon, and Lord Carlisle. My neighbour on the right was Lord Fortescue, who told me an old tradition of Brooks's which I had never heard. As soon as the appointed hour had struck, it was our habit to proceed to election there the moment that twelve members were present. On one occasion when the drawers were opened it was found that a candidate had received a black ball from every one of the twelve, and that there was one to spare. This naturally excited much wonderment, and the aged waiter who was in charge was questioned about it. This venerable person confessed with many apologies that he was so convinced of the unsuitability of the candidate that he had black-balled him himself. He was commended "for his zeal and good taste," but requested not to repeat the performance.

Geffcken says in a paper on the Pope and the future of the Papacy, which he sent me the other day, "that many of the Cardinals were of opinion that Cavour's Concessions offered to the Papacy might be accepted, and that Pius IX. was wavering; but the negotiations failed, thanks to the resistance of Antonelli."

Mrs. Bishop writes from Valescure:—

"The sunshine here errs by monotony. Every morning I see the same orange and amber warming the grey of dawn. There is never a 'shining wrack' for the sun to leap on. But sometimes a mistral roars along the plain and steely close packed clouds are driven like bubbles out of the Montagnes des Maures."

Father English dined with us, and showed me some lines by Denis Florence Macarthy which I had never seen. They are an echo of Father Prout's *Bells of Shandon*, and show the same wonderful command of rhythm which made their author succeed so well in translating Calderon.

I quote the last two verses:—

"The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
Young Ireland wreathed round its rebel sword,
With deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of the 'Bells of Shandon'
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

"There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devizes
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar;
And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's ashes
In the quiet cloister of Temple Bar.

So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest,
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the 'Bells of Shandon'
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

15. Evelyn returned from the Roman Embassy. He has been much struck with the small progress which has been made in welding together the different parts of Italy, and gives various amusing illustrations of it, one of these being that on the steamer which plies between Naples and Sorrento, Neapolitans only pay half-fare, while Romans, Milanese, and other Italians, who are lumped together under the name of *Stranieri*, are obliged to pay in full.

16. Drove up to dine with The Club. Trevelyan was in the chair, the others present being Hooker, Lord Derby, Lecky, Reeve, and Alfred Morrison. Conversation found its way to Waterloo, and to the fact that Wellington had 13,000 men at Hal at the time of the battle. He maintained, it seems, to the last, that Napoleon ought to have advanced by that place. Some exchange of ideas about the proper spelling, in an English history, of the word Louis, led to the statement that from the time that he was at Cambridge, where he gained a prize for a character of William III., to the day of his death, Macaulay always stuck to Lewis, and elicited

from Lecky the remark that he, too, always spelt the word in that way.

Trevelyan, who has been passing some time this winter in Rome, was much struck with the extraordinary change brought about in the architecture of the city from the accession of Sixtus V. onward to the middle of the 17th century, and gave an account of some very rough and early views by an Englishman, before the time of Sixtus V., from which it might be gathered that the pursuit of the traveller by armed brigands, in the midst of the ruins, was quite an ordinary incident of life.

18. Delivered my Inaugural Address as President of the Historical Society on the "Place of History in Education."

Talked with Evelyn after dinner about Meyendorff, the Russian Secretary, at Rome, and his amusing battles with Gortschakoff, whom he cordially detested. On one occasion, when the Chancellor was ill, Meyendorff was admitted to his bedroom to receive instructions. "Tell them," said the Minister, speaking of some diplomatists who were waiting in an adjoining room, "que vous avez vu le vieux lion dans sa tanière." "Oui, Excellence," was the reply. "Je leur dirai que j'ai vu cet animal-là!" When such were the relations it is hardly surprising that Gortschakoff, seeing Meyendorff standing at one of

his receptions among a group of distinguished persons, should have said to him, "Allez dans la foule." But it would not have been every one who would have been quick enough to answer with a bow, "De vos admirateurs."

After speaking of a severe illness from which her husband has just recovered, Madame Renan says, under date of 5th February 1892:—

"Quel contraste avec le beau mois que nous avions passé au Cap Martin!"

"Le volume de Mélanges que mon mari allait publier sous le nom de 'Feuilles detachées' 'a été fort retardé par cette maladie; mais il paraît enfin le 17; vous le recevrez donc dans quelques jours et je crois qu'il contiendra beaucoup de morceaux que vous ne connaissez pas encore."

21. We had our first party to-day since everything here was thrown into confusion by the Influenza, with which my wife, Iseult, and eleven of the servants, including all the principal ones, were attacked. Captain Younghusband, who returns in a month to Gilgit, told us a great deal about his various journeys. Amongst other things which I did not know, he mentioned that he found eighteen plants in the Gobi desert, twelve of which were new to science. The one which struck him most appears to have been a yellow rose. His Ghoorkas had conceived a very great contempt for the Cossacks whom they met. He found after his return

that these same Ghoorkas had been called up before they started by their native officers and told that they must not disgrace the regiment by returning alive if anything happened to the Sahib.

Precisely the same feeling existed in Cavagnari's escort. After all the European officers had fallen in the defence of the Residency at Cabul, the Afghans said to the native soldiers who remained, many of whom were Pathans, "We have no sort of enmity to you now that the Sahibs are killed; you had better surrender and go where you please." "Oh no," they said, "that we can't think of doing," and they held the place till the last man was slain, always excepting one who had been sent away with a message.

24. Sat long with the Arthur Russells. Since his being unwell, at the time of the Guildford meeting, was mentioned in these Notes for last November, his health has made us all anxious; but the last few times I have seen him I have not observed any very perceptible failure of strength. We looked over a collection of seals, most of which had belonged to Lady William, but Lady Arthur Russell showed me one, which had been her grandfather's, bearing the motto "Non solum togâ," which was not that of his family, but which the King insisted on his taking when he transferred M. de Peyronnet from his own regular

line of activity to, I think she said, the War Department.

24. At the Senate of the University of London this afternoon Lord Justice Fry used a happy phrase which I had not heard before: "We shall make a precedent, and precedents, as we know, soon come home to roost."

25. Took up at the Athenæum for a few minutes the Autobiography of Isaac Williams, the author of the *Cathedral*. He mentions that the very fine poem for the 20th Sunday after Trinity in the *Christian Year*,

> "Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice,
> The region of thy choice,"

was suggested to Mr. Keble by a ride with him in the neighbourhood of Aberystwith.

March

1. Dined last night at Grillion's — a party of eight— Lord Cranbrook, the Duke of Rutland, Arthur Mills, Lord Fortescue, Sir Reginald Welby, Chitty, and Lord Norton. The last-named told me that the *fin mot* of the Wesleyan three years' tenure of office, about which there was an article in the *Times* of to-day, is that Wesley directed that no one should be appointed for

more than three years without taking orders in the Church of England. Chitty talked much of his old friend, and my rather intimate acquaintance of Balliol days, Wykeham Martin, who died so tragically in the Library of the House of Commons in 1878, of his curious mixture of excessive simplicity and great shrewdness, and of his marvellous power of turning out Latin verses. He wrote those of half his friends when at Eton, carefully doctoring them to suit what the person, to whom they were shown up, would expect from their supposed author, saying from time to time, if his *protégé's* Latinity was weak, "here we must put in a false quantity, there, there must be a false concord"; and so on. Lord Cranbrook spoke much of the abilities of Dr. Blomfield, formerly Bishop of London, putting him higher than I have ever before heard done. The Duke of Rutland said that the common idea that O'Connell had absolutely refused to fight duels, after he had killed D'Esterre, was a mistake, for that Sir Robert Peel had himself told the Duke that he, at a later date than that, had challenged O'Connell, and that the challenge had been accepted. They were to fight at Ostend, and Peel went thither. What was intended came out, however, whether of set purpose or not, through O'Connell's friends, and he was arrested before he crossed the Channel. The Duke told also, in a slightly different form from that which I had before

heard, a story of Lord Alvanley. According to his version that personage gave the man who had driven him to and from a hostile meeting at Wormwood Scrubs, a five-pound note. "What!" said the other, "all this for driving you to Wormwood Scrubs?" "No, you fool," was the reply, "for bringing me back." He mentioned also an answer he had heard given by the second Lord Erskine, at Cambridge. He was supremely ignorant of all his examiners expected him to know, but they were exceedingly anxious to let him through. The matter in hand was dynamics: "You row on the river," said one of them, "do you not?" "Yes," replied Lord Erskine. "Well, supposing that in rowing you struck against the pier of a bridge, how would you fall, backward or forward?" "I have not the very slightest idea," was the answer. "Well, I will try it in another way," rejoined the examiner; "you are fond of hunting, are you not? Supposing that when galloping across a field your horse was suddenly stopped by a wide ditch, of the existence of which you were quite unaware, how would you fall?" "God only knows, sir," said the other, "how you would fall, but I trust that I should keep my seat."

2. Dined last night with The Club. I was in the chair, in the absence of Lord Derby, who was detained by Lady Derby's operation for cataract. On my right

was Froude, on my left Lecky, opposite, Maunde Thompson, Reeve, and Hooker. I talked to the last-mentioned about *Amherstia nobilis*, a flowering branch of which Miss North, in her *Recollections*, says that he gave her at Kew. "Yes," he remarked, "at one time the *Amherstia* did very well, but of late somehow this has not been the case. I am not sure that they have it at all at present." We talked of St. Patrick, and some writings attributed to him were mentioned, which both Lecky and Froude considered genuine. I asked the latter if he by any chance remembered my meeting him and Carlyle many years ago in the street, soon after Froude had returned from his visit to America which had excited so much bad feeling amongst the Irish. Carlyle stopped me, and said: "Well! you see he has come back alive, and not like St. Patrick, with his head in his teeth." The incident, however, had faded from his mind.

In the course of talk Froude mentioned that Max Müller had gone to see Taine at Oxford, and found him dining or lunching in the middle of the day off beefsteak and buttered toast. Struck by the strange combination he enquired how his friend had come to order it. He replied that he had been told that beef-steak and bōtătoes were the right things to order. I spoke of Bishop Blomfield, and Froude said that when

there was, many years ago, some discussion about the income of bishops, Hartley Coleridge had remarked to him, "There are only two people who know what the Bishop of London's income is, himself and the devil." I asked Reeve, who knew Paris at one time at least as well as any Englishman, if he had ever heard before of the new French Premier, M. Loubet. "Never," he said; no more had I. Maunde Thompson read to us one or two curious letters he had received. He is treated, it would appear, by a certain class of persons in the country as a sort of oracle to whom they have a right to apply. A school-boy had once written to him to say that he had been told to write an essay about the word Habergeon, and he begged to know what it meant.

Some very curious facts are to be gleaned from Isaac Williams's Autobiography, at which I looked again to-day in the Athenæum. I see, for instance, that the daily service in churches was first revived at Bisley by Thomas Keble, and that the name of Puseyite was given to the Tractarians by a pure accident. Newman and Williams were walking together; Pusey joined them. In the course of talk he said to Newman that the "Tracts" were far too hard on the Low Church Party, and that they should be conciliated, adding that he thought of writing a letter in that sense. Newman

then asked him to let him have it for the "Tracts." Pusey said playfully, "No, I won't be one of you." Newman then suggested that Pusey should sign his name so as to disengage himself from any responsibility for the other "Tracts," but let it appear among them. Pusey agreed; wrote what he meant to be a peace-making paper and signed his initials. The *Record* denounced it, and gave Pusey's name to the whole movement.

3. I talked the other night with the Duke of Rutland about Faber, and have since sent him my paper mentioned on a previous page. Writing about it to-day he says, amongst other things:—

"It brought back to my recollection many a half-forgotten episode in our summer campaign at the Lakes in 1838. One great charm he possessed has, I think, been rather overlooked, the beauty and flexibility of his voice. His influence over people of all ranks, whether at Ambleside or Elton, was extraordinary. I have little doubt there are still at the former place traditions of his 'Rushbearing' sermon."

6. Evelyn told Mr. Richard Ward and myself a curious story. An Italian acquaintance of his had been at Casamicciola at the time of the great catastrophe. A lady, at the hotel where he was, began to play, by no means well, the "Dead March in Saul." He was in low spirits. It jarred upon his nerves, and he went

out into the garden. In a moment or two came the earthquake; the whole of the building was destroyed, while he escaped.

7. Dined with the Literary Society. Coleridge is away on the Northern Circuit, so I was in the chair. Trevelyan, Professor Flower, Sidney Colvin, Sir Douglas Galton, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and Mr. Courthope were present. It came out in the course of conversation that the last-named had himself heard the sermon in the Colosseum which is referred to in these Notes for 30th June 1876, on the subject of the death of the Duca di Torlonia, in which the Friar, who was preaching, described his arrival at the gate of Paradise, where he knocked imperiously. When it was opened he was asked his name, which he gave. The Guardian then proceeded to turn over the pages of the Book of Life, but after a search among the T's, he said: "Mi rincresce tanto tanto, ma non trôvo questo nome." Taken considerably aback, Torlonia then asked him to search for "l'altro nome della famiglia—Il Duca di Bracciano." After an exhaustive search among the B's with no better result, the Guardian again said: "Mi rincresce tanto tanto, ma non trôvo questo nome," adding, "piú giù." Much disconcerted, the traveller descended to Purgatory, where a similar colloquy took place. Finding no admission there he went lower still. No sooner, however,

had he knocked at the Inferno, than the gate was thrown open, and with the words, "Caro mio, Carissimo," he was clasped in the arms of Lucifer.

Professor Flower gave an account of the Behring Sea difficulty, from the naturalist's point of view, and made it seem highly probable that, whatever were the rights or the wrongs of the case as it presented itself to the international lawyer, the concession of the Canadian claims would end, in a year or two, in the total extermination of the fur-bearing seal, which was not long ago a sufficiently common animal; but is now found only in these waters, where the Americans have hitherto succeeded in so regulating its capture as to prevent the destruction of the breed.

8. Arthur writes from the Legation at Stockholm, giving a curious account of the very strained relations between Sweden and Norway, with reference to the proposed separation of the Consular Services in the two countries.

9. To a meeting of the Indian Committee at the Imperial Institute. When it was over I walked through the huge building with Herschell and others. Dyer, who was one of the party, mentioned that he had just discovered that they are weaving cloth in the South of France out of the fibre of *Spartium Junceum*, just as they were in Greece in the days of Homer!

11. Lunched with Mrs. Arkwright, who told me that a young lady of her acquaintance had said across the table to a friend, "I saw you to-day walking alone in Bond Street." "I," answered the other, "was only going to my dressmaker's." "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "I did not know that one could be chaperoned by a motive."

14. To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner, and Meeting. The first was long and full of varied business; at the second, which was only thinly attended, Mr. H. Seebohm gave me an interesting account of Annesley, which still belongs to the Musters family, one of whom married Byron's early love, Mary Chaworth. His object was to see a collection of birds brought some fifty years ago from the Falkland Islands, and which he said would have become very famous if they had been examined when they first came over by some competent ornithologist. He mentioned also that quite recently some fifty new species of birds, several even belonging to new genera, had been discovered at the top of a mountain in Borneo.

19. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's, where we had Trevelyan, Herschell, and Courtney. Conversation turning to Freeman, whose death at Alicante was announced yesterday, Trevelyan mentioned that Kirkman Hodgson had told him that when he and Freeman went canvas-

sing together, the historian had such a genius for putting his audience out of humour that hardly any of his speeches "died a natural death."

I asked Lady Blachford, whom I met at luncheon yesterday, about Mr. Wilson, whose name is mentioned by Mr. Isaac Williams as one of the writers in the *Tracts for the Times*, and whose name I do not remember to have ever heard. She said he was long a curate of Keble's at Hursley, later had a parish in Yorkshire, and still later one near Salisbury. There seem to have been only fourteen writers in all, viz., R. H. Froude, Newman, the two Kebles (John and Thomas), Perceval, J. Bowden, Isaac Williams, Pusey, Benjamin Harrison, Palmer of Worcester, Thomas Mozley, Sir George Prevost, Anthony Buller, and the Mr. Wilson just mentioned—a very small band to have made such a noise in the world! Newman was the only one who went over to Rome.

Isaac Williams seems to have had a considerable share in preventing a most mischievous proceeding. Keble talked at one time of altering the *Christian Year* to suit his somewhat altered views. Williams threatened that if he did so his friends would reprint the *Christian Year* and circulate it in spite of him. That led to the publication of the *Lyra Innocentium*.

Dined at Grillion's, where we had amongst others

Lord Fortescue, Lord Norton, Meade, Kimberley, Sir James Paget, Chitty, and Bowen. Lord Norton told me that Lord Houghton went to stay with him at his house near Birmingham, not long before the end of his life. "Is there any one," he enquired of his guest, "whom you would like to see here?" "Yes," was the reply, "I should like to see Joseph van Artevelde." I talked with Meade about Arthur Russell's illness, which became suddenly and very grievously aggravated within a week of the last entry about him in these Notes, and has resulted in the greatest prostration. "At least," said Meade, "that state is not in itself disagreeable. Once after I had had a very violent fever and felt hopelessly weak, Arthur Stanley came to see me, and I well remember saying to him, 'If this is really death I can only say that it is very pleasant.'"

23. To the Council of the Hakluyt Society, where amongst other things the first volume of a reprint of an old English translation of the travels of Pietro della Valle, which will be, I suppose, our next publication, was on the table. Delmar Morgan, the secretary, read a letter from a gentleman in Tasmania who complained that we published many voyages of persons of secondary importance, whilst we neglected, with certain exceptions which he named, the great navigators. Markham, who was in the chair, was able, however, to show that hardly

any of the great navigators, whom he accused us of neglecting, had left anything of the very smallest importance in the way of narrative behind him.

28. The Wilfrid Wards came to us on the 26th, and left this morning. We had endless talk over many interesting things. He spoke to me, *inter alia*, about the curious way in which the word Ultramontane has changed its meaning, thanks to the shock given to such men as Joseph de Maistre by the French Revolution, which drove them to look to a strong central authority as the one thing needful, and made them conceive of a General Council as a States General likely to lead on step by step to Conventions and all evil works.

He told me that St. Thomas Aquinas had owed a great deal to the Jewish writers, and more especially to Maimonides; and described a scene at Balliol when Ruskin, after starting many very wild propositions, went out of the room leaving him alone with Jowett, to whom he made some remark about Ruskin's views. "Views!" said the Master, "Ruskin has no views — phases of thought, phases of thought!"

Mrs. Ward called my attention to Faber's *Shadow of the Rock*, which, strange to say, I had never read. It was her father's favourite amongst all his friend's hymns, and certainly the taste of the great advocate was not at fault. It has the merit, very unusual with its writer, of

being good and strong throughout, from the first word to the last. No one was more apt to mar admirable work by weak passages.

Conversation found its way naturally to Rome, and Evelyn mentioned that Pio Nono was very much more popular with Roman society than his successor, giving as one reason the fact that he identified himself so much more with the life of the Roman families, sending little presents when any of their members were married, and so forth. When Mondragone, the eldest of the Bandini, was to be presented, Pio Nono, knowing that he had just got into a tail coat, and boylike was delighted with his new dignity, insisted that he should come in that garment.

Evelyn also mentioned the other day that Cardinal Schönborn had told him that he dated the change which made him an ecclesiastic from the day of Königgraetz. He and another officer were the only two in his regiment who heard Mass that morning, and were also, strange to say, the only two who came out of the battle alive.

To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner, and Meeting. At the first, which was very long, we resolved to re-introduce the practice of having an annual dinner, settled the date for the Conversazione, and decided to all intents and purposes, though not formally, the medallists of the

year. At the second I had on the left Señor Pezet, the Peruvian Consul General, and on the right Mr. Ross, a Scotchman from Stonehaven, who has been planting in Ceylon for most of his life, but having been sent, in the service of the Peruvian Corporation, to report on Peru from an agricultural point of view, was the author of the paper on that country, which was read at the meeting by Sir Alfred Dent. The paper was followed by an interesting conversation, in which Markham brought out the extraordinary success of the Peruvian Indians in farming pursuits, in the domestication of the Alpaca, in their unsurpassed coffee, unequalled maize, and the difficult cultivation of the coca.

Colonel Church, an American who has been much in those regions, said that from the head of the navigation of the Tamba down to Para is a distance of about 3500 miles, but that the former point is only about some 770 feet above the latter. The railway will soon connect the Tamba with Callao; already it has been carried over a point as high as Mont Blanc, and then Liverpool should be easily reached from Lima in less than three weeks.

29. In a conversation with Mr. Roberts, he told me that he had once said to Mr. W. G. Ward: "Does it not seem to you extremely curious that Manning has become so much more influential with the Cardinal than

his old friends—than Bishop Errington for example." "Not in the least," was the reply; "the fact is that there are two elements in the Cardinal: there is the lobster-salad element and there is the supernatural element. Bishop Errington will insist upon seeing only the lobster-salad element, Manning is equally determined only to see the supernatural element, and is of course preferred."

Drove up again at night to dine with The Club, where we had only a *partie carrée*, thanks to a variety of misfortunes in the families of members, and were thus unable to proceed to an election. Reeve, Hooker, and Sir Henry Elliott were the others present. The last told us that he had smoked a great deal in early life but had given up the practice for many years, and only taken to it again when he became ambassador. "You cannot think," he added, "what an advantage it is to one in that position; it just gives him the necessary amount of time to think before he answers."

30. I observe a curious statement in a paper read last year before the Geographical Society in Berlin:—

"Surinam is the only country which can be designated a Jewish Colony in the same sense as Australia is an English one. In the small Parliament, which has been in existence since 1866, there are thirteen Jews out of fifteen members. The Surinam Jews are descended mostly from those Portuguese American Jews who were driven out of Brazil in 1644."

April

1. Mr. Whitley Stokes came down to dine and to talk about Maine, whose right-hand man he was in India, and whom after an interval, during which the office was filled first by Stephen and then by Lord Hobhouse, he succeeded as legal member of the Viceroy's Council. He mentioned that when he was Administrator-General of Madras he had been able to render some service to a small native tradesman. Some time afterwards this man came to him and proposed to present him, as a token of gratitude, with an immense manuscript of Omar Khayyam, which he had bought at the sale of the Nawab of the Carnatic. Mr. Stokes declined receiving so very costly a present. "Costly!" said the man; "what do you think I paid for it? Four annas." That is in English money—just sixpence. He has presented the manuscript, which contains 800 quatrains, many of them doubtless spurious, to the Cambridge University Library.

The Breakfast Club met at the house of Trevelyan, but we were a very small party, Courtney and Frederick Leveson Gower making up the four. Mr. White, of the American Legation, was present as a guest. Our host told us that he had lately explored Keats's haunts at Hampstead, most of which have been now identified

Our talk found its way to Taine, and he remarked how curiously the feelings of the writer changed as he went on with his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*. In the first volume his sympathies were all with the movement, while later they were all the other way. It was like the writing of a contemporary.

3. A perfect day and a pleasant party at York House —Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Bligh, Miss Lily Sumner, the Monkswells, and Mr. Louis Mallet.

4. I told Miss Sumner that Mrs. W. E. Forster, whom I went to see in London a few days ago, had told me that she liked to go to her house near Ambleside for November and December rather than for any other period of the year, chiefly on account of the great beauty of the colours. "Ruskin," said my companion, "holds a different opinion. He told me that the Highlands are in Autumn much more beautiful than the English lakes; their glory is in the Spring, at which season Switzerland can show nothing superior to them."

The accounts of Arthur Russell have got steadily worse and worse. This afternoon Harold telegraphed: "The end has come quite peacefully."

5. Reay writes:—

"I must write a line to say how much I feel what you lose in Arthur Russell—more than a brother. Nothing can compensate for such a termination of an epoch in one's life,

and alas! epochs close, but new ones do not open. Old friends go, new friends either do not appear on the surface, or how different! To you the fact of continuous and complete sympathy of views makes the loss still more sensible."

Evelyn mentioned at breakfast that Lord Dufferin had slept last year through the explosion at Rome, when 265 tons of gunpowder blew up. "He would sleep," said some one, "through the last trump." "That depends," remarked Story, who was present, "whether it was or was not the Queen of Hearts."

7. Dined with the Reeves. Sir Henry Elliott mentioned that when he was at Vienna he found the old superstition about the Jews sacrificing a child at the Passover, not merely amongst the ignorant, but in circles of a very different kind. The Nuncio, for example, had assured him that it was a fact, about which there was no doubt whatever! Reeve gave a very amusing account of an interview between Tocqueville and his printer—each taking shame to himself for the utter failure of the compositors to make head or tail of the great man's manuscript.

9. Stephen writes:—

"I thought a good deal about you yesterday. I know by my own experience what such a death really amounts to. It is the permanent and total removal of a familiar object always welcome to your thoughts, and I know you well enough to know how much you are likely to be affected by

that. I can sympathise with you almost as well as if the loss was my own. I think that your loss is not only great, but irreparable. I do not think that any one can supply it, for it is hardly likely that you should have another friend whom you would like as much as you liked him, or who would fill in your mind just the place which was his. The very utmost which you can hope for is to be able some time or another to say, 'he reminds me of poor Arthur Russell,' but this is a wretched substitute for the actual man himself."

11. Mr. Howorth gave an interesting account of a very elaborate inscription found on or near the Marmorata, at Rome, and about to be published. It sets forth in the most minute detail all the ceremonial observed at the celebration of the secular games in the days of Augustus, mentions that Horace had been commissioned to write the hymn, and even such details as that Agrippa had fairly broken down from fatigue.

To the Geographical Council, Club Dinner, and Evening Meeting. At the first we settled the medals and awards for the year and transacted much other business. At the second I had on my right Mr. Gedge, the reader of the paper, which described an expedition up the Tana river, lately undertaken under the command of Captain Dundas. On my left was Mr. Lucas, of the Colonial Office, who has lately been doing much valuable literary work, re-editing, *inter alia*, Sir George Lewis's

Essay on "The Government of Dependencies." At the commencement of the Evening Meeting I read a resolution which the Council had passed with reference to the excellent John Murray, who has gone to his rest. Last year he was at the Foreign Office party looking quite hale and bright. I read also the following:—

"The Council requests the President to convey to Lady Arthur Russell and to the children of its late Foreign Secretary its sincere sympathy in the heavy affliction which has fallen on them and on the Society. For seventeen years Lord Arthur Russell gave to his colleagues the assistance of his great knowledge, his far-reaching connections in the chief centres of intelligence, his admirable temper and his intuitive sureness of judgment—a sureness of judgment which long experience of men and of affairs had ripened into wisdom.

"The Council knows well that no expression of its sorrow and respect can soothe the grief of those whom it desires the President to address; but it feels that it would be wanting in its duty alike to itself and to those whom it represents, if it were not to show, in the only way it can, how deeply it feels its irreparable loss."

12. E. F. Webster mentioned at dinner what I did not know, or had forgotten, viz., that the phrase "Masterly inactivity," which became so famous in its connection with Lord Lawrence's Afghan policy, has been traced to Sir James Mackintosh.

14. Took Victoria and Iseult to Westminster Abbey

to see the Bishop of Ely, who is Lord High Almoner, give away the doles which received the name of Maunds from *Mandatum*, the first word of John xiii. 34—a passage read in the service at the washing of the pilgrims' feet, still performed at Rome and elsewhere on Holy Thursday, and giving that day its English name Maundy, *not Maunday*, Thursday.

16. The Empress Frederick writes:—

"I can well imagine how you must feel kind, excellent Arthur Russell's death, and what a blank he will leave in your life never to be filled up! How charming those three gifted brothers were, so much alike and yet so different. . . . The chief charm of the two others to me *used* to be that they were Lord Odo's brothers, until I came to know them well and to appreciate each one for his own sake. We shall not see their like again!"

17. I have had read through to me in the last few days *Une Famille Noble Sous la Terreur*, into which I had dipped before I went to India and since. My admiration for the powers of Lady Georgiana Fullerton has risen considerably in consequence, for although the heroine of the real story, Alexandrine des Écherolles, was a quite admirable person, she had not the peculiar charm with which Lady Georgiana has invested Aline.

19. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who has been spending Easter here, left us this morning.

Conversation turning to a common friend of ours,

whose powers of monologue are rather tremendous, he quoted the line from Ovid's *Metamorphoses:*

"Raucaque garrulitas studiumque immane loquendi."

The name of a well-known member of the Paris Commune, who tried to acclimatise himself in London, was mentioned, and he repeated an account which the fellow had given of himself: "J'ai du génie pour dépenser de l'argent; je n'ai que du talent pour en gagner."

21. Mr. Richard Ward, who spent the afternoon with us, mentioned a saying about a lady whose society is better than her *cuisine:* "The central point of her dinners is always a dish consisting of three lumps of charcoal, described in the *menu* as 'Petites bouchées à la Luculle'"!

Who was it who said that he had not the "low cunning" necessary for success in Algebra?

24. Low Sunday, the Quasimodo of France and other Catholic lands, so called from the first word of the Introit. It is an ideally beautiful Spring day. The Tyrrells, Mr. C. P. Lucas, and others, are with us. Since Sir Donald Wallace was last here, a few weeks ago, he has made an extraordinarily interesting journey to Athens and elsewhere, over which we talked at very great length.

Who was the orthodox person, mentioned to-day by Tyrrell, who always called Jowett, Ephes,[1] in order

[1] 1 Samuel xvii. 1.

that he might add, "damn him," with a good conscience? It was Wallace who cited the answer to the question, "Why does a dog always turn round twice before he lies down?" "Because one good turn deserves another"; but Tyrrell who repeated the remark made about a contemporary politician, "that he had a great future *behind* him."

26. Dined with The Club, where we had a *quorum*, and were thus enabled to elect Lord Kelvin. Sir Henry Elliot, Reeve, Sir James Paget, Lecky, Maunde Thompson, and Alfred Morrison were there. Sir Donald Wallace dined for the first time. In the course of talk Alfred Morrison said that he thought that all great racehorses had relatively powerful brains, and mentioned some curious facts about the intelligence of the horse in connection with his own stable. Maunde Thompson reported the results of his examination of the first volume of our Records, several of which were amusing, especially with reference to the amount of wine drunk by our highly respectable predecessors. On more than one occasion, he said, when Boswell signed as chairman, he was evidently very drunk indeed.

Reeve mentioned that old Lord Lansdowne, the grandfather of the Viceroy, had told him that he had attended Nelson's funeral. As his carriage passed through the city it got into a block and he had to

make his way on foot through the crowd in full dress. "What gentlemen we look!" said Windham, who was with him.

29. Mr. Hubert Hall, who dined here to-night, gave a curious account of a manuscript sent to him from Germany in which are recorded the travels of one of the Dukes of Pomerania in the England of Elizabeth. Arrived in London he very much admired the shops in *Zipseut*, a word which might well puzzle the reader until he found that the traveller proceeded from that place to *Distrant!* when the Strand might help him to recognise Cheapside.

Mrs. Bishop writes about the Duchesse de Ravaschieri's last article in the *Rassegna Nazionale* upon Mrs. Craven, which deals with the beginning of the second Neapolitan period of her life, with the purchase of the Villa at La Cava, and much else previously little known to me. I had asked my correspondent whether she was the M. C. to whom Miss Lawless's last novel *Grania* was dedicated, but this, it appears, was Mrs. Cole, *née* Mary de Vere. In Mrs. Bishop's copy Miss Lawless has written four lines of Mat Arnold's which were to have been on the title-page :—

> "What rendered vain their deep desire
> A God, a God the severance ruled
> And willed betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumbed salt estranging sea."

The book is a very remarkable one—the scene laid in the Aran Isles, which I remember looking at, with great interest, when I was travelling in those parts in 1855. The descriptions of country and weather are most vivid, and the two heroines, Grania and Honor, both interesting in very different ways.

Mrs. Bishop also tells a good story of a ten-years'-old daughter of poor A. C. Sellar, a good and able man mentioned more than once in earlier portions of these Notes, but who died prematurely some years ago. The child heard people talking about *Grania*, and wished to read it. She was told she should do so when she was older: "Will it live?" she asked.

30. Dined at the Royal Academy, where I had Lord Kimberley and Lord Spencer opposite and Sir Andrew Clark on my left—Lord Kimberley suggested that at our forthcoming Geographical dinner we should have as many outlandish dishes as possible, but strongly deprecated the paws of a young bear, which he had tried with high hopes in Russia, but which tasted like nothing but desperately tough beef stewed in bear's grease! Sir Andrew's conversation is always in a graver and more philosophic tone than that of most people whom I meet. He spoke with great admiration of a paper by Dalgairns, read at the Metaphysical Society, which bore the title "Is God knowable?"; praised

W. G. Ward's power of dialectic, expressed his surprise at the admirable work turned out by James Martineau after his eightieth birthday, had the highest opinion of the book on *Philosophic Doubt* by Mr. Balfour, whom he saw to-night for the first time, but said that the man who addressed us was totally different from the author of that treatise.

The speeches were not to my thinking especially interesting. Perhaps the most notable sentence was one which fell from the Archbishop of Canterbury:[1] "I could wish that our Churches, which have attained such beauty in architecture, were more open to the suggestive influences of other religious arts."

May

2. Mr. Hutton and Father English called. We spoke of Liddon, who told Hutton the following story:—

"Hearing that Henry of Exeter was almost *in extremis*, he went to ask for him; but sent up a message to say that he would not come in, lest he should be in the way at such a time. The dying man, however, sent out to beg him to do so, and he obeyed. When he entered he found the Bishop lying upon three chairs without giving the slightest sign of life. He waited some minutes, and then said that he would not further intrude. Thereupon the Bishop opened one

[1] Dr. Benson.

eye, but did not speak. Again ensued a period of death-like stillness, and again Liddon essayed to go. The Bishop then opened the other eye and said, 'Oh, Mr. Liddon, I am a poor man living totally out of the world, do tell me if anything is going on?' 'Well,' answered the other, 'we have had a great election contest in Oxford, and Mr. Gladstone has been beaten.' 'Oh!' answered the Bishop, who of course knew all about it, 'what was the subject of the contest?' 'It turned,' replied Liddon, 'on Gladstone's attitude towards the Irish Church.' 'The Irish Church?' asked the Bishop, 'and what did he want to do to the Irish Church?' 'To disestablish it,' was the answer. 'And what were the reasons that he gave?' enquired the Bishop. Liddon stated them, whereupon the old lion, summoning up all his strength, thundered out—'The rascal!'—and the interview came to an end."

3. Some one made us laugh by the story of a lady to whom an invalid recounted his illnesses at so great length that she fell asleep, and awoke to find herself saying: "And did you die?"

5. Arthur writes from Stockholm, under date of 26th April:—

"——— has been engaged for some weeks past in discovering a house in the neighbourhood for the summer. No easy task, because his requirements are strictly English and fill the Swedes with astonishment. His first condition is that his butler and the lady's maid must be regally lodged, and that provided this is the case he and his wife are quite ready to sleep out in the garden or in the woods. But in Sweden, where several people sleep together in a room, these conveniences are not easy of attainment."

Douglas writes, under date of 27th April, describing the prehistoric dance which takes place at the annual festival at Megara as resembling rather a religious penance than a pleasure :—

"The women wore their dowries in 'ready money' on their heads and breasts, but only two were good-looking, and they did not surpass the others by much ; Benson, son of the Archbishop, however, who has returned from a tour in the Pelopennesus, assures me that he saw three lovely faces of the Hellenic type, invisible at Athens. I always maintain that Lady Monson, who was a Miss Munro, has the most Grecian face in Athens."

6. The Bishop of Ely, Lady Alwyne Compton, and others, came down to dine and sleep. She told me that M. Thiers' brother had been courier to Lord Alwyne's grandmother. Conversation found its way to Portugal, and she described the rather desolate country between Lisbon and Cintra as being made gay by a yellow Iris in the month of March. Of the dulness of Mafra she spoke with horror. It was many years since she was there ; but her strongest wish at the time was to get upon a horse and gallop round the huge rooms !

Major Wylie (see these Notes for October 1882) writes from Nepal :—

"I have been here as Resident for a year, and am much struck and pleased with the Gurkhas. Their one pervading thought, however, is 'soldiering'—it permeates all their

institutions, and is the key-note to all their policy. They now supply our army with some 15,000 of our best native troops, but besides that they have a fine army of their own, armed with breech-loading rifles, and ready with very little training to take the field. They possess some 20,000 regular troops—a similar number of irregulars (who are probably equally efficient for mountain warfare) and a reserve of 40,000. How advantageous it would be to have these troops as allies in our next great war, or how unfortunate to have them as enemies, it is needless for me to point out. It has, therefore, been my earnest endeavour, ever since I came here, to place the relations of Gurkha Government and our own on a more cordial footing."

7. Breakfasted at Grillion's, where we elected Lord Houghton. Lord Fortescue, who sat on my left, asked Lord Morris, who was on my right, if he had ever met O'Connell. "No," he said, "he was before my time; he died when I was twenty." "I was more fortunate," said the other; "I met him several times at dinner, and very amusing he was. I recollect one story which he told, for the truth of which I certainly do not vouch: 'I was once,' he said, 'engaged for the accused in a murder trial. I called only a single witness, but that was the man alleged to have been murdered, perfectly safe and sound. It had no effect, however—there was an Orange jury.'"

8. Mrs. Beaumont and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ward are with us. I read to the last-mentioned *The Shadow*

of the Rock, which she had not seen before, and she called my attention to Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnet on *The Holy Emerald*, which recalled to me Olga's words, "Que veux tu? Il faut bien se laisser ciseler? n'est ce pas?"

12. At the Levée, which was held by the Duke of Connaught, and whither I took Adrian, Mr. Theodore Bent mentioned to me that a soapstone ingot-mould, which he had discovered at the Zimbabwe ruins, was similar in form to an ingot which had been found at the bottom of Falmouth harbour, and is considered to have been the work of the Phœnicians.

14. The Breakfast Club met at Reay's, where we had Lyall, Courtney, Herschell, and Frederick Leveson Gower. Herschell told us that when the Borthwick peerage case was before the House of Lords, in, I think he said, 1812, Lord Eldon used some words which led the then Lord Lauderdale to suppose that he meant to say that the results of a marriage celebrated in America before the Declaration of Independence would, in their bearing on the descent of a Scotch peerage, be governed by English law. Lord Lauderdale protested very strongly, and Lord Eldon explained that his words were not meant to convey the meaning attached to them. Years and years passed away, and the very point was raised in the Lauderdale peerage case.

The name of an eminent French statesman coming up, it was remarked that veracity was not his strong point, and a story was told to the effect that some one having said to him, "Vous avez trompé tout le monde." "Vous devriez dire deçu," was his reply.

15. Henry Grenfell writes: "I intend to get a portrait of Arthur Russell, and to inscribe under it:—

"'Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow.
The sense of beauty and the thirst of truth.

"'Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"'And even so, my child it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly.

"'For aye mine emblem was, and aye shall be
The ever during plant whose bough I wear
Brightest and greenest then, when every tree
That blossoms in the light of Time is bare.'"[1]

There could not be a more felicitous inscription.

Lady Blennerhassett writes:—

"Acton is extremely busy at the library of Dr. Döllinger, and I can only compare his lordship to Faust in his

[1] From Macaulay's poem written after his defeat at Edinburgh.

laboratory. When I go to see him there, which sometimes happens, I wish I were a painter to fix him on the canvas for ever. He knows the secret of every book, and the '*pensée derrière la tête*' of every man who ever wrote, 'le pourquoi des pourquois,' the chain of ideas which led to the origin of a thought, the history of an axiom, and what big volumes do not reveal of the secret working of the mind of their author."

16. The H. Anstruthers and others with us. Major Brickenden, of the Black Watch, gave an interesting account of a district between the Guadalquivir and the river of Huelva, where some 400 square miles are kept as a preserve in which the camel is to all intents and purposes wild, for those now to be found there are the descendants of animals which were allowed their liberty a century or more ago.

Dined at Grillion's, where there were, amongst others, Lord Norton, Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. George Curzon, Sir James Paget, Lord Houghton, and F. Leveson Gower. Lord Kimberley spoke of the curious way in which telegrams had killed the art of despatch writing. "The new system has," he said, "many advantages, but one most serious disadvantage—the great care that is necessary to prevent telegrams reading two ways. I know a case," he added, "of a telegram having been sent giving certain instructions in a very important negotiation. It conveyed to the mind of the person

who received it a totally different meaning from that which was intended, and no fault could be found with him, for it read equally well both ways."

19. To the Council Dinner and Evening Meeting of the Historical Society. The paper was read by Professor Montague Burrows, whom, oddly enough, I never saw before, though his name has been familiar to me for well on to forty years. Its subject was the Gascon Rolls, or in other words, the contemporary records of English rule in Aquitaine, which are now being published. In the course of the discussion Mr. H. E. Malden said that he thought these documents would give much important information with regard to our early Constitutional history, and he drew attention to the fact that Simon de Montfort the father had as much belief, as it would seem, in the virtues of parliaments in the circumstances of Southern France, as his son had in those of England. Professor Burrows told me that the ship in which he had sailed as a midshipman had been the first to put down piracy in the Straits of Malacca.

20. With my wife to see the gardens, or more properly speaking, the flower factory, of Mr. Hawkins, close by this house. He is the greatest, or one of the greatest, growers of the lily-of-the-valley in England, sending also to Covent Garden immense quantities of geraniums, maiden-hair fern, and stephanotis, these being the plants

to which he devotes most attention. I did not know that every geranium sent to the market has to be gummed to prevent the petals falling off. The perfume of a vast mass of the variety of the lily-of-the-valley known as the "Jubilee" was quite a new sensation to me. It is very much more powerful than that of the variety known as the "Victoria," though the latter has a considerably larger flower.

23. The day belonged to Geography. At half-past one I went to meet the officers in Savile Row; at two we had Council, and at half-past two the Anniversary Meeting, in the course of which I presented the Founder's Medal to Mr. A. R. Wallace and the Patron's Medal to Mr. Whymper. After the other business was finished I delivered the Annual Address, which has occupied a great deal of my time during the last few weeks. I went, at considerable length, into the question of the place of Geography in Education, wishing that part of my statement to be a *pendant* to what I said to the Historical Society in February. (See for full details of to-day's work the *Proceedings of the R.G.S.* for June and July.)

At night I took the chair at the Anniversary Dinner of the Society, which has not been held for some years, and was very largely attended. We had just over 200.

At dinner I had the Italian Ambassador on my right,

and Kimberley on my left. A guest, for whom a place had been kept next the latter, not appearing, Sir Andrew Clark moved up and immediately plunged into a discussion with his neighbour on the questions which underlie all religions and philosophies. My attention was naturally a good deal divided, and I only heard portions of their vigorous talk. Sir Andrew Clark mentioned that, in the year 1853, he was very desirous of becoming connected with the London Hospital; but there were numerous difficulties in the way, *inter alia*, that they had never had a Scotchman there and that his health, for he was believed to be dying of phthisis, was altogether too bad. At length a good-natured instinct made the authorities relent. "Poor devil," they said, "he is not long for this world, let him have his wish." Five-and-thirty years have passed away, and of all the people who then swayed the destinies of the Institution, from the oldest man connected with it to the youngest nurse, he is the only one now alive.

24. Dined with The Club. My old chief, the Duke of Argyll, was present, his hair grown quite white. On his right was the Duc d'Aumale, on his left Lord Kelvin. I was on the left of Reeve and directly opposite the Duke, my next neighbour on the left being Robert Herbert, opposite whom was Sir James Paget. Mackenzie Wallace, who sat by Lord Kelvin, with Alfred Morrison

and Sir Henry Elliot, completed the party. The Duc d'Aumale returned to the subject of the devastation caused throughout France by the wars of the 15th century, and said that in his neighbourhood the contending parties were known only as Burgundians and Armagnacs, and in no wise as French and English. He quoted an eminent French jurist who had told his father that he had worked with all the leading men of the Revolution, including Robespierre and Danton; but had found Napoleon much the most destructive of things established. We talked of the new works at Calais. He said that he "thought the badness of the entrance to the harbour made them of very little use," and added, "they always remind me of what my ancestress the Princess Palatine said about her son the Regent: 'I invited fairy after fairy to be present at his birth; they came in numbers, each bringing him some good gift; but one fairy unfortunately was forgotten, and she said, "I cannot take away what the others have given; but I will add one thing—the power of never being able to use any one of their gifts!"'"

25. The Queen's Birthday. I dined with Lord Cross. Lord Cranbrook was on my right, and, as usual, Sir Archibald Alison on my left. I talked with the former of Mansel, and he told me one of the Dean's good sayings which I had not heard before. Some one mentioned to

him that a clergyman had been allowing his pony habitually to eat the hay which was the property of his near neighbour, a farmer. "That must have been," said Mansel, "in the days when men wore cope and stole."

26. Howorth, who was yesterday gazetted K.C.I.E., took me to Garrard's to see the Sancy diamond, the same which was lost, along with his life, by Charles the Bold, at Nancy. It is an Indian-cut stone, weighing 53½ carats, but without, I thought, any beauty. In 1489 it came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who sold it to Nicholas Bardy, Baron de Sancy. Since that time it has belonged to James I., Charles I., Henrietta Maria, Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV., Marie Leczinska, Marie Antoinette, Charles IV. of Spain, Godoy, and several other owners of less note. It is now loose, but lies in a case which contains a necklace said to be exactly similar to the one worn by Marie Leczinska, from which it depended, with this exception, that three very large rubies have been introduced into the present necklace instead of three rose diamonds.

I came to London yesterday to stay with the Monkswells. At dinner at Monkswell House to-day I sat next Lady Galton, who told me a saying of Mrs. Procter's which I had not heard. Some one remarked of a lady, "She is pretty." "No," answered our Lady of

Bitterness, for once not bitter at all, "she is not pretty—she looks prettier than she is."

28. The Breakfast Club met at the Hôtel Bristol, under the wing of De Tabley, a large gathering, including amongst others Goschen and Carlingford. I breakfasted

which was sent me lately by Mrs. Bishop. It is full of passages which deserve to be read and re-read, as for instance the following:—

"Quand on dénombrera les apologistes de ce temps, on trouvera sans doute que c'est une simple femme, dénuée de toute prétention théologique, qui a su construire à sa foi un monument éternel, avec les matériaux les plus délicats, les plus périssables en apparence: des sourires, des baisers, et des larmes."

Professor Church came over to see my stones. He called my attention to the wonderfully diffused light on the surface of the Zircons, and used a phrase unintelligible to those who are not familiar with them, but nevertheless extremely happy, "their strange dreamy look."

5. A rather amusing article in the last *Quarterly*, on the "Queen's Messengers," reminds me of a story told me by Lord Napier which I have never written down. On his way to his first post as an *attaché* he travelled with a Queen's Messenger. When they arrived at the coast a furious gale was blowing, and the steamer would not go out. "I must get across, dead or alive, if any boat will leave the harbour," said his companion, and young Napier agreed to go with him. They hunted up a Deal boatman, who agreed for £15 to take them across; but when they got to the quay, Napier hesitated

to face the venture. "I knowed your father," said the man, "and he wouldn't have been afeerd." This piqued the boy's sense of honour, and they started. Just as they got out of port, I forget whether it was Dover or Folkestone, a great wave swept across them, but the little craft righted itself, and somehow or other they got to the other side. Napier afterwards found that the Queen's Messenger had good reason for his haste—he carried the despatches which ordered the bombardment of Acre.

12. Last night at dinner I said to Mrs. Tyrrell, who was sitting next me, "Don't you like crab?" "The truth is," she replied, "that this is an Ember Day, and we are not allowed to eat both fish and flesh." "Good heavens!" I rejoined, "do you know what you are saying? You, the wife of a man in the British Foreign Office, are giving away the most important part of the British case in the Newfoundland Fisheries' dispute with France." This I mentioned to-day to Jusserand, who came down to lunch, and who, as the head of the Northern Department in the French Foreign Office, is in charge of the French case. "You see," he answered, "how it is! To maintain the British case is pure heresy. I myself this year sent, on the 1st of April, to Sanderson, who is my immediate opponent in your Foreign Office, a model of a lobster as a 'poisson d'Avril.'"

"I, too," remarked Colonel Maurice, "have had experience of a 'poisson d'Avril.' I once telegraphed from Strassburg to Metz, asking for accommodation for eight people at an hotel. It was the first of April. When our party arrived no preparations of any sort had been made. 'But,' I said to the landlord, 'did you not receive my telegram?' 'Oh! yes,' he replied, "but I took it for a '*poisson d'Avril!*'"

I talked for nearly the whole day with Colonel Maurice about the military side of our International relations. *Inter alia* of the enormous advantage which the Triple Alliance would derive from our assisting Italy to protect her coasts, setting free as we should a very large portion of her Army for operations north of the Alps.

In connection with this subject he drew my attention to the great part which Denmark might play in a war in which France and Russia were leagued against Germany. It may be true enough that Russia has a couple of millions or more of trained soldiers, but it is quite out of the question for her, with her imperfect railway communications, to bring anything like a proportionate number to her Western border.

In case, however, we took no part in the struggle, France and Russia would command the sea, and Russia, with the good-will of Denmark, which she would naturally have, could throw any force she pleased into the

Cimbric peninsula, where, combined with the not large but very good Danish Army, it would be a most formidable menace to Germany. In the last war, though the Germans never thought it possible for France to land more than 50,000 men, they were obliged to keep 120,000 to overwhelm that force, if necessary. A very much larger army would be indispensable in case of such action on the part of Russia as that suggested.

Another subject was the immense superiority which the Germans have over the Russians in their acquaintance with all the best methods of railway working. Their lines have been drawn with an eye towards military exigencies; but at the same time with due regard to the convenience of commerce. The officials are accordingly accustomed to the receiving and despatching of an immense number of trains. In all this the Russian officials have next to no practice. Two or three trains a day are not enough to prepare them for the strain which would be thrown upon their energies if Russia were attempting, in case of a reverse, to reinforce the troops which she had on the frontier.

17. Evelyn left us on 7th April, and journeyed leisurely by Gibraltar, Naples, Rome, and Athens, to Constantinople. Till to-day the last news we had of him was from that place; but my wife has now received a letter

from Teheran, from which it appears that he went direct from the Bosphorus to Batoum, only landing at Trebizond, chiefly, it would seem, to write while there to his friend, Monsignor Stonor, who is titular Archbishop thereof. He stayed two or three days in Tiflis, whence he proceeded *viâ* Baku to Resht.

18. Wolseley, who is in Dublin, writes :—

"I wish I could be with you next Saturday, but instead of being in a house associated with Queens Mary and Anne, I shall be at Athlone inspecting troops close to where old Ginkell forced his way across the Shannon and defeated the armies of the father of those two virtuous ladies."

The Breakfast Club met at York House; Aberdare, Lyall, Reay, Robert Herbert, Courtney, and Leveson Gower were present. Adrian was there as a guest, and Aberdare brought with him General Görgei, the famous Commander of 1849, whose extraordinarily brilliant campaign, ending with the storm of Buda, is one of the most romantic stories of the last sixty years. He is still hale, and hardly looks his age, which is, I think, seventy-four. After Vilagos he was interned for some eighteen years at Klagenfurt, and the last I heard of him was some five-and-twenty years ago on the occasion alluded to in the following passage, which I quote from a speech made by me in December 1867, which was afterwards published under the title of *A Glance*

over Europe, and reprinted in my volume of Elgin Speeches :—

"Not less curious, from a different point of view, were some of the scenes at Pesth. I do not know if it attracted the attention of others, but the picture, in the letter dated November 6th, which appeared in the *Times* of November 14th, of the great but unhappy commander, Arthur Görgei, leaning against a column in the common gallery, and listening to a rhapsody in honour of Kossuth, seemed to me extremely remarkable. The incident was like an acted sentence of Tacitus."

He now lives at Vissegrad, close to the ruins of the old palace of Mathias Corvinus, which I well remember seeing in 1847. I asked him where he received the deep wound on his head, which is so conspicuous when you see him from above. "At Komorn," he replied. "You conquered that day, did you not?" I asked him. "*Freilich*," was his answer. We talked of the recent festival at Pesth in honour of the Emperor. "The feeling of the people," he said, "is entirely '*Aufrichtig*'; nothing could be more sincere than their reconciliation with their king since he became their king. When they fought against him he was not their king. The abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand was, so far as Hungary was concerned, absolutely null and void. No King of Hungary has the right to resign without the co-operation of the Diet."

The table was decorated with maiden-hair fern, white pinks, and red geraniums, being the Hungarian colours—green, white, and red.

I walked to Richmond with Aberdare and General Görgei. Thence we went on to London together. On our way up, the talk turned upon old age. Aberdare quoted from Horace, *Ep. II.* 2-55:

> "Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes";

and from Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*:

> "Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
> And shuts up all the passages of joy."

20. The Kennedys, who have been passing the Sunday here, leave us. I talked a good deal to them both about Chili. He did not seem to think that Balmaceda was worse than his opponents; but had not much good to say of either. The climate of Santiago is delightful, except from the end of May till the beginning of August, when it is very wet and cold. In the hottest part of the summer it is usual to go down to Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso. Mrs. Kennedy found Santiago curiously unsociable, but met pleasant people among the English merchants at Valparaiso.

22. Took Victoria and others of our party to the Record Office, where, under the guidance of Mr. Hubert Hall, we saw Domesday Book. It is a single volume,

not unlike a very large family Bible; the present binding is quite modern, but on a shelf below lies the old cover, dating probably from the days of the early Tudors. The first part, dealing with Southern England, is more carefully written than the last, which describes the North, and was drawn up by scribes who perhaps belonged to a different school of calligraphy. The first words of the book are :—

"DOVERE tempore regis Edvardi reddidit."

Close by Domesday Book proper, and, like it, preserved under glass, lies a smaller volume which contains the survey of Eastern England at the same period of our history.

Amongst other things which Mr. Hall had collected for our inspection, were the signature of Mary Stuart; a whole volume of translations in Queen Elizabeth's own hand; a rude contemporary sketch of the battle of Carberry, and of the standard used by the Lords on that occasion; the Bull giving to Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, with its fine golden seal; the treaty of 1527 between him and Francis I., with a still grander golden seal, possibly the work of Cellini; the grant of knighthood made by Alfonso the Wise to Edward I., with a huge seal, unlike the two others, which are hollow, of solid gold, but ruder in workman-

ship, with the Castle of Castile upon one side looking like the towers of Westminster Abbey; the letter to Lord Monteagle warning him of the Gunpowder Plot, and the whole process of Guy Fawkes, including a series of questions, characteristically silly, in King James' own hand; a group of Exchequer tallies of the reign of Edward I., neat and serviceable enough, contrasting with a tally of the Georgian period worthy of Polynesia; the document known as the Olive Branch, that is, a temperate representation forwarded by the leaders of the Independence Movement to George III., dear to Americans as containing the signatures of many of their worthies; a book of holograph letters in the hand of Benjamin Franklin; the Despatch giving an account of the Battle of Blenheim, signed by Marlborough himself but written in another hand—a circumstance for which he apologises in a postscript, on account of his being out of order for want of rest.

From the Record Office we went to the Rolls Chapel, where Bishop Butler preached, and which, although sufficiently unlovely in itself, contains the tomb, by Torregiano, of Dr. Young (Master of the Rolls in the days of Henry VIII.), a work of quite surpassing merit.

Miss Som̃ers Cocks told me that the brother-in-law of a friend of hers, a clergyman in Ireland, had received a packet of tracts one of which was entitled

"Fishers of Men — A Few Words to Elder Girls." He wrote to point out that the title was not very felicitous, and I fear the tract is no longer to be had under its old name.

27. Mrs. Greg and others with us. Among them was Colonel Lluellyn, whom I fell in with the other day at the meeting of the London Library, after an interval of many years. He is the last of his generation and the son of an old family friend, General Lluellyn, who died in 1867, having thus survived by no less than fifty-two years his remarkable adventures of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. At the first the head of his horse was carried off as he was patting its neck. At the second, as he lay wounded on the ground, the First Royals, the Scots Greys, and the Enniskillings charged over him, while the nearest gun-carriage of a park of Artillery just missed him by the accident of its being deflected from its natural course by a little piece of rock.

28. At Mrs. Bishop's this afternoon Miss Sellar, a daughter of W. Y. Sellar, the author of *The Roman Poets of the Republic*, now dead, gave a very interesting account of the paintings of Mrs. Traquair, an Irish lady, in the Singing School of the Cathedral of Edinburgh.

I dined with The Club; Acton was in the chair, with Dr. Smith on his left, Hooker and I on his right. Opposite were Lacaita, Reeve, Layard, and Alfred Morrison. The last-named gave a very striking account

of Mr. ——— returning to England, dashing down by post to his former home, being met there by a group of faithful retainers, visiting his favourite trees by torch-light and being off again in the early morning. Beckford was an equally enthusiastic friend to arboriculture, and used to drive over from Bath when a very old man, after the sale of his estate, to see how his trees at Fonthill were getting on. Layard gave an account of a lady who, having left her husband, Dr. M——, settled in Constantinople. One of her maids having offended her she had her put into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. Lord Stratford, much disapproving of this summary justice, wanted to have her tried, and applied to the Sultan, who, however, replied, "That it was a domestic matter, and that he never interfered with domestic matters." Eventually, however, the case was pressed and she was exiled to Crete. Lacaita gave a most curious description of a Neapolitan lady whose marriage was forbidden by the doctors as quite certain to result in her death. Her family accordingly gave up the idea of marrying her; but she insisted upon it at all risks. At nineteen she married, had twelve children all perfectly healthy, and is now alive at seventy-nine. The advice to a patient of a great London medical authority was cited: "You needn't take my prescription; but have it out and look at it now and then."

Acton asked "when Science had become sufficiently conscious of itself to wish to write its own history?" Hooker thought that it could not have been said to have done so before Whewell published his *History of the Inductive Sciences.*

July

5. Returned to London yesterday afternoon from Herd's Hill, whither I went with Mrs. Greg on the 30th ult. The place was looking lovely, the rose garden in perfection, the two great trees of Portugal laurel, on the sloping lawn, covered with their white flowers, the distances singularly clear and blue though no rain fell, and the weather perfection. We never went outside the grounds but

"Tired the Sun with talking and sent him down the sky"

on each of the four days over which my visit extended. Its principal object was to listen to Mrs. Barrington's forthcoming novel, which has got into the stage of being type-written.

Arrived in London I presided at the Geographical Council, where we resolved to allow Women to become F.R.G.S. Attended a Committee of the Geographical Club, took the chair at its dinner as well as at the

evening meeting, which over, I drove home. The paper, the last of the session, was by Mr. E. im Thurn, and treated of the North-West corner of British Guiana, a district of a little under 9,400 square miles, which he has during the last nine years been engaged in bringing within the pale of civilisation.

7. Dined at the Bishops', meeting Miss Lawless, the Kegan Pauls, Wilfrid Ward, the new Archbishop of Westminster, and others. I took down Miss Emily Higgins, a daughter of Jacob Omnium, whom I had never come across, and sat opposite Madame de Navarro. She gave an amusing account of a visit to Cardinal Manning, to ask whether she might be married in a hat. That weighty matter having been settled, he said: "I have been writing something about the stage, to which I want you to listen. If there is anything with which you do not agree, pray stop me." Very soon there came an outrageously strong condemnation of theatres and their influence. "Stop," she said, and protested. It transpired, in the course of conversation which ensued, that Manning had been only once at a theatre in his life.

8. Evelyn, writing from Gulhek, the summer quarters of the Legation, near Teheran, says:—

"The work here is infinitely more interesting than at Rome. Railways and Custom Houses, distressed British

subjects, and the rest of the long catalogue of Roman boredom are unknown. We have, it is true, the quarrels of the Nestorians and Kurds at Tabriz, but their rows are usually rather diverting than otherwise."

10. Mr. Tremenheere, who was for some time my Private Secretary in India, and is still in the Civil Service, is passing the Sunday with us, and we have had much Madras talk. Sir Donald Wallace, who was also here, mentioned that the Prince of Bulgaria had told him that he had been a great deal at York House in his early days.

The Duc and Duchesse di Mondragone came down to lunch and spend the afternoon, in the course of which I took them to Richmond Park and to Kew. He is the eldest son of Prince Giustiniani Bandini, Earl of Newburgh in the peerage of Scotland. She was one of the Butera family from Palermo. Both are great friends of Evelyn's.

13. Sometime ago I gave the *Récit* to a highly-gifted Christian native of India, who writes:—

"I have closed at last this delightful *Récit*, and I hasten to say, thank you a thousand times for introducing me to it. I am afraid I shall not be able to convey to you all I feel about it—some things lie too deep for expression—but you will understand when I sum it all up in this: *it will make a difference to me all my life*, that I have read and known the *Récit*."

Mrs. Greg, writing of *Lena's Picture*, her sister's novel, echoes my own impression in better language than I had used in speaking to her about it:—

"It is a story that touches one very deeply, and also draws one up into the atmosphere in which one loves to live. Lena is a perfectly beautiful creation and Constance very charming. The men do nothing to spoil the paradise created by the women. It is high and noble and most harmonious. The harmony is sad enough, but it is the harmony which results from the upward striving of the human spirit and its triumph over inclination and circumstance, not that which results from its sins and its miseries. The world is all the better for that kind of sadness. It is a moral tonic of the most stimulating kind."

Lunched with the Bishop of Derry, meeting Sir Frederick Hoygate, with whom I sat so long in Parliament, and the Bishop of Massachusetts (Phillips Brooks), who came to see me at Madras with a letter from George Bunsen, but unluckily at the time when I was absent in the Northern Circars. His enunciation in private has none of the painful rapidity which I think I have noticed on a previous page. He mentioned that Mat Arnold, before delivering his lecture on Emerson at Boston, had said to him: "I only trust that I may get through the first half of it without being torn to pieces," and sure enough a large portion of the audience was greatly scandalised by the reserves which he made in his surely

too high appreciation of their fellow-townsman and hero!

I asked Mrs. Alexander, whom I had never seen before, whether she continued to write. She said: "Yes, sometimes. I am not unfrequently asked to write hymns for particular occasions."

14. Looked through another parcel of stones from Ceylon, among the most interesting of which was, I think, an opalescent sapphire, an altogether new variety to me. There was also much the largest star sapphire I ever beheld.

Called to London on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and to-day by the business of The London Library, The Portuguese Bondholders, The Literary Fund, and the Orientalist Congress respectively. I spent each day some time in the National Gallery. Of things which I do not remember having seen before, I have been most struck by the central portion of the Nativity by Il Romanino of Brescia, painted I see in 1525. Sir Frederick Burton puts him a little below his fellow-townsman, Moretto. I had forgotten that it was the latter who painted the magnificent Santa Giustina in the Belvedere at Vienna, standing before which Hübner said to me: "You see the old Italian Masters did not think it necessary to represent a beautiful woman with the waist of a *waspe*."

16. Miss Gordon mentioned an amusing name which has been given to the Isthmian Club, which is full of young men—La Crèche.

17. Mr. C. N. Eliot joined us yesterday.

Our talk was chiefly of Russia, of the Radzivill family and their international troubles, of the riots at Astrakhan, of the advance of the cholera to Kasan, of the extreme retirement in which most members of the Imperial family have lived during the present reign, of the collapse of literature, of Vischnegradsky's illness, of recent additions to the Imperial Navy, and much else.

We talked, too, of the mistakes to which correspondence by telegraph sometimes leads. Tewfik, the late Khedive, was residing at Hellwân during his last illness. Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, went to ask about him, and, learning that he was *in extremis*, went home and prepared a cipher telegram to communicate this intelligence to our Gevernment. Before that telegram was sent off, came the news that the Khedive had actually died, and this was sent on *en clair*. Something went wrong about the other telegram, and presently, after the receipt of the news of the death, an astonished clerk at the Foreign Office deciphered the following remarkable message from Baring: "I have just returned from Hell, where the Khedive now is!"

Miss Gordon called my attention to an amusing line

in one of Rudyard Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* describing the camel :—

"'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one."

I never chanced to meet any one who had a good word to say for the temper of that useful beast, except old Fergusson, the author of the *Handbook of Architecture*, who told me that his Bikaneer camels were the most well-conditioned, amiable creatures one could wish to see.

18. Spent some time with M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister, about Geographical business. When that was done he showed me some of his bindings, nearly all upon books relating to Greece or to Greek, but not a few of them of very conspicuous merit from the libraries of Louis XV., Prince Eugène, the Borghese family, etc. I was specially interested by a copy of the Mass in Greek, which had been used up to very recent times on the festival of St. Dionysius at St. Denis. That led to M. Gennadius mentioning that he had written the article on the Greek Church for the new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia, to his telling me of a recent edition of the Greek devotions of Bishop Andrewes, in which the suppressed passages are restored, and to a good deal of conversation about the Greek studies of Lord Bute and Lady Lechmere. He gave me a copy

of the Neo-Hellenica or Modern Greek Dialogues by Mr. Constantinides, which he has carefully revised.

Sir Arthur Gordon writes about some passages in his forthcoming short life of his father :—

"I must necessarily shorten them, and no one can say better than you what is superfluous. I do not on that point trust those who have little or no knowledge of what they call 'past phases of Continental politics' (a phrase which especially amused me as applied to the overthrow of Napoleon), nor have I any confidence in their criticisms."

21. I sent to Miss Bowles, who translated the *Récit* into English, the passage cited above from ——'s long and beautiful letter. She writes :—

"I cannot tell you what I felt this morning on opening your letter and reading the enclosed extract, nor can I thank you in any sufficient way for the happiness it gave me—will always give me. It seems to me almost a miraculous gift that any one, with such a birth and blood as you speak of, can so thoroughly take in and enjoy the *Récit*; and how it brings back to me long-ago spoken words of my own to dear Mrs. Craven (who for a long time doubted whether she ought to have made known such intimate thoughts and feelings). As long as this book is in the world, in any shape, it will bring you and *them* a fresh harvest."

23. The Breakfast Club met at Aberdare's in pretty good force, but Acton and Herschell having to go early the party broke up prematurely. Our host mentioned

that the two best Welsh poets had been born in Carlyle's country near Ecclefechan.

27. Dined with Northbrook, meeting the Reays, Sir Donald Wallace, Lord Cromer, and others. I took down Lady Knollys, and had on my right Sir Philip Currie, whose G.C.B. was announced to-day along with Robert Herbert's, and whom, oddly enough, considering the lives we have both led, I had never spoken to and did not know by sight.

The papers announced the death of Lord Sherbrooke at the age of eighty-one, not too soon, for the last decade of his life can have been no pleasure to himself, and was certainly a pain to those who came across him. His exertions for the overthrow of the Liberal Government in 1866 were a not unnatural revenge for having been thrown to the wolves in 1864; but they were neither wise nor patriotic, and precipitated a far more sweeping change in the franchise than that which would have been brought about by the harmless and reasonable Bill of that year. I never knew him well, and our intercourse was chiefly confined to the House of Commons.

The *Times* of this morning, after quoting some verses of his to the effect that success had come too late, adds: "But that could only have been a passing feeling. His was a healthy, vigorous nature, and regrets never showed themselves except in verse." They most certainly

did. He was once talking to me very sadly as we sat together on the Treasury Bench. "After all," I said, "you have been very successful. It is no small thing to be Chancellor of the Exchequer." "Ah!" was his reply, "the bloom is very much off the plum!"

When we were in Opposition, between 1874 and 1880, I once nearly persuaded him to write what might have been a very interesting paper on the uses of Thucydides to the modern statesman.

30. Northbrook, the Mondragones, and Mrs. Arkwright are with us. The first-named asked me after dinner whether I had ever heard the last words of Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross the river and rest under the shade."

August

1. The *Times* announces Hübner's death.

He was ill when we parted, a few days after his name was last mentioned in these Notes for 12th May. I did not think the end would come so soon, though I doubted whether he would be able to visit London again. His hurried journey to Vienna to meet his son, who was commanding on the Galician frontier, can have done an octogenarian no good. For some years he had been in the habit of saying, and it was a natural remark

for one who had made so many plans, and had carried so many of them into effect, "It is strange to me to feel that I have no future." He was a modern Ulysses, and might apply to himself the words:—

> "I am become a name;
> For always roaming with a hungry heart,
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honoured of them all."

He was a convinced Catholic, and his religion was a real support to him. He concluded the account which he gave me of what occurred when *La France* took fire in the middle of the Atlantic, with the words: "I can tell you that under such circumstances it is very agreeable to be *croyant*."

The Mondragones leave us. They divide their time chiefly between Rome, Lanciano, and Fiastra. Lanciano is in the mountains, not very far from Ancona; Fiastra is near it, but in a much lower country. The house at the latter place is an old monastery, originally Cistercian, Chiaravalle (Clairvaux) di Fiastra, called, of course, after the parent house in Burgundy. The Duke had a narrow escape in the Casamicciola earthquake. The walls of the villa, in the centre of which he was, fell down; but happily outwards. It was when he was last here that he mentioned that, shortly before his birth, his mother

was driving down to dine at York House with the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, when a collision took place with another carriage. She was a good deal injured, and detained at this place.

3. Mrs. Greg, Walter Greg, and Mrs. Barrington were with us. I read to the last-named the following very remarkable prose-poem by Lamennais, which I extracted many years ago from one of Sainte-Beuve's early books, *Portraits Contemporains.* I have never chanced to meet any one who knew it; but it is surely quite first-rate in its own kind:—

"LES MORTS

"Ils ont aussi passé sur cette terre, ils ont descendu le fleuve du Temps ; on entendit leurs voix sur ses bords, et puis l'on n'entendit plus rien. Où sont-ils ? qui nous le dira ? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur ! Pendant qu'ils passaient, mille ombres vaines se présentèrent à leurs regards : le monde que le Christ a maudit leur montra ses grandeurs, ses richesses ses voluptés ; ils les virent, et soudain ils ne virent plus que l'Eternité. Où sont-ils ? qui nous le dira ? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur !

"Sembable à un rayon d'en haut, une Croix dans le lointain apparaissait pour guider leur course, mais tous ne la regardaient pas ! Où sont-ils ? qui nous le dira ? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur !

"Il y en avait qui disaient. Qu'est ce que ces flots qui nous emportent ? Y a-t-il quelque chose après ce voyage rapide ? Nous ne le savons pas, nul ne le sait. Et, comme ils disaient cela, les rives s'évanouissaient. Où sont-ils ? qui

nous le dira? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur!

"Il y en avait aussi qui semblaient, dans un recueillement profond, écouter une parole secrète, et puis, l'œil fixé sur le couchant, tout à coup ils chantaient une aurore invisible et un jour qui ne finit jamais. Où sont-ils? qui nous le dira? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur!

"Entraînés pêle-mêle, jeunes, vieux, tous disparaissaient, tels que le vaisseau que chasse la tempête; on compterait plutôt les sables de la mer que le nombre de ceux qui se hâtaient de passer. Où sont-ils? qui nous le dira? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur!

"Ceux qui les virent ont raconté qu'une grande tristesse était dans leur cœur; l'angoisse soulevait leur poitrine, et comme fatigués du travail de vivre, levant les yeux au ciel, ils pleuraient. Où sont-ils? qui nous le dira? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur!

"Des lieux inconnus, où le fleuve se perd, deux voix s'élèvent incessament.

"L'une dit: 'Du fond de l'abîme, jai crié vers vous, Seigneur; Seigneur, écoutez mes gémissements, prêtez l'oreille à ma prière. Si vous scrutez nos iniquités, qui soutiendra vos regards? Mais près de vous est la miséricorde et une rédemption immense!'

"Et l'autre: 'Nous vous louons, O Dieu, nous vous bénissons: Saint, Saint, le Seigneur Dieu des armées! la terre et les cieux sont remplis de votre gloire!' Et nous aussi, bientôt nous irons lâ d'où partent ces plaintes ou ces chants de triomphe. Où serons-nous? qui nous le dira? Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur!"

6. Hooker, who is staying here, amused us by saying that Darwin had told him that he had got drunk three

times in early life, and thought intoxication the greatest of all pleasures.

I received the other day from the museum of the Pharmaceutical Society a little box of the true frankincense, *Boswellia Carterii.* This led us to talk of incense and perfumes. Pater mentioned that Mr. Druce, the very distinguished chymist and botanist whom Lubbock and I once visited at Oxford, had given much attention to the subject of incense, and said that, of that used in churches, what was known as Carthusian incense was the best.

The Tonka or Tonking bean came up in the course of conversation, and Hooker said that it had nothing to do with Tonking, but came from the Amazon regions. Its scientific name is *Dipteryx odorata.*

8. On looking up the Tonka bean in Chambers' Encyclopædia I see that the coumarin, from which it derives its fragrance, is the same substance from which the Melilot and the Sweet-Scented Vernal grass, as well as the Woodruff, derive theirs.

Hooker is in the middle of the sixth and last volume of his *Indian Flora*, and goes to the herbarium at Kew three days a week. He is no less deeply engaged in the gigantic index of the names of all known plants, for the completion of which Darwin left a sum of £300 a year. He gives his labour for nothing, but the book

has cost already a good many thousand pounds, and the entries have got to 600,000—a vast number of course being synonyms.

I talked to Miss Lawless about the Aran Isles: "The weather there," she said, "plays, as it does in my story, the part of Fate in a Greek tragedy."

I asked if she had ever known an Honor in real life: "Oh yes," she said, "I have known four or five. That sort of born nun is not by any means a very rare type among the Irish peasantry. Catholicism, when it falls on a favourable soil, is very apt to produce it; much oftener, I should think, in Northern than in Southern countries. No refinement, no purity which can be met with in the higher ranks is even equal to what may now and then be found in a West of Ireland cabin, amidst the most squalid surroundings. You come across people who are not merely fit for heaven; they are in heaven already. A Grania, on the other hand, I never have known in that rank of life. The idea is taken from something a good deal higher up in the social scale."

I have had Octave Feuillet's *Histoire de Sibylle* read to me. Sainte-Beuve blames it for being neither a novel nor a poem, but something between the two. "C'est un livre," he says, "trop fait de tête et d'après quelque inspiration demi-poétique et revée,

demi-actuelle et entrevue, pas assez fondue ni assez mûrie." All that is true enough, but does not prevent it being very good *dans son genre*—the *genre* of the prose-poem.

13. Bret Harte suddenly made his appearance on the scene, having come over with Miss Paget on a house-hunting expedition in this neighbourhood. He was so much interested in the place that I was not surprised to learn later in the evening, from Mr. Tyrrell, that he had advised a lady who was in the habit of contributing to American periodicals, always when she was in want of a subject, to write about some well-known English home, and how people now lived in it. The article, he said, would be sure to be taken.

George Bunsen came down with his daughter Marie to afternoon tea. He told me, *inter alia*, the story of Baron von der Goltz, whom I saw at Constantinople in 1887. He had delivered an address, in favour of two years' service, to an audience entirely composed of Staff Officers. This so angered the old Emperor, one of whose favourites he was, that he was immediately sent away from the *General-Stab* to command a battery at Magdeburg, and his career at home was completely ruined.

16. I had quite forgotten a fact which I find in a lecture on books and libraries given me many years

ago by its author, Sir John Simeon, that in the Codex Argenteus of Upsala, which is supposed to be of the 4th or 5th century, the first lines of each Gospel and the Lord's Prayer are apparently stamped on the parchment—a very near approach to printing. I had forgotten, too, the old monkish line:

"Anser, apis, vitulus, populos et regna gubernant."

20. Returned from Cromer, whither we went on the 17th to stay with the Locker-Lampsons. The chief merit of the place is its climate; but we came in for some of the worst days they have recently had there. On the 18th we went to Felbrigg, now the property of Mr. Ketton, whose two sisters did the honours. Their father bought the whole place, lands, woods, family pictures, china, title-deeds, everything, including two ghosts—one of no less a personage than Windham the statesman, who frequents the library at night and takes down his favourite books, though he is always considerate enough to replace them before morning. The house is full of curious things, among them a number of papers relating to properties in the village of Shipden, which has been for centuries under the sea. Later in the afternoon, Lady Lothian came over, and I made her acquaintance; but Blickling, to which we had meant to go on the 19th, was made impossible by a school feast.

Mr. Hoare, Conservative M.P. for Norwich, over whose very pretty and peculiar grounds I walked with him, told me that he is the owner of a most curious right. He possesses, not far from Cromer, the ruins of Beeston Priory or Abbey, for he spoke of it as the latter, though Murray calls it the former. Provided always his sheep sleep there, they may freely wander over about a thousand acres belonging to his neighbours, and his shepherd is authorised to levy blackmail from all of them if they would escape this invasion. He consulted Mr. Elton some time ago, first, as to whether he certainly possessed this right, and secondly, as to whether he could part with it by allowing some of those affected to purchase exemption. As to the first question, the reply was that his right was quite indubitable. It had been questioned in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but had been then distinctly established. As to the second question, he was told that the suggested arrangement was impracticable, because difficulties would immediately arise as to the extent of his claim upon those persons who were not prepared to buy him off.

I told Mr. Locker-Lampson the story mentioned on an earlier page about the large sum made in the lottery by the servants at Danieli's after the death of Stirling Maxwell. "Hallé's cook," he said, "once played on the number 22 and won a prize." "How did you come,"

said her master, "to light on the number 22?" "In this way," was the answer, "I dreamt three times of the number seven, and as three times seven is 22 I played on 22." Locker-Lampson told this story once to Arthur Stanley, the least arithmetical of reasoning creatures. He looked very blank, but at last said: "I suppose three times seven is not 22!"

Cromer is a place extremely interesting to the geologist for various reasons, but above all on account of a submerged forest close to it, which has yielded the bones of, I know not how many, extinct animals, including the cave-bear, the tiger known as the machairodon, the rhinoceros, a huge species of beaver, and much else; indeed there seems no doubt that during the Pleistocene age this neighbourhood must have been fuller of large wild animals than any part of Africa has been in our times. Mrs. Locker-Lampson took me to see a large number of the remains of those creatures, beautifully preserved in the cabinet of Mr. Savin, a local collector.

22. George Bunsen and his daughter, who came here on the 20th, left us to-day. I had endless talk with him; and on the afternoon of the 21st Sir Roland Blennerhassett joined us for several hours. Among other subjects which came up yesterday, or the day before, were—the Emperor of Germany, Bismarck's present

attitude, the elder Bunsen's letters to Prince Albert, the rapid growth of social democracy in the Elberfeld district, the beauty of parts of the Riesengebirge, the hostility to Russia of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, as now conducted, and its causes, the retirement of Bethusy-Huc from political life, the position of a Landrath and its attractions for the Prussian gentry, the possibly impending struggle with France and Russia, the character of Count Zedlitz, and how far he was responsible for the recent Education Bill.

We spoke, too, of Russian agriculture, and Bunsen told a curious story of a colony of mechanics imported into the Samara region by Catherine II. with a view to introduce their trades. They found no customers, and were gradually obliged to take to agriculture for a livelihood. The agriculture to which they took, however, was the unintelligent agriculture of their neighbours, to whose level they have now descended.

I had never heard the saying attributed to Schwartzenberg about the Emperor of Austria, interesting, although his benevolent intentions were frustrated by his early death: "J'en ferai le plus charmant petit tyran de l'Europe."

I did not know that Windhorst had Lord Beaconsfield's habit of coining his epigrams in quiet and keeping them by him for months, or if need be, for years, till the

appropriate moment for launching them seemed to him to have arrived.

Florence and the sort of way that things strike its inhabitants was mentioned. A lady of royal birth and grand proportions attended the great function which took place when the façade of the Cathedral was first shown to the public—"Could anything be more appropriate?" said the populace, "the Dome of Brunelleschi, which under ordinary circumstances will have no chance of seeing the work just completed, has taken this opportunity of doing so."

25. I had no idea that there existed an account of Paris, as it was in his time, from the pen of Julian the Apostate, but I have just read it, extracted from his Misopogon in the Modern Greek dialogues mentioned above. Paris was confined at that time to what we now know as the *Ile de la Cité.* It seems the future Emperor passed the winter there, and was as nearly as possible suffocated by the fumes of burning charcoal.

28. Mr. Tyrrell told me that some friend once came into the room when Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was examining her little girl in geography. "Just let me finish the lesson," she said, and the visitor waited. Getting a little tired, he struck in and asked the child: "What is the capital of the Rothschilds?" "Behring Straits," replied the mother.

30. Miss Sorabji has sent me the paper which she is going to read at the Congress about the Parsees, and which contains the following very curious passage:—

"Connected with burial is the popular conception as to the efficacy of a dog's gaze after death. Dogs are sacred and supposed to guide the souls of the dead to heaven, and to ward off evil spirits—hence it is customary to lead a dog into the chamber of death that he may look at the corse before it is carried to the Tower."

Mr. Rapson, who is in charge of the Oriental Section of the coin room at the British Museum, came to dine. We talked of the Emperor Jehangeer, and he mentioned that not only was that prince as fond of strong drink as his ancestor Baber, but that he actually had a coin struck on which he is represented with a wine cup in his hand.

September

1. Sir George Bowen repeats in a letter just received, the story he told me some time ago of the charming Italian girl who, asked by Lady Lovat why her family did not go to Scotland, with which they are closely connected, replied in his hearing: "Oh, we have lost so much propriety (proprietá) that we cannot afford to do so."

Mr. Tyrrell has sent me an epitaph which Jowett has written for Victor Morier, and which seems to me of great merit as a composition; but if such is the

language in which a young man who passed his life in getting, whether by his own fault or that of his associates, into one scrape after another, should be commemorated, what remains for the greatest and the best?

"Hâc tabulâ commemoratur
 Victor Morier
Quem ab extremis Aquilonis et
 Austri partibus
Summâ cum laude reversum
 Mox legatum de finibus
Describendis in Africam missum
 Mari in medio
Adhuc juvenem mors abstulit
 Vixit annos xxv.
In hoc brevi temporis spatio
Multas miserias et calamitates
 Expertus est
Multa quoque in regione ignotâ et inhospitali
 Fortiter et præclare gessit.
 In Africam rediturus
Expectationem qualem nemo forte aequalium
Apud amicos excitavit.
Ingenio erat simplici, modesto, animoso:
Pulchritudine formae et suavitate morum
Corda hominum sibi mire devinxit.
Parentum quibus unica spes domus abrepta est
Quis desiderio sit modus?

Sortes mittuntur in sinum sed a
Domino temperantur.
 Prov. xvi. v. 33.
Natus Obdormit in Christo."

4. The Wilfrid Wards and Mr. Crowe, of the Foreign Office, came down last night.

I showed Mrs. Ward the letter mentioned under date of 13th July in this year. That led to some conversation, in the course of which I read to her in the *Récit* the scene at the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Baden, as well as that of 13th July 1847.

She copied from the original the prayer which Alexandrine gave to Mme. von Orlich at Baden. (See these Notes for September 1881.)

> "Mon Dieu je crois tout ce que vous voulez que je croie. Mon Dieu je me livre entièrement à votre grâce, pour vous aimer autant que possible et mon prochain comme moi-même, pour l'amour de vous."

She called my attention also to Newman's poem entitled *Separation of Friends*, and especially to the lines which he added to it with reference to the death of R. H. Froude.

Ward told me that a service is still celebrated in Belgium, in which the following verse is sung:—

> "O beate Bavo,
> Procurator et non latro!
> Res miranda!
> Alleluia."

He mentioned also that when the twelfth verse of

Tennyson's *Vastness* was read aloud by the poet to him and some one else, it ran:

"Love for the Maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for
aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence,
sober and clean."

He and his companion both laughed aloud. "What are you laughing at?" asked the Laureate. Ward explained very timidly, and the result was that "golden mean" was substituted for the expression which had excited his mirth. He told me, too, that he had once asked Huxley what had brought the Metaphysical Society to an end. "Charity," he replied. "We gave so much love to each other that if it had been money every one of us would have been bankrupt." Some people feared it might have come to an end at a much earlier period—have had, in fact, the fate which befell the Sterling Club at a day not very long past. When the Metaphysical was founded it was thought that the waiters might be greatly scandalised by some of the propositions they heard laid down, but everybody was reassured by one of them, who said to a member: "Do you belong to the Madrigal Society, sir?"

Mr. Crowe mentioned a curious fact about Cavalcaselle, his father's collaborateur in the well-known book. He was sent from Venice in 1848 to do what he could to

stir up an insurrection on the mainland, but was arrested by the Austrians, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. Imprisoned in Verona he was awaiting his fate along with five others. At last one of them was called forth, taken to the place of execution and shot. So it fared with the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth. Then came a long pause, which was succeeded by considerable confusion; presently shots were fired, the confusion increased, and Cavalcaselle was liberated. The insurrection had broken out.

5. I went up to attend the first meeting of the Ninth Orientalist Congress. Max Müller, who is the President, delivered a remarkable address.

We dined with Northbrook. I had on my left Professor Ascoli, the Italian philologist, who told me that he remembered seeing, as a child, Cobden when he came to Trieste on his Free Trade tour, and had heard the great man say as he pointed to the sun, "Voilà, votre machine à vapeur!"

On my other side was Professor Karābăcek, who is one of the Austrian delegates and a great Arabic scholar; in charge too, as a friend, I gathered, not as an *employé*, of the Archduke Rainer's great collection of papyri. Professor Karābăcek was, like Professor Kielhorn, coming here to stay, but having never been before in London finds it more convenient to be in the middle

of the town. He is a Styrian from Gratz, and although he bears a Slav name does not speak a word of any Slav language, but is to all intents and purposes German.

Miss Sorabji came last night to stay with us for the Congress, and Miss Erskine arrived to-day, as did Count A. de Gubernatis. (See these Notes for 1885.)

6. Took the chair at the Geographical Section of the Congress, and delivered an address on the principal additions made to the Geography of Asia since Strangford died in 1869. (See *Transactions*.)

Count A. de Gubernatis brought with him a copy of his *Peregrinazioni Indiane*. It contains an amusing account of his visit to us at Madras, from which I extract the following passage:—

"Mi accosto a Lady Grant Duff, e sapendo che conosce assai bene, oltre il francese, anche l'italiano le rivolgo la parola in italiano. Essa passò una volta quattro mesi a Roma, e dell'Italia si ricorda col più vivo interesse, parlando l'italiano correttamente, sebbene con accento inglese. È donna di molto ingegno e di grande coltura; scrive con garbo, ed a Madras, in parecchie assemblee, trattando questioni di educazione pubblica, si rivelò oratrice eloquente."

7. In the Geographical Section to-day we had an interesting paper from Mr. Flinders Petrie, in the course of which he mentioned that the north wind of Egypt had been a most important factor in the history of the country, making exertions possible which would have

been utterly out of the question if it had not blown regularly through the summer. He quoted, in illustration of the importance attached to it, a phrase from the ritual of the dead: "May Osiris give him the breath of the north wind."

11. The Prince of Teano, who came to stay with us on the afternoon of the 8th, left us this morning, as did Gubernatis. The former is the eldest son of the Duke of Sermoneta, whom I met for the first time nine-and-twenty years ago at Aldermaston. (See these Notes for 26th July 1863.) The son has not the white lock which was so conspicuous in the father. He has travelled very widely and read very much. We talked of many things. One subject was Ninfa, which belongs to his family, was deserted in the 17th century in consequence of the plague, and stands alone in the midst of the Pontine Marshes. I remember some one, I think Cartwright, giving a very interesting description of it. Other subjects were the young men of his own age and position in Rome, Cardinal Caetani, who spent enormous sums in the defence of Paris against Henry IV., which crippled the family up to our own times, when the debts were paid off by the old Duke of Sermoneta (his grandfather), the Dantista, and the same whom we visited several times in January 1867. The Prince is returning almost immediately to Italy to go through a year as a

private soldier, a delightful illustration of the idiotcy of the system now prevailing throughout Europe.

The eldest son of the King produced a very favourable impression when he was in London last year, which the Prince of Teano, who seems to know him very well, more than confirms.

11. Sir Henry Howorth and Mr. Douglas, head of the Chinese Department in the British Museum, joined our party last night, as did an unmarried daughter of Hooker's. Miss Erskine and Miss Sorabji are still with us.

The last-mentioned told us, one of these days, the following story, too good, I fear, to be worthy of implicit credence:—

Suar means in Hindustani a pig, and is a term, especially when applied to Mahomedans, of the most furious abuse. *Sowar* is a trooper. *Billa* means a medal, while *Billi* means a cat.

At the time of the Queen being proclaimed Empress of India, the colonel of a regiment, in evil hour, insisted on addressing it in a Hindustani speech, in commemoration of the great event, and this is what he said:—

"Pigs! the Queen Empress has sent to me a number of cats, which I will now distribute among you. She requests that you will hang them round your necks and continue to wear them in that manner."

Howorth brought down with him a thing I had never

seen before, and which is, he says, very rare, a scented Japanese dagger. I thought the smell of the blade more like that of cinnamon than anything else known to me.

I asked Douglas about the words which the missionaries have used in translating God into Chinese. He mentioned several. The Catholics use Tien-Chu, which means "Lord of the Sky," but Choo with the ascending accent means "a pig," hence the constant use in the violent placards which are being circulated at present, in many parts of the Celestial Empire, of such phrases as the "Heavenly hog religion."

Arthur told a story of Lord Granville, who, asked in the Row by a young French *attaché*, during the lifetime of his first wife, a question about her which he did not quite catch, and believed to refer to his horse, replied: "*C'est une vieille rosse; il faut que je m'en défasse.*"

We talked about the *Salisburia* after dinner. Although one sees it classed among the coniferæ and put very near the yew, Dyer says that it really stands by itself, and has no known relatives. He adds that it has never been found wild, even in China, but is essentially a plant of the temple enclosures, where the old vegetation has been retained much more than elsewhere in the populous portions of that country.

12. Presided at the farewell dinner of the Congress in the Hôtel Métropole. I connected with the toast

of the evening, which was the continued prosperity of that body, the names of Professors Kārabăcek, James Darmesteter, Kautzsch, Kielhorn, Land, Ascoli, Donner, Piehl, and Gilman. These were on the programme, but for one reason or another a variety of other people had also to be called upon, including two natives of India, Professor Schmidt, from Denmark, Dr. Ward Hayes, President of the American Orientalist Society, and Professor Lanman, a Sanskritist from Harvard, Professor Goldziher, a Semitic scholar from Hungary, Dr. Müller, from Vienna, who spoke for the absent members, such as Dillmann and Weber, an Egyptian delegate who spoke in Arabic, and Sheik Mahomed Raschid, who did the same. Max Müller, who sat on my right, described the last-named to me as a man of great influence—the Jowett of Egypt. My neighbour on my left was the Prince of Teano, who is twenty-three to-day.

I thought the best thing of the evening was said by Gubernatis, who, speaking of Darmesteter, observed: "*Ha cercato la Poesia in Inghilterra—e l'ha sposata*"; his wife being the poetess Miss Mary Robinson. I hardly caught a word of Darmesteter's speech, as his voice is thin and he was at a great distance. Kautzsch, who has very different lungs, surprised me by speaking in excessively high terms of Bishop Lowth's services to Hebrew literature. Professor Ascoli's voice rose and fell

like an organ, and his style of speaking brought out extremely well the power of Italian for oratorical purposes. Max Müller told me in the course of dinner that the King of Sweden had spoken with some envy of the late Emperor of Brazil, who had learnt Sanskrit. "Oh!" he said, "that's all very well for him; he has got only one people to rule, while I have two; I have no time for Sanskrit."

14. Sir Thomas Wade came down last night, chiefly to talk to Arthur, who left Stockholm in July, on his promotion to be Second Secretary, and is under orders to proceed to China. Wade says that the cold, although severe for about a hundred days at Pekin, is less felt than would be a slighter degree of cold in a damper climate; but that there are hardly more than six weeks of really agreeable weather in the year. The violence of the winds seems to be a very great evil. In spite of all drawbacks, however, he evidently enjoyed his time there very much indeed.

19. Mr. H. Seebohm told us that there had been lately an extraordinary fall in the price of ivory. The agent of a Company, of which he is chairman, had lately bought a large quantity at just half the price they had to give not very long ago. They use the ivory of about 800 elephants every year. On some one exclaiming that the race would soon die out, he explained that nearly all

they used came from elephants who had long since perished by natural causes in their own haunts.

Evelyn writes from Gulhek, under date of 22nd August, mentioning that he had got, after a great struggle, to the top of Demavend. His companion bled very much from the ears and mouth. There is deep snow over the surface of the sulphur; but, at two feet below it, you can cook an egg. They took ten hours to go up, and about half an hour to slide down the main part of the mountain.

Cholera was raging when he wrote, and one body of Cossacks was so absolutely demoralised that their commander had to disband them. "They could not," he said, "be more terrified if they were under fire"; a statement which makes me think of the motto which the soldiers of the Bishop of Hildesheim used to wear on their head-gear: "Give peace in our time, O Lord!"

20. I had quite forgotten a passage which I have just re-read, in Renan's *Discours et Conférences*—page 349 of the larger edition—in which he mentions that when he was attached to the Department of Manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Impériale, where, by the way, in the autumn of the year 1859 I first made his acquaintance, he received a visit from Pusey, who wanted to consult some document in his charge. He was much scandalised to find the Thesaurus of Gesenius on Renan's table, and

wrote him a letter of more than ten pages, which he carefully preserves, to demonstrate that it wanted nothing but eyes to see that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah contained the clearest possible predictions of the Messiah! This *rapprochement* is very amusing, and may pair off with another which I very unintentionally brought about.

In April 1881 (see these Notes for that month) it had been arranged that Renan was to take me after dinner to Victor Hugo. That eminent personage, however, lived at Passy, Renan at the Collège de France, while I was dining with the Cravens, half-way between the two places, in the Rue Barbet de Jouy. It was settled accordingly that Renan was to pick me up there, and the *concierge* engaged to let me know as soon as he arrived. When that event occurred, however, the fellow was out of the way, and I was half-amused, half-horrified, when Mrs. Craven's servant ushered in a man whose name excites so much indignation in the breasts of so many good Catholics. Of course he was perfectly received, and equally of course, the interview did not last a minute; but Mrs. Craven had never seen him before save on one occasion, when she was correcting, at her printer's, the proofs of the *Récit d'une Sœur*, and the *employé* who was showing her how to do so, asked: "Do you know who that was who passed?"

"No," she answered. "The author of the *Vie de Jésus*," said the other.

She never could comprehend a way of looking at things which made me devoted at once to her and to him. She thought the gulf which separated them was so wide and so profound that no engineering skill could bridge it. And yet the "invisible bridge" of which she spoke in her letter to me about Mat Arnold was there all the time, or as Renan himself once said:—

"Il est une région supérieure des âmes élevées dans laquelle se rencontrent souvent sans s'en douter ceux qui s'anathématisent, cité ideale que contempla le Voyant de l'Apocalypse où se pressait une foule que nul ne pouvait compter de toute tribu, de toute nation, de toute langue, proclamant d'une seule voix le symbole dans lequel tous se réunissent: Saint, Saint, Saint est celui qui est, qui a été, et qui sera."

"Un docteur de Kairoan demande à un pieux théologien espagnol, qui avait fait le voyage de Bagdad, si, pendant son séjour dans cette ville, il a jamais assisté aux séances des *motecallemim*. 'J'y ai assisté deux fois,' répond l'Espagnol, 'mais je me suis bien gardé d'y retourner.'—'Et pourquoi?' lui demanda son interlocuteur. 'Vous allez en juger,' répondit le voyageur. 'A la première séance à laquelle j'assistai, se trouvaient non seulement des musulmans de toute sorte, orthodoxes et hétérodoxes, mais aussi des mécréants, des guèbres, des materialistes, des atheés, des juifs, des chrétiens, bref, il y avait des incrédules de toute espèce. Chaque secte avait son chef, chargé de défendre les opinions qu'elle professait, et, chaque fois qu'un de ces chefs entrait dans la

salle, tous se levaient en signe de respect, et personne ne reprenait sa place avant que le chef se fût assis. La salle fut bientôt comble, et lorsqu'on se vit au complet, un des incrédules prit la parole: 'Nous sommes réunis pour raisonner, dit-il. Vous connaissez tous, les conditions. Vous autres, musulmans, vous ne vous alléguerez pas des raisons tirées de votre livre ou fondée sur l'autorité de votre prophète ; car nous ne croyons ni à l'un ni à l'autre. Chacun doit se borner à des arguments tirés de la raison.' Tous applaudirent à ces paroles. 'Vous comprenez,' ajoute l'Espagnol, 'qu'après avoir entendu de telles choses, je ne retournai plus dans cette assemblée. On me proposa d'en visiter une autre ; mais c'était le même scandale.'"

24. I have been for some time under a delusion, which a recollection of the dates ought to have dissipated, that *the* Princess Galitzin (Goethe's Princess Galitzin) was a sister of Rostopchin. *That* Princess Galitzin was, however, a totally different person. *The* Princess Galitzin was a German by birth, the daughter of Count von Schmettau, an officer of the highest rank in the Prussian Service. She died in her fifty-eighth year, 29th April 1806, and is buried at Angelmodden, a village near Münster. The fullest information about her is to be found in *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben des Fürstin Galitzin*, published at Münster in 1839. There appears also to be a selection from her writings, or from the above work, which appeared at Stuttgart in 1868.

I take these facts from Miss Merivale's article on

her in Volume XXIV. of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which I re-read to-day in the Athenæum. (See also another article by the same author in Volume XXX. upon the History of Münster.) The second article begins with a reference to a conversation which I well remember. She had told me about her visit to Münster: "What on earth," I said, "should take any one to Münster?" adding, "unless, indeed, it was the Princess Galitzin." "That is exactly what took me," she replied.

My confusion of the two ladies reminded me of a story which I heard in Russia. A gentleman was crossing a bridge on which a toll had to be paid, and the toll-keeper was very uncivil. "Do you know who I am?" said the traveller, "I am Prince Galitzin." "And I," replied the other, "am also Prince Galitzin!" I distinctly recollect being introduced, in Paris, a generation ago, to a Prince Galitzin, who, I was told, was a grandson of *the* Princess Galitzin.

October

1. An article of mine, chiefly on our attitude towards the Triple Alliance, appears in the *United Service Magazine*, under the too large title, for which I am

not responsible, of "Indian and Foreign Policy." It arose out of a conversation with Colonel Maurice, alluded to under date of 12th June, and out of some letters which have subsequently passed between us. Its preparation has had the good effect of making me read, amongst other things, his book *On the Balance of Military Power in Europe*, published in 1888, as well as *Imperial Defence*, by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, published this year.

My wife, Hampden, and I went up to Charing Cross, and saw Arthur off on his long journey to Pekin.

3. I had drawn a rather unfavourable conclusion about her husband's health from not having received a reply to a note which I lately sent to Madame Renan. In the evening papers of the 1st there were disquieting rumours about his state, and this morning the *Times* announces his death.

There came back to me his noble words at Tréguier:

"Ce que j'ai toujours eu, c'est l'amour de la vérité. Je veux qu'on mette sur ma tombe. (Ah! si elle pouvait être au milieu du cloître! Mais le cloître, c'est l'église, et l'église, bien à tort, ne veut pas de moi), je veux dis-je, qu'on mette, sur ma tombe:

"*Veritatem dilexi.* Oui, j'ai aimé la vérité; je l'ai cherchée, je l'ai suivie où elle m'a appelé, sans regarder aux durs sacrifices qu'elle m'imposait. J'ai déchiré les liens les plus chers pour lui obéir. Je suis sûr d'avoir bien fait. Je m'explique. Nul n'est certain de posséder le mot de l'énigme

de l'univers, et l'infini qui nous enserre échappe à tous les cadres, à toutes les formules qui nous voudrions lui imposer. Mais il y a une chose qu'on peut affirmer; c'est la sincérité du cœur, c'est le dévouement au vrai et le sentiment des sacrifices qu'on a faits pour lui. Ce témoignage, je le porterai haut et ferme sur ma tête au jugement dernier."

7. Drove up last night to dine at the Reform Club with Mackenzie Wallace, meeting Nubar Pasha, Mr. Buckle the Editor, and Mr. Moberly Bell the Manager of the *Times*. The subject of polygamy came up. Nubar said that in Anatolia it was excessively rare, and spoke highly of the Turkish race as naturally monogamic. Some one remarked: "You except, I presume, the house of Othman." "Oh!" he replied, "in no case are the mothers of Turkish descent!"

The name of M. Blowitz led to talk of a great actress who is excessively thin, and it was mentioned that she had said to the Archbishop of Paris, who came to visit her when she was ill: "Vous pourriez m'embrasser; c'est aujourd'hui jour maigre."

Mr. Moberly Bell told us that she had presented a book to M. Blowitz with the inscription: "Au plus fin des esprits le plus fin des corps"; and gave an amusing account of an Englishwoman who had married a Turk and settled in Egypt; but who knew her own language much less well than her husband, and was famous for

her malapropisms. She had remarked to himself one day: "We are passing into a state of Arnica!"

Mackenzie Wallace said, and Nubar entirely agreed, that Hussein Avni had been the real inspirer of Midhat, whom he used as a sort of *porte-voix* to Europe, and that if Hussein Avni had not been murdered, events in Turkey would have taken a very different turn.

10. Evelyn writes, under date of 10th September, from Gulhek, that the cholera had killed 25,000 people in the ten miles round that place. He goes on to give an account of having seen a hundred moufflon through his telescope on a hill about two hours from the point where he was, and proceeds to tell of the wonderful distances covered by the Gholams or professional riders in the service of the Legation. One of them rode, the other day, 800 miles to Bushire in eleven days, while another, the oldest and fastest of them, rode to Resht, 200 miles, in twenty-eight hours.

11. Wilfrid Ward writes:—

"We are in great grief at Tennyson's death. We went there straight from York House last month. He was depressed, and had lost his walking powers; but his mind was not even in the smallest degree weakened. We talked of Lancelot's death, and he was seriously thinking of writing on it, but he raised two objections. One was that Lancelot buries Guinevere near Arthur's grave, which would be impossible after the account of Arthur's passing in the Idylls;

the other was his sense of the greatness of the work if it was at all to do justice to the subject. I said, 'Write a short poem.' 'That is harder still,' he said, 'a short poem needs so much force; a friend of mine used to say, "I have not time to write short letters."'"

12. With my wife to Tennyson's funeral in the Abbey. Her invitation was for the South Transept, mine for the procession, so she passed in at twelve o'clock, while I waited long in the Cloisters, talking chiefly with Wilfrid Ward, Arthur Gordon, Colonel Maurice, and Peel. Our directions were to wait till the coffin and the immediate connections of the Laureate had passed, and then to fall in two and two. Peel proposed that I should be his companion, but I thought that the Speaker ought to pair off with a high official, and so yielded my place to Bryce, who has lately developed into Chancellor of the Duchy, and member of Gladstone's new Cabinet. I immediately followed the Speaker, while some one not known to me took my left. The misty distances as we passed up the Central Aisle were very striking. So was the singing of *Crossing the Bar*, gravely and simply set by Dr. Bridge; but Tennyson's last poem, *The Silent Voices*, the music of which was by his wife, was not less effective. That done, we moved forward into Poets' Corner, where the remainder of the service took

place, and Heber's Hymn, *Holy*, *Holy*, *Holy*, was sung. I observed in the crowd near me the Bishop of London, Palgrave, Dr. Michael Foster, Pollock, and others. Just at the right moment, too, Miss Somers Cocks appeared, as if she had risen out of the ground, and of course said the appropriate thing: "This is a funeral at which one cannot possibly feel sad."

13. Madame Renan writes:—

"Cher Monsieur et Ami,—Votre bonne lettre m'a porfondément touchée. Le souvenir que ceux qui l'ont connu et aimé gardent de mon mari bien aimé est la seule consolation qui puisse arriver jusqu'à une douleur comme la mienne. Vous qui nous avez vus dans des jours heureux, vous savez combien notre union était étroite, absolue. Vous comprenez donc que ma vie est brisée et que toute expression soit incapable de dire ma douleur.

"Mon cher mari vous aimait et vous appréciait depuis bien longtemps. Vous saviez aussi la valeur de ce grand esprit. Ainsi que vous le dites si bien, il avait mis le Christianisme dans sa vraie lumière. Son âme religieuse et sincère n'a pas fait une œuvre négative, il a au contraire ramené au respect et au sentiment des choses élevées les esprits de sa génération sur lesquels s'est étendue son action. Certes il était plus près d'une âme admirable comme celle de Mme. Craven votre incomparable amie, que d'un sceptique à l'esprit superficiel.

"Sa fin a été digne de sa belle vie pure; elle a été douce et sereine; sa haute intelligence a gardé sa clarté, et son cœur, sa tendresse. Il me disait que sa vie avait été bonne et que son œuvre était finie. Encore en Bretagne, cet été, il avait beaucoup travaillé à son IVe. volume d'Israël. Ces

volumes pourront être publiés tels qu'ils sont sortis de sa plume. Quand il les avait relus sur les épreuves, il les avait trouvés beaucoup plus avancés qu'il ne le croyait lui-même, ayant donné son manuscrit à l'impression plus travaillé qu'il ne le faisait d'ordinaire.

"Il m'a laissé une tâche écrasante, celle de disposer de ses papiers, de publier ce que je jugerais bon pour le public. Je ne sais comment j'en trouverai la force.

"Veuillez remercier Lady Grant Duff de son souvenir et conservez-moi votre précieuse amitié. Croyez à ma sincère affection.

"CORNÉLIE RENAN."

Sir Edward Hertslet talked yesterday as we went up together in the train about the head or supposed head of Lady Jane Grey's father, the Duke of Suffolk, and I went to see it to-day at Holy Trinity Church in the Minories—a surpassingly frightful, but exceedingly curious, little edifice.

Here Philip Sidney lay in state before he was buried in St. Paul's, and the Court of Charles II. gathered to the funeral of William Legge, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and bore thence his message to his son to remember the faithfullest servant ever Prince had.

William Legge's son, Lord Dartmouth, who failed to prevent the landing of the Prince of Orange, and died in the tower, is also buried here.

The Verger turned up the Register and showed me the entry of the interment of the first parishioner

who died of the plague, followed by pages of similar entries.

15. To the Brompton Oratory to be present at the marriage of Lady Agnes Feilding and Mr. C. de Trafford, which was performed by the Archbishop of Westminster. The pages and bridesmaids were surely the tiniest ever beheld. Four of them were Feildings, great-grandchildren of the old lord who held sway at Newnham when I first went to stay there in 1853. That makes one feel old; but not older than did the contrast between Brabourne, who sat next but one to me, as he is and as he was when we were both undergraduates at Oxford. "Regardez les figures de vos contemporains!" It was a gloomy day. The Church was filled with the fog, and its great vaults looked very sombre. Things were rather better when it got so dark that they were obliged to light a good many additional lamps. Then, at least, the altar and its immediate neighhourhood seemed tolerably cheerful. The echo is tremendous, and, although I was very near, I heard the exhortation to the bride and bridegroom, which was delivered from within the altar rails, only imperfectly. It turned chiefly on the sacramental character of the rite, and what I did catch was much to the purpose.

18. To the Royal College of Physicians, where the Harveian oration was delivered by Dr. J. H. Bridges.

Before it began I compared notes with the Bishop of Rochester, and we both came to the conclusion that we should understand exceedingly little. We were, however, most agreeably disappointed. I thought it remarkably able, and learned a great deal that was quite new to me. The lecture is delivered in the Library, and the lecturer stands on a rostrum just opposite the President, Sir Andrew Clark, who sat, attired in a gown of black and gold, in front of a table on which reposes, as at the Royal Society, a huge mace, very like the successor of the historic bauble in whose presence I have spent so many midnights. When he headed the procession in which we passed from the Robing Room to our places in the Library, he bore in his hand a very pretty and ancient silver *Caduceus*, the sceptre of his rule.

It was amusing to see some of one's acquaintance vying with the lilies of the field in the brilliance of their adornment. Harvey's own famous lectures were not delivered in the building where we met, which is quite modern, but at Amen Corner, in the city. I did not know that he owed so much to the teaching of Fabricius of Acquapadente, under whom he studied at Padua, nor that the influence of Galileo over him had been so great.

Some one asked the Bishop of Rochester[1] about

[1] The present Archbishop of Canterbury, 1903.

the house he inhabits at Kennington, and he told us that the back door is strengthened with iron plates, which were put up on 7th April 1848, to guard against an attack of the Chartists, which was thought possible on one of the following days while they were assembling for the 10th. "The 7th April 1848," he added, "chanced to be the day on which I was born."

19. An address of mine to my old constituents, thrown into the form of one of my Elgin Speeches, occupies six columns of the *Banffshire*, which arrived to-day, and is summarised in a couple of columns of the *Times*.

24. Returned to York House from Oxford, whither I went on the 22nd to stay with the Warden of Merton, at whose house the Club, which is often mentioned in these Notes before I went to India, dined that night. There were present, amongst others, the Provost of Oriel, Thorley the Warden of Wadham, Mr. Furneaux, Mr. Raper of Trinity, Mr. Shadwell of Oriel, who has just published a translation of most of the *Purgatorio*, Mr. Ernest Myers, Mr. Watson, late Principal of Brasenose, Mr. A. L. Smith, and Professor Pelham. I sat between the two last-mentioned, and had a great deal of talk with each of them. Both were open-mouthed against the system of entrance scholarships at the Public Schools.

Professor Pelham told me that he had once been present at dinner when Acton repeated to Mr. Lincoln, the present American Minister here, an account which he had somewhere read of Lee's surrender, and asked him whether it was true.

"No," he answered, "not one word of it." "You speak very confidently," said the other; "how are you so certain?" "Because," rejoined Lincoln, "only three persons were present when Lee surrendered: Lee himself, General Grant, and I, who was the *aide-de-camp* of the latter. What really passed was this: Lee came in superbly dressed, and wearing the sword which had been given him by the ladies of Richmond. General Grant and I had been separated from our baggage, and had on the clothes we had been wearing for a week. General Grant jotted down the heads of the terms of surrender upon a piece of paper. Lee made one or two alterations, also in pencil, and gave the paper back to Grant, who said: 'Yes, that'll do. Now let us come to luncheon.'"

The Provost of Oriel told a story which he had lately heard in Dublin of a man who canvassed a Plymouth Brother at the last Election. "I never," was the answer, "take any part in politics; I do not consider that I have here 'any continuing city.'" "But," was the rejoinder, "might you not vote as a lodger?"

Yesterday the Warden, Mr. Ernest Myers, a brother of the Myers often mentioned in these Notes, and I walked up Headington Hill, through the Morrells' grounds, descending by the path behind them, and crossing Mesopotamia past Parson's Pleasure, reached the Parks. It was the very *beau ideal* of an autumn day; the colours of the trees were as brilliant as possible, and, save in the lilac and laburnum time, I never saw Oxford look so beautiful. My next neighbour at luncheon was young Lord St. Cyres, grandson of Stafford Northcote, whom I had not met before. Another guest was Mr. J. W. Probyn, who took a strong interest in the Italian struggle of thirty years ago, but whom I have not come across for a long time. He told me that he had seen Cavour at Leri in 1860, and that the great statesman had said to his companion (the American Minister, Mr. Seward) and himself: "We shall certainly get Venetia; some Austrian statesmen even know that that is inevitable. Rome is a more difficult matter, which will require management; but we shall get it in the end." After luncheon I saw a variety of people, among them Miss Smith, Max Müller, Dr. Legge (the Professor of Chinese), and Pater, who, since his name was last mentioned in this Diary, has been in Italy visiting Gubbio, Borgo San Sepolcro, Forli, Ravenna, and many other places.

I talked with Max Müller about Renan and his habit of agreeing, if possible, with whomsoever he talked to. "Yes," replied Müller; "he was like one of my little Japanese priests, who tried to agree with everything I said. On one occasion he exclaimed: 'Oh! yes, yes, yes!' but his conscience getting the better of him, he added: 'I mean, Oh! no, no, no!'"

At a quarter to five I went to Balliol Chapel, where Canon Fremantle read the service. One of the hymns sung was Charles Wesley's remarkable poem, *Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown.* The second lesson was read by Mr. Palmer, the Junior Fellow, as his father, Lord Selborne's younger brother, was, if I remember right, when I first went into residence, forty-five years ago on the 14th of this month. The Master preached on the text, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," ending with the words, "My son, give Me thine heart." I sat on the back row of the seats on the left as one looks down the chapel from the altar—Harold Russell was beside me. When the sermon was over I went to Jowett's room and sat with him for some time. Talking over his sermon, I asked him if he had ever met Mrs. Craven. He said: "Yes, I met her once, and she talked to me of you."

Some time in the course of yesterday Mr. Ernest Myers quoted to me a happy saying of Aubrey de

Vere's: "Many people mistake downrightness for uprightness."

This morning I went up after breakfast to see Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton Gell, with whom I found Mr. and Mrs. Portal, the latter of whom I had not seen before. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell told me of a set of extracts made by Arthur Stanley from Jowett's writings, and circulated without any name at the time that the attack was made against his heresies. (See the first volume of these Notes.)

26. Lady Gregory writes from Spanish Point on the Atlantic:—

"Where the great cliffs make a breakwater for Europe and finished the woes of the Armada. A convivial host here used to point out to his guests after dinner the spot where the Spanish *Madaira* went ashore, and the rocks have a very vindictive look about them still."

She then goes on to describe some of the amenities of the situation. Her landlady came to call with a policeman for footman, while hard by dwells a woman who gave evidence on the Parnell Commission, and whose son is escorted to dig potatoes by an armed member of the force:

"But," she adds cheerfully, "there have been no new outrages within fifteen miles since J. Morley's advent."

Near the place from which she writes is a monument

to Cornelius O'Brien, who was, Lord Palmerston said, "the best Member Ireland ever sent to Westminster, for he was in the House thirty years and never once opened his mouth." She continues :—

"Here fairies dance in the raths and lay their spell on all who come within their magic circle, and here water from the Holy Well must be drunk from a skull to be efficacious, and yet we are in the next parish to progressive America and the New York tramways."

The following is her postscript :—

"'Where's the driver I used to have?' said Mr. Lane Joynt to a carman. 'Dead and buried, your Honour, but I can't say what melody he died of!'"

27. My wife mentioned at dinner that she had heard that Aldermaston was in the market. Our old friend Mrs. Burr's connection with it terminated on the death of her husband; but we frequently saw her at her house in London and elsewhere. Though she was very lame from the result of an accident, her charm remained to the last. She died at Venice in the beginning of this year. A water-colour of Taormina, from her hand, which was sent to us, after her death, constantly brings back to me pleasant days and her unique personality.

29. Sometime in 1891 I confided a copy of my wife's poems (privately printed in 1882) to my nephew, Douglas,

to be sent through his connection Mr. Stephenson to the great Paris binder, Cuzin. The book arrived to-day, and Mr. Stephenson writes: "Cuzin died not long after he received it, and his *atelier* has passed into the hands of his *doreur*, who seems, fortunately, to be in every way as artistic as his predecessor."

Mr. Geddes, professor of botany in connection with the University of St. Andrews, but settled at Dundee, came to see me, and to develop a plan for buying up the old historic houses of Edinburgh, thus saving them from the speculative builder, while adapting them to the purposes of modern life. He has himself acquired a good deal of property in the old town, and has established upon it hostels for students. He seems also to interest himself much in sending young men from Scotland to study on the Continent, and has formed a network of *relations* which he believes to be of much service to them. "You are doing," I said, "just what I wished to see done when I delivered my first Rectorial address, five-and-twenty years ago." "Yes," he replied, "so it is. One generation preaches and the next translates what it preached into fact." Conversation turned to my old acquaintance, John Hill Burton, and Professor Geddes told me that one of his sons was dead, but that the other had settled in Tokio, and had married a Japanese.

31. Evelyn writes:—

"It is of course very difficult to form any correct opinion about the feeling of the people here. No doubt they have been lately looking death in the face, and the Mollahs have seized the opportunity for what is called in England a revival. It is significant that all the servants are growing beards, and I yesterday saw a man pouring wine into the gutter in the middle of a large crowd. The servants are in a very excited state, and many are leaving on pilgrimages to Meshed and elsewhere, because they say the Mollahs have forbidden them to serve Europeans."

He goes on to speak of the Shah's treasures:—

"In one case I saw thirty-six pounds of pearls of all sizes, and brilliants and other gems to the value of some ten millions sterling."

In a pamphlet entitled *Extracts from the Records of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry*, drawn up and sent to me by Hanbury Williams, I find the very remarkable statement that the Light Brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, marched in twenty-six hours, on the 28th July 1807, sixty-two English miles to Talavera, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight. He also mentions that at Waterloo the Duke of Wellington called out sharply to Lord Fitzroy Somerset: "Send the 43rd there." He replied that they were not in the army, but nevertheless at a later hour the Duke again in a moment of difficulty said: "Send the 43rd there."

November

1. Miss Somers Cocks writes recalling our days spent together at Guindy six years ago, and tells me a story which she heard in a sermon on the 30th ult., preached in "that most beautiful and most satisfying of churches," Tewkesbury Abbey. An old priest was trudging home through the deep snow after early Mass on the morning of All Saints, when a man stopped him to ask how many had been at his service. "Millions! Millions!" was his answer.

2. Mrs. Goodrich mentioned to me that an old lady belonging to the Wynford family had told her that she had shown to an Italian a picture of the first Lord in his robes, with *Chief Justice Best* under it. Her friend looked very much puzzled; but at last, with a gleam of intelligence in his eye, remarked: "Ah—le bon Dieu!"

At a meeting of the Committee of the Royal Literary Fund, this afternoon, the name of a gentleman came up. Sir Theodore Martin mentioned that he had once produced a play of which Walter Savage Landor and Dickens spoke in the very highest terms, extolling it as hardly inferior to Shakespeare. Lady Martin, *née* Miss Helen Faucit, was persuaded to take a part, but warned the author that the play had faults which

quite unsuited it for the stage. It was acted, however, and proved a ghastly failure.

3. A special meeting of the Geographical Society was held to-night for the purpose of hearing a paper about Uganda, read by Captain Lugard. The theatre was filled to overflowing, even the gallery being crammed. Before the meeting there was much the largest muster I have ever yet seen at the Geographical Club. The Archbishop of Westminster dined with me. We talked of Pio Nono's habit of saying amusing things, and my neighbour mentioned that a lady of vast proportions and most orthodox views, having gone to pay her respects, had said to the Pope: "My husband and I have been impelled to come hither solely by our religious feelings and by the affection we owe to the Head of the Church." "Ah! yes," was the reply, "we know that faith can remove mountains."

Sir Philip Currie, who was also a guest, said to me: "I never dined at Limmer's before. It used to have the character of being rather a rendezvous of *viveurs;* in fact it was averred that so many of its *habitués* suffered from *delirium tremens*, that when some one, who was not of that persuasion, was dining there, a mouse came on the table and began to nibble a piece of bread, whereupon a sympathetic waiter observed to him: 'Don't be afraid, sir, it's a real mouse.'"

7. Dined with the Literary Society — Coleridge in the chair. Lyall, the Bishop of Rochester, Sir George Chesney (who made his first appearance), Douglas Galton, Mr. Justice Denman, the Dean of Westminster, Sidney Colvin, Canon Ainger, Sir W. Clay, Professor Flower, Henry James, and, I think, one or two others, were present. I sat between Douglas Galton and Denman. Conversation turned to the Duke of Wellington, and the former mentioned that at the time of the threatened Chartist riots in 1848, some one who had to command a body of "specials," and who knew the Duke well, said to him: "I want to be quite clear about our duties. I should like to know, for example, exactly at what stage the military will be called in." "Oh," rejoined the Duke, "that is a question which I can answer quite easily: when all the specials have been killed."

15. I returned to York House, at a very early hour this morning, from Torquay, whither I went on the 8th with my wife and Victoria, the quarantine, in which the illness of the latter has placed us since 18th September, having come to an end. On the 9th, which was a very beautiful day, I drove with Victoria to Anstey's Cove, which looked as pretty as ever, and on the 10th, in weather which would have done honour to Italy at this season, we all three went to Berry Head, made interesting by the fact that the well-

known hymn, *Abide with Me*, is said to have been written there.

Torquay has increased very greatly since we spent two winters there, more than a quarter of a century ago, and Paignton has become a considerable town instead of a small village. I had ungratefully forgotten the charms of the Rock Walk, under the Warren Road, which we knew in 1861 when we lived close to it; while in 1864 and 1865 we were in other quarters of the town. These charms had been greatly enhanced by the laying out in paths and gardens of the precipitous ground between it and the road along the sea. The vegetation of this sheltered spot is quite southern. The violets were abundant, the Australian Veronicas were luxuriant, and I found the *Cistus albidus* of Hyères still dotted with its large rose-coloured flowers.

I came up by the express, arriving in time to have a conference with the officials at 1 Savile Row; then to hold a very long Geographical Council, at which a great deal of business was transacted; thereafter to attend a meeting of the Geographical Club, called to receive the Report of the Treasurer, and then to dine there. We mustered thirty-seven, only two fewer than last time. I had Nansen on my right, and Acton on my left. The meeting which followed was almost as crowded as that at which Lugard read his paper, and

lasted much longer, for when Nansen had done, Admirals M'Clintock, Nares, and Inglefield, all addressed us, as did Captain Wharton, Sir Allen Young, and Captain Wiggins of the Kara Sea. The meeting was not over till just after eleven, and I did not get down here much before one.

16. Miss Soulsby writes :—

"I have just had a most amusing account of the Bishop of Lincoln from Lady Alwyne. He has been staying at Ely, and told them he once had to give an address at a girls' school. He was much alarmed, but took a text from Sir Walter Scott—'You will find Lady Emily in the parlour' —and proceeded to point out that Lady Emily *used* to be there, ready to refresh you with conversation or music; but that *now* the parlour was the last place where you would find her. You would have a better chance on a platform, or in a laboratory, etc., etc."

17. Talked with Sir George Grove at the Athenæum. I asked him about the long-delayed Life of Arthur Stanley, and he mentioned, on Stanley's authority, that when Tennyson was less known than he is now, Jowett quoted in an essay the two lines from the introduction of *The Palace of Art*:

> "And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
> Shut out from Love."

The essay found its way into the hands of Keble, who wrote after the quotation, "Shakespeare."

The name of Tennyson led to his funeral, and that to the fact of his having been buried in the folds of the National flag. Grove mentioned that a man in charge of a Pullman car in Canada, but well educated, had told him that at some period when Havana was under martial law, a man had been killed in a row in the street. Everybody ran away except an Englishman, who, having nothing to do with the murder, thought there was no occasion to do so, and was, of course, immediately arrested. Some one naturally was found to swear that he was the culprit, and he was sentenced to be shot next morning. The English Consul (Mr. Crawford) hearing what was going on, went in full uniform to the place of execution and claimed the man as a British subject. The officer in charge of the firing party showed his orders, and said he could not give him up. "Very well," said Mr. Crawford, "at least you will not object to my shaking hands with him before he is shot?" "By no means," was the answer. He then walked up, whipped the Union Jack out of his pocket and threw it round the man. "Now," he said to the officer, "shoot if you dare." The officer applied for instructions to the Governor, and the prisoner's innocence was soon made clear.

18. Dined with the Akermans, meeting Dr. Nansen,

the Austrian Ambassador, the Danish Minister, and Mr. Fleetwood Wilson. We talked of the Esquimaux. Nansen said it was a mistake to suppose that they were very short, like the Laps. He had seen some who were as tall as himself, and he is well over six feet. Count Deym said that he thought the average English sportsman shot distinctly better than they did in Austria, but that our people were much less careful about accidents. Mr. Fleetwood Wilson told me that he, or a friend of his, I forget which, had heard a "demonstrator" at the meeting in Trafalgar Square, last week, say to his neighbour as he looked up at Nelson on his column: "I wonder what that old stupid would say to this?"

26. To a meeting of the governing body of the Imperial Institute, followed by a general meeting of the same; both presided over by the Prince of Wales. After they were done I walked through the rooms apportioned to the Fellows, of whom I have lately become one. Sir Rawson Rawson, who was with me, mentioned in the course of talk, that he had known York House in the days of Sir Alexander Johnston, and that it had been let, at one time, to Mrs. Somerville.

28. Amongst those who spent yesterday with us was Mr. Murray, the fourth of the dynasty, who came into possession of the Albemarle Street house on the death of his father, a few months ago, and is gradually

making himself acquainted with its literary treasures. He says that he finds a great many letters of Byron's, and that there is very much to be known about him which has not yet become public. Mrs. Murray was a daughter of Leslie of Warthill, with whom I sat for some time in Parliament, when he represented Aberdeenshire. They keep up their connection with the county, and Mr. Murray tells Scotch stories exceptionally well. Most of those, which he gave us, were too dependent on accent to make them worth writing down; but I may note one which, brief as it is, forms, by itself, an excellent speech against one of the silliest of the many forms of nonsense with which this age is afflicted.

Mr. Henry George, the American, held a meeting at Forfar. After he had made his oration, he invited questions, and an old farmer, rising, said:—

"Ye'll have land o' yer ain, Maister George?"

"No, indeed," was the reply, "I am not a landlord."

"Ye'll be a tenant o' land, Maister George?"

"Not I. I am no man's tenant."

"Ye'll be an agent for land, Maister George—ye'll manage it for some one else?"

"Not at all. I am not an agent. I have nothing to do with land."

"I thocht so," said the questioner, as he resumed his seat.

Mr. Murray mentioned that his namesake of the British Museum had called his attention to a figure of Sleep there, and had told him that Professor Owen had said, when he first saw it: "What fellows those old Greeks were! The wings are the wings of the night-jar, which is remarkable for its silent flight."

28. My wife, who came up on Friday from Torquay, went back this morning to that place. I had a long Geographical afternoon, for when the Council was over there was a special General Meeting called to give formal sanction to certain changes in the Rules, which have not been reprinted since 1879. At the Club Dinner I had Mr. Joseph Thomson on my right, and Mr. J. A. Grant, the late Unionist candidate for the Elgin Burghs, on my left. Both of them were engaged in the recent expedition from the shores of Lake Nyassa towards Lake Bangweolo and the head waters of the Congo. Mr. Thomson gave an account of their experiences at our meeting to-night. He mentioned to me at dinner that this had been his sixth expedition, and that he had now walked over about 18,000 miles of Africa. The list of elections which I was able to announce to-day was unprecedentedly large. We had fifteen ladies—the first ever admitted—including Mrs. O'Conor, the wife of Arthur's chief at Peking; Mrs. Bishop, *née* Bird, the traveller; and Miss Cust, who was formally presented.

Freshfield told me to-day that he had been asked by a connection—"Why do you wish to keep Uganda?" "Because," he answered, "it is the Clapham Junction of Africa." A happy phrase, which is in itself an argument.

29. Miss Sorabji sends me a Persian collect, which she lately found:—

"Thou pure and persuading Spirit, manifest thyself in me as *light* when I think, as *mercy* when I act, and when I speak as *truth*—always as Truth!"

The modern Persian acts, I fear, even less in accordance with his prayers than is our custom in the West.

December

1. Mrs. Barrington came to stay with us to-day, and almost simultaneously her novel, *Lena's Picture*, arrived from Edinburgh, where it has been published by Douglas.

4. Amongst others here to-day is Mr. Lyttelton Gell, who told me that one of our common friends threatens to get up a Society to oppose the Souls, under the name of the Parasols!

Mr. Cross, who married George Eliot, came to call. We spoke of Victor Hugo, and he told me that Ivan Tourguéneff had recounted to him a scene which curiously

illustrated the poet's character. He had been speaking very disparagingly of all literature outside France. "But surely you would say, would you not, Maître, that the Germans had a literature?" interposed Tourguéneff. "Certainly not," was the reply. "Oh, but had they not a writer called Goethe, who left behind him some considerable things?" "No," was the rejoinder. "I have read his Wallenstein, and I cared very little for it."

He mentioned, on the same authority, that an ardent admirer had once said to Victor Hugo: "The nation has never treated you quite properly; no street has been called after you; there ought to be a Rue Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Then another disciple took up the running and said: "A street! That indeed would be nothing; a whole quarter of the City should be called after you." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera," said the master. Thereupon a third disciple joined in—"Paris should cease to be Paris and be re-named the city of Victor Hugo." "Cela arrivera, mes enfants, cela arrivera!"

5. Mrs. Bishop writes:—

"That is a lovely story about all the Saints at Mass, quite lovely. It reminds me of a line I always liked—

'Multitudes, multitudes stood up in bliss';

one imagines them as a field standing thick with corn."

Lord Wemyss showed me to-day a head of St. Cecilia, which is certainly extraordinarily fine, and is thought by him to be the masterpiece of Donatello. He showed me also a contemporary bust of Cromwell. The general cast of the countenance is that of a man of resolute character, the eye, that of a dreamer.

Geography took up nearly all the afternoon and evening; but at dinner, instead of thirty-nine or thirty-seven, to which our numbers rose on the first and second evenings of the session, we were, I think, not over ten, including the two gentlemen who read papers. The first of these was by Mr. Wilkinson on the Kalahari desert, which seems to be no desert at all, but is likely, when well-sinking has been set about systematically, to be an excellent ranching country. The second was by Captain Gallwey, about the Benin region. I thought the most interesting part of what he had to say was the account of the crystal clearness and beauty of the Oil Rivers when you have ascended them some way. You see the bottom even when they are quite two fathoms and a half deep.

10. Maine's Speeches and Minutes, with my little Memoir of him, reached me on one of the earlier days of this week, I think on the 6th. Though short, it took a good deal of time and trouble.

Some days ago I received from Mrs. Bishop a little book I had tried to get, without any result, *Amore E*

Dolore Christiano, per Alfonso Capecelatro. It is an abridgment of the *Récit d'une Sœur* for Italian readers. Here is the sketch of Alexandrine—a very good one:—

"Alessandrina splende di tutt' i più bei pregi della donna del nord: ricca d'amore e di misticisimo, capace di armonizzarli ed anzi di unificarli entrambi, cupida delle cose più ardue e più alte, e quasi naturata a vivere nel pensiero e nell' affetto del soprannaturale: piena di poesia, ma di una poesia, che io direi orientale, e che mi pare assai più interiore e profonda, che non è quella degli uomini e delle donne del sud di Europa; mêno subitanea, meno viva, che non è Alberto, ma più tenace, e forse più interiore di lui; ignara sulle prime della verità religiosa, ma pure amante di essa, come si ama cosa vaga, indeterminata, lontana; appresso istruita di questa verità, mercè della luce di grandissimo amore e di grandissimo dolore, e da quel momento capace d'amarla più di sè stessa, e più di un amore, che era gia'da gran tempo l'anima della sua anima."

11. Reeve writes:—

"I have been reading with very great pleasure your graceful and effective Memoir of our friend Maine. Nothing can be better or more worthy of him, and we are spared a big biography in two volumes, made up of scraps."

Lady Henley writes, returning the last two sheets of these Notes:—

"To you they must be full of sadness, for they record the setting to rise no more of three of the brightest stars in your firmament. . . . We who read the journal will miss the names of Hübner, Renan, and of your sweet little friend Constance Buxton."

Mrs. Greg and Flora Russell are with us. Pater, who came down to dine, told me that his *Plato* would soon be out, and that he had planned a theological work in three divisions, the first to be called *Hebrew and Hellene*, the second *The Genius of Christ*, and the third *The Poetry of Anglicanism*.

Flora told an excellent story of two men who, wishing to play a trick upon a friend famous for finding out riddles, conspired to ask him one which had, they thought, no answer. "Why is a ghost like a muffin?" He asked for a day's time, and then gave the answer: "They are both fancy bred." Clara mentioned the well-known old riddle, "Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit?" with the old answer, "Because it was such a fine opening for a young man," and a better new one, "Because he had a coat of many colours, and could not be admitted into the dress-circle!"

12. Met Frederic Harrison at the Athenæum. We fell talking of last winter, which he spent in Italy. He told me that so terrible has been the collapse of the building speculations which have gone on in the last few years, that the ruins of Modern are more extensive than those of Ancient Rome.

13. I wrote some few weeks ago, for Mr. Constable, an introduction to *Broughton's Letters from a Mahratta Camp*, which he has just republished in his Oriental

Miscellany. To-day I received from him a frame containing four pages, 313, 314, 335, 336, of the first edition of *The Heart of Midlothian* in proof, with Scott's own manuscript corrections. Attached to these is a printed note by Mr. Constable, erroneously dated 15th December, and detailing their history.

14. Madame Renan writes:—

"Votre lettre de Novembre m'a été bien précieuse. Aujourd'hui, les seules consolations qui arrivent jusqu'à mon cœur me sont données par les amis qui ont compris et aimé celui que je pleure, et nul n'a mieux compris que vous la grande action qu'il a exercée dans le monde, au point de vue religieux. Que d'âmes son œuvre a ramenées au sentiment religieux, à la morale séparée du dogme et qui sans lui n'auraient connu qu'une sèche ou railleuse négation! cette œuvre a été essentiellement bienfaisante, parce qu'elle a été sincère. Je vis dans ces pensées qui m'aident à supporter une existence privée désormais de sa grande bonté, de sa tendresse."

17. I made Mr. Cross tell my wife his story mentioned above about Victor Hugo's remarks upon Goethe. Sidney Colvin, who was sitting opposite, said: "I was present once when the conversation turned upon Goethe's want of German patriotism during the Napoleonic wars; Victor Hugo said: 'Je regarde Goethe comme Jeanne d'Arc aurait regardé Méssaline.'"

18. Mr. Constable, who came down this afternoon to

spend an hour or two, mentioned, when talking of a book about Haileybury College which he is bringing out, the name of Mirza Mahommed Ibrahim, which I used often to hear from forty-five to fifty years ago, and told me that Mr. Jones, the political economist, who was very fond of port wine, called out to him one day after dinner: "What do they call a man in Persia who does not pass the bottle?" "Mahommed," was the reply.

21. I had asked Mrs. Scott, of the Villa Capponi, to go *de ma part* to Santa Maria Novella, and especially to the Strozzi tomb. In a letter upon the subject, dated the 17th, she mentions that Mlle. de Fauveau, the Vendéene, inspired Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art*, while that book had, in its turn, great influence on Ruskin.

27. Coleridge writes of Jowett:—

> "His Vice-Chancellorship broke him down, and just as he seemed to be nearly getting up again, he had the knockdown blow of last year. Since Newman, I suppose no Oxford man has come near Jowett in influence, and on the whole how high and noble and elevating his influence has been. The world will be much poorer when he goes; and his friends will feel much more alone. One must go or be left behind, and as the time of going draws nigh it is mercifully ordered that there seems less to stay for. Did Aristotle or Plato really care for friendship? Bacon, to judge by his essay, certainly did not. Cicero did, but he was an exceptional nature, affectionate and trying to love and to get the love of men who you can see did not care for him."

30. Frederic Harrison writes :—

"I have now been able to read and enjoy your very interesting memoir of our dear Maine. It is just what was wanted, and will preserve his personal memory for those who only knew his books."

31. I have been but little out of my own grounds of late, and my Renan swallowing up nearly all the time I can give to reading or being read to, has shortened my Diary for the last six weeks.

1893

January

3. Mr. G. Cooke, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, came to call. In the course of conversation he mentioned that walking one day with Wellhausen, in the neighbourhood of Marburg, he asked his companion, who had been the pupil of Ewald, what that eminent man's religion really had been. "Exactly the religion of the Prophets," was the reply.

By the way, a few days ago, in reading a paper of Renan's, published in the *Souvenirs d'un vieux Professeur Allemand*, I lit upon a new association for the Church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, which has already so many. Creuzer has, it appears, recorded that his *Symbolik* was mainly inspired by it.

10. I came to-day across a happy phrase of Lacordaire's: "However early you get up in the morning you will find that Providence has got up earlier."

13. Glanced over some lectures of Mr. Gore's on "The Mission of the Church." He tells a story of St. Thomas

Aquinas, which is new to me. The Pope said to him, as the bags full of the money of the faithful, who had crowded to the Jubilee, were carried past: "Peter could not say now, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "No," was the reply, "neither could he say, 'Arise, and walk!'"

Arthur's first letter from Peking arrives. Its travels have been leisurely, for it is dated on 20th November.

"The event of Tientsin was a visit to the great Li-Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Chihli. Mr. O'Conor, Mr. Brenan the Consul, and I went to the Yamên in chairs through very crowded streets, and got there in half-an-hour. The viceregal habitation was a largish house surrounding a courtyard, or rather two courtyards. Mr. O'Conor was met at the door (we were kept waiting a little) by the interpreter and another gentleman. We were then conducted into a small room, and soon afterwards His Excellency came in and welcomed the Minister very cordially. He took us into a side room and we all sat down at a longish table, Li at the head, Mr. O'Conor at his right, and I on his left. The interpreter, who spoke English quite well, performed his duties admirably. The conversation was long and interesting, though perhaps the Viceroy asked somewhat too perplexing questions respecting *la haute politique*, such as what was going to happen in the Pamirs; also whether Mr. O'Conor was of the same party as Mr. Gladstone —questions to which adroit answers were given. H.E. is a tall and fine-looking man, and is the only person in the Empire, by his own admission, who is in favour of rational progress. While we were talking to him, his little grandson, rather a pretty boy, came in to see his grandfather. When the visit terminated, the Viceroy went with Mr. O'Conor to the outer court, and we got into our chairs and were taken to our boats."

15. Lecky and Captain Lugard, of Uganda, are with us. The former mentioned a good saying of the old Duke of Sermoneta's about the Council of 1870: "The Bishops went in as shepherds; but they came out as sheep."

It was the Duke of Sermoneta too who said, speaking of Pio Nono: "The Pope has hitherto been regarded as Christ's vicegerent upon earth; but the present Pope takes a different view. He considers that Christ is his representative in Heaven."

17. Returned to York House from Lady Arthur Russell's, where I slept last night after presiding at the Geographical Council, Club dinner, and evening meeting. The first was largely, the second very sparingly, attended. At the last, a paper was read by Mr. Hose, an officer of the Sarawak Government, who has lately made an interesting expedition into the interior, seeing a good deal of country new to Europeans. Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, of the British Museum, bore witness to the great services of Mr. Hose to Ornithology. The Sarawak territory extends about 460 miles along the coast, and runs 250 miles into the interior.

25. ——— told me that the *Tablet* having contained a good deal, in successive numbers, about various members of the family of the Archbishop of Westminster—who, by the way, has just become a member of the Sacred College—some one said to the editor: "I am going to give up the

Tablet." "Why?" said the other. "Because," was the answer, "it is only Vaughanitas Vaughanitatum, omnia Vaughanitas!"

31. Returned to York House from Oxford, whither I went on the 28th to stay with the President of Corpus, with whom the Anonymous Club—for it has so far differentiated itself lately as to call itself Anonymous—dined that night.

My host called my attention to the pre-Reformation College Plate. One piece of it, a rose-water dish, belonged to the year 1494; another, a silver-gilt salt-cellar of French or Italian work, and ornamented with some small pearls, was made *circa* 1500, and would sell, it is said, if it came into the market, for about £5000.

It appears that the amount of pre-Reformation plate in Oxford, or elsewhere in England, is exceedingly small. A great authority on the subject had told the President that all the pre-Reformation plate in England might stand on the table at which we were dining.

Some one, talking of specialisation, mentioned that a friend had spoken in his hearing of Professor Westwood, who died the other day at a very advanced age, as an Entomologist. "An Entomologist?" he replied; "I would hardly venture to call myself a Coleopterist."

I do not think I have ever noted that many years ago, somewhere in the earlier fifties, I fell in with Mr. Hope, the same who gave his large collection of insects to the

University and founded, I think, the Professorship which Westwood vacated. I asked him if he was still collecting insects. "No," he said; "I have given up insects and have gone into the portraits of Cardinals!"

I lunched with George Brodrick, meeting, amongst others, Gardiner the historian, who told me that he remembered my speech in the Union about the Hungarians in 1849, adding: "I knew nothing about them then, and did my best to get some men together to vote against you." "I carried my motion nevertheless," I replied.

Another of the Warden's guests was also, I think, a contemporary of mine—Mr. Boase, who is a Cornishman, and declared quite positively to-day, not only that the Menhirs and other stone monuments of his county were pre-Celtic, but that the Celts did not know any more about them than we do.

Later I attended service in Balliol Chapel, where the Master preached on the text, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." The vein of thought, in the latter part of it, was curiously like that of the sermon which so much struck me when he preached it in the Freemasons' Hall at Oban, more than forty-two years ago. He said this afternoon: "God does not say, 'Write me down a list of your sins'; but 'My son, give Me thine heart.'" (See these Notes for November of last year.)

Yesterday was given to Geography. The party at dinner was small. I had on my right the reader of the paper, Mr. Henry Savage Landor, whose theme was the Northern Island of Japan, which the Japanese call Hokaido, but which we improperly, it would seem, call Yesso. Mr. Landor told me that a young lady had said to him: "You have been travelling amongst the Ainos, haven't you?" "Yes," he replied. "They live," was the rejoinder, "do they not, in the Ionian Islands?"

February

1. To a meeting of a committee of the Dilettanti, held at the rooms of Sir William Fraser in the Albany. Sir Horace Davey, Sidney Colvin, and Lord Dorchester were present. Our host showed me the chair of Lord Lovat, executed in 1746, and that of Gay the poet. The latter was a curious piece of furniture, so constructed that he had to sit on it as if he were riding, and write on a desk which was fastened to the back.

2. An account of Evelyn's ascent of Demavend, forwarded by him to me, appears in the *Geographical Journal* for this month.

6. Returned to York House from Thornes, near Wakefield, whither we went on the 3rd to stay with the Milnes-

Gaskells. I had not been there since the great political gathering of January 1880, to support the candidature of H. Fitzwilliam and Leatham for the West Riding. Some of the party then at Thornes are dead, and the catastrophe of 1886 has scattered the survivors. Our host, who is now out of Parliament, voted with Gladstone while he was in the House; but our party on this occasion was overwhelmingly Liberal Unionist. We had, amongst others, Mr. Bodington, the head of the Yorkshire College; Dr. Eddison, of Leeds; Ralph Creyke, who was sitting for York when I left Parliament; Lady Wenlock, sister of the Duke of Westminster and mother of the present Governor of Madras; Lacaita, who gave up, under circumstances so honourable to himself, his seat for Dundee, and who is the only son of my old friend so often mentioned in these pages.

On the 5th I walked with my host and Mr. Bodington across Wakefield to the bridge over the Calder, where the battle of 31st December, 1460, took place. The Yorkists advanced from the South and crossed the bridge; but were met by a very much larger army under Queen Margaret and received a severe defeat, which was, however, more than counterbalanced by their great victory at Towton in the following spring. The curious chapel, at the Wakefield end of the bridge, belongs to an earlier date than the Wars of the Roses, but was refounded at

that time. The front, which was restored only a few years ago, has already perished in many places, thanks, I presume, to a bad choice of stone, and to the Wakefield atmosphere.

I was under the impression that Lacaita had succeeded his uncle as the proprietor of Ravello, near Amalfi; but it appears that it belongs to his aunt. He says the drawback is the climate, which is frightfully rainy—one hundred inches or so falling in the year. He told me that the Tuscan peasant has no distinctive word for a rat, although in other parts of Italy the creature has no lack of names. In Tuscany they call it "Talpa," and he repeated an amusing story of a man, who, cross-questioned on the subject, said there were two kinds of "Talpe"— "Talpe cieche" and "Talpe alluminate"!

After spending an hour or two at York House I came up to the rooms which we have taken at Hallam's Hotel, 48 Albemarle Street. On my way thither I went to the Athenæum, and had a long talk with George Boyle, in the course of which he mentioned that Claughton, formerly Vicar of Kidderminster and later Bishop of Rochester, had told him that, when he was a young man at Oxford, the two of his contemporaries whom he expected to go furthest in the world were the elder Milnes-Gaskell, and Herman Merivale. He told me, too, that Tennyson had said that if Scott had only written *Proud Maisie*, *Jock o' Hazeldean*,

and *Wasted, Weary*, in *Guy Mannering*, he must have taken rank as a very considerable poet. The second of these, by the way, was written, if I recollect rightly, for George Boyle's half-sister.

7. Another long talk with George Boyle at the Athenæum. He quoted a happy phrase from John Forster, describing Wordsworth reading his own poems "with a slumberous murmur of fostering modulation."

M. Emile Faguet says, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I have just had read to me, more for Ballanche than I thought could be said:—

"Il n'a pas seulement inspirè il a bien vraiment créé le catholicisme libéral, c'est la pensée même de Ballanche ç'aurait été sa formule s'il avait été capable d'avoir une formule précise."

Dined with The Club, the first meeting of the season. It met, as of late years, at the Grand Hotel. I was in the chair. Charles Bowen, Reeve, Maunde Thompson, Lecky, D. Mackenzie Wallace, Alfred Morrison, and Sir William Smith, were present. We talked of Landor, and Charles Bowen mentioned an amusing note which he had found in a Virgil, once the property of that masterful personage, in which, referring to the story that the poet had wished his *Æneid* to be burnt, Landor remarked: "I wish he had put more of his book in the fire and more of the fire in his book." Several present rated

very high the conversation between Pericles and Aspasia. Reeve specially admired that between Cicero and his brother, the night before the death of the former.

Who was it quoted a remark of Tennyson about himself made to the Master of Trinity? "I can execute like Shakespeare; but I have nothing in me."

Reeve made a statement for which he had prepared me by letter, that his great age, breaking health, and frequent absences from London, would oblige him to resign ere long the treasurership of The Club, the only office which exists in connection with it. He has held it for some five-and-twenty years, and it is not surprising that his voice faltered as he addressed us.

8. Dined at Marlborough House. I sat between Harcourt and Morley, and had much talk with both, of course, not about politics. The former gave me an amusing account of his first interview with Maine, in the year 1846, when, having been handed over to his tutorial care by Franklin Lushington, he went to Trinity Hall, and, entering unannounced, discovered the great man in his bath. Another subject was Stephen, who is suffering, according to Harcourt, the deserved penalty of taking exercise and leading a regular life. A third was, strange to say, the flowers of Palestine; but my neighbour had been reading my papers in the *Contemporary*, and, although not a botanist, is passionately fond of gardening.

He has covered his house in the New Forest with a wonderful collection of creepers, I think he said more than eighty different species. One which he particularly praised was *Solanum Jasminoides*. He, as well as some others present, got leave to go early in order to attend a great function at the National Liberal Club. Morley was not one of these. I asked him about Sir West Ridgway, of whom he gave a very favourable account.

After dinner I talked with Baron Solvyns, with whom I have hardly exchanged a word since he stayed with us before we went to India. Talking of the vicissitudes of Belgium, he mentioned that his grandfather had been born in 1712, the year before the Treaty of Utrecht transferred that country from Spain to Austria. Three generations had accordingly been the subjects of Spain, of Austria, of France, of Holland, and, for the last sixty years, of the King of the Belgians. He gave me an amusing account of a very foolish *attaché* who, going from London to Washington, was asked by a young lady there, why, having been so much in England, he spoke French to her. "Because," was the reply, "I never speak English in America lest I should catch the American accent!" "But," was the rejoinder, "I won't speak French with you lest I catch the Belgian accent!" He made to me the quite astounding statement that under the Spanish rule all Flemings, the section of the popula-

tion to which he belongs, were considered by law to have been sentenced to death from the mere fact of their nationality, a state of things which put them at the absolute mercy of every member of the ruling race.

The Speaker recalled to me a curious scene at which he and I assisted, and an account of which I was giving at Thornes only the other day, but which I have never written down. When he, Baxter, and I, were all members of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, we were together one evening on the Treasury Bench, when a gentleman came in and sat down upon it. There had just been an election in Scotland, and I thought, as my friend was rather Scotch-looking, that he was probably the new member. Presently the old doorkeeper was seen behind the Speaker's chair wildly gesticulating and beckoning him out. Meantime it transpired that he was certainly not a member of the House, for he asked Peel or Baxter, or both of them, whether Mr. Raikes was Lord Salisbury. At last it was found that the intruder was Lord St. John of Bletsoe, who, although the holder of one of the most ancient of English Baronies, did not know the way to his own House.

12. Mr. Arnold Forster, fresh from his maiden speech in the Home Rule Debate, his wife, Sir Frederick Pollock, who succeeded some four years ago to his father so often

mentioned in these pages, Lady Pollock and Miss Lawless are with us. Mr. Arnold Forster gave an interesting account of the excellent letters, still preserved at Fox How, which were written by his stepmother, Mrs. Forster, *née* Jane Arnold, to his father William Arnold when he was in India.

Miss Lawless mentioned an edifying old Whig reason for the chosen people being called Israelites: because, namely, it was quite impossible that the Almighty should have placed Jacobites in that favoured position!

Sir Frederick Pollock, who, although by profession a jurist, has given much attention to weapons of war, especially the sword, told us that it is only lately that the exact nature of the *pilum* has been ascertained. It was constructed so as to bend when it struck an opposing object, in order that it might not be flung back again.

13. The Duke of Fife dined with me at the Geographical Club, and we had a large gathering. Selous, the African traveller, a hunter, by comparison with whom Nimrod was a baby, gave at a later hour an account of his adventures to the Society.

Thiselton Dyer writes:—

"I see that when you were at the India Office in 1873 you directed the introduction into Madras of the Parà india-rubber tree—*the* india-rubber tree *par excellence*. After some

preliminary difficulty Kew finally accomplished the task in 1876. It takes some time for these botanical chickens to come to roost. But for many years the trees have produced any amount of seed in Ceylon, which was made the depôt. In 1888 the first tree was tapped. The operation has been repeated since, without injury, in each alternate year. I have just received the last produce, amounting to 2 lb. 13 oz. This is valued by brokers in the City as worth 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. a pound, and to be saleable in any quantity. A profitable and durable industry is thus put within the grasp of India. The demand for good Parà rubber is, and probably always will be, inexhaustible."

Another piece of work of mine, very different in kind from the above, has recently borne fruit. Mr. Jacobs, the author of a translation of the *Arte de Prudencia*, which has lately appeared in the Golden Treasury Series, writes:—

"My attention was first drawn to the Oráculo Manual by Mr. (now Sir Mountstuart) Grant Duff's article on Balthasar Gracian in the *Fortnightly Review* of March 1877. I soon after obtained a copy of Schopenhauer's excellent version, and during a journey in Spain I procured with some difficulty a villainously printed edition of Gracian's works—(Barcelona, 1734, 'por Joseph Giralt')—which contains the Oráculo Manual towards the end of the first volume (pp. 431-494).

"I have translated from this last, referring in the many doubtful places of its text to the first Madrid edition of 1653, the earliest in the British Museum. I have throughout had Schopenhauer's version by my side, and have found it,

as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff says, 'a most finished piece of work,' though I have pointed out in the notes a few cases where he has failed, in my opinion, to give Gracian's meaning completely or correctly. I have little doubt that I am a fellow sinner in this regard. I know no prose style that offers such difficulty to a translator as Gracian's laconic and artificial epigrams. It is not without reason that he has been called the Intraducible. The two earlier English versions miss his points time after time, and I found it useless to refer to them. On the other hand, I have ventured to adopt some of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's often very happy renderings in the extracts contained in his *Fortnightly* article."

14. Mr. Austin Dobson's *Proverbs in Porcelain* were acted here to-night. The stage was constructed in the drawing-room between the arch and the library door. Clara acted very well as the Countess in the first piece; Victoria as Ninon in the second. The last, *Good-night, Babette*, which is the best of the whole, was admirably given, Mrs. Arkwright singing enchantingly to an old French air the song which begins—

"Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead)."

The Duchess of Albany, the Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria, the Duke of Teck, and some seventy other people, were there. Lady Reay, Mrs. Arkwright, and a good many more were staying in the house.

16. Took the chair at the Council of the Historical

Society and delivered the presidential address at its anniversary meeting.

I took for my subject the question whether Thucydides was of use to the modern statesman, and if so, in what way. The preparation of this paper involved my having Thucydides re-read to me in Jowett's translation, and has been my principal work since I sent my Renan to the publishers, nearly three weeks ago.

The vote of thanks was moved by the Archbishop of York, whose acquaintance I made to-night.

At a later hour some of us gave a dinner, at the Langham Hotel, to Mr. George Hirst, a member of our Council and an antiquarian, resident in Bedford, who has just arrived at the age of ninety-three. In reply to the toast of his health, which I, of course, proposed, he gave an account of the state of society as he remembered it in the days of the Napoleonic War. That led to some conversation about the recollections of old people, and Mr. Oscar Browning, who sat opposite me, mentioned that his mother was taught drawing at Norwich by Old Crome, and dancing by Noverre, who had been the master of Marie Antoinette.

17. A day or two ago I received a letter from Adrian dated at Abassiyeh, the Black Watch having been ordered there in hot haste from Gibraltar. Abassiyeh is about three miles from Cairo, on the edge of the desert.

The following is taken from a privately printed pamphlet called *Mr. Romanes's Catechism*, by Mr. Lionel Tollemache, which must have been long in my possession, for it bears the date of 1887; but which I saw for the first time to-day:—

"A traveller in Egypt tells me that, among the random inscriptions with which tourists have defaced the monuments of antiquity, only one struck him as at all witty. A Frenchman had scrawled on one of the tombs of the kings at Thebes, 'La vie est un désert'; to which was added, by a later hand, 'Et la femme le chameau.'"

19. The Breakfast Club met for the first time this season at Frederick Leveson Gower's. There were present the Chancellor, Acton, Aberdare, and Reay. I thought I was going to be the only representative of good principles there, but Courtney came in when we had just sat down. Conversation turned upon the maiden speech of Mr. Blake the Canadian, last night. The latter part of it was considered to have shown considerable debating power, but his voice was said to be bad. "Many good speakers have had bad voices," said Aberdare, and mentioned the case of Sheil. "You might have added Fox," I said, quoting the lines in *St. Stephen's*—

"Our Fox's voice rolled no melodious stream—
It rose in splutter, and went off in scream."

Mr. George Leveson Gower, who was present as a guest,

mentioned that a friend of his when travelling in Spain had fallen in with an Opposition Deputy who was going down to his late constituents after a dissolution. He asked his companion if he would be returned. "Oh no," he said; "there is not a chance of it." Presently they arrived at the principal town of this gentleman's constituency, and he received a regular ovation on his way to the hotel. "Surely," said the Englishman, "you are mistaken; you seem extremely popular here." "Oh yes," was the reply, "I am very popular, but I won't get in nevertheless." "How will the Government prevent you getting in?" was the rejoinder. "Oh! they have all kinds of methods. I will tell you one: they will fix a polling-place in such and such a barn; a large and very fierce mastiff is kept there, and when any one likely to vote for me makes his appearance, they will let the beast loose." "Cosas d'España," as Ford would have said.

21. Returned to York House from Windsor, whither I went last night to dine and sleep. I had rooms on the ground floor looking down the Great Avenue, which seemed to be under the special protection of Lord Beaconsfield, for they contained his photograph, a bronze statuette of him, and his life in two volumes. There were at dinner the Queen, the Empress Frederick, the Princess Beatrice, Gennadius, Lady Downe, Countess Brühl, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lord William Cecil, and Miss

Lambert. I had her on my right and Sir Henry Ponsonby on my left. After a long time in the corridor, when the royal personages went round the circle, we adjourned to the drawing-room, whence the men of the party went, at a later hour, through endless halls and passages to the billiard- and smoking-room. There I had much talk with Sir Fleetwood Edwards, and more with Seckendorff.

This morning Lady Downe presided at breakfast, and there were present, in addition to some I have already mentioned, Miss Cadogan and Miss M'Neill. Sir J. M'Neill, with whom I was at school fifty years ago and whom I have met only once since, re-introduced himself to me last night in the drawing-room. This morning I had a long conversation with the Empress, of which, of course, I make no note.

Dined with the Reays, meeting amongst others Sir Francis Plunkett, who was Arthur's chief at Stockholm; Mr. Alfred Milner, now chairman of the Inland Revenue; Lady Lytton and her daughter Lady Constance. Since we saw the two last-mentioned, at Cromer in the autumn, they have been with the Lochs at the Cape of Good Hope. Lady Constance told me that what struck her most about the flowers there, was that the wild ones were so perfect, looking as if a gardener had devoted special care to the individual plants.

I recounted to Lady Reay a delightful story of the last

Pope which I have not elsewhere written down. His attention was attracted, during a drive, by a fine-looking farm. "To whom does that belong?" he asked. "To the Santo Spirito," was the reply. Presently some other object caught his eye. He put the same question, and received the same answer. This happened a third time, when he exclaimed: "For a younger son he seems uncommonly well provided."

22. Went to see, at the British Museum, the gold enamelled cup given in 1391 by Jean de Berri to his nephew Charles VI., and which, coming into the possession of Henry VI., remained amongst the treasures of England till James I. gave it to the High Constable of Spain, Juan de Velasco, and which has been recently re-purchased for the nation.

Later to a lecture at the Royal Institution, at which were present the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and a large section of London Society. Professor Dewar was the lecturer, and the subject Arctic Chemistry, more especially the liquefaction of oxygen and of air. Both liquors were poured from one vessel into another as if they had been water, a sight, till quite recently, never beheld on this planet.

26. The Wilfrid Wards and the Barringtons are with us. Mr. Barrington mentioned the curious fact that he is descended from Charles I. and Cromwell. His mother's family, the Pelhams, to this day possess a

Bible which belonged to the latter, with his notes in it; while the Barringtons have a set of chessmen said to have been used by the former the night before his execution.

Wilfrid Ward brought with him some of the proofs of the second volume of his father's Life, now passing through the press, in which I found much to interest me. They contained, amongst other amusing things, an excellent letter of Huxley's about the Metaphysical Society, and a saying of Pio Nono's, much deserving to be remembered. Grave objections had been taken to the elder Ward's teaching theology, on the ground that he was not only a layman but married. The Pope remarked, to the high ecclesiastic to whom the case had been referred, that it was a novel objection to one doing the work of God, that he should have received one of the Sacraments of the Church, which neither His Holiness nor the person he addressed could ever receive!

Mrs. Barrington reminded me of an excellent saying of Mrs. Shipley's. She asked me one day to take afternoon tea, which I declined. "Your constitution," she said, "is thrown away upon a Protestant."

27. The afternoon from half-past one onwards went to Geography, Mr. Rockhill being the hero of the day, and the evening meeting being devoted to an account of his last great journey in Thibet. He filled at one time the

same position in the American Legation at Peking which Arthur now fills in our own.

The last letter received from Arthur gives an account of his first visit to the Tsungli Yamên.

"It is," he says, "not a grand or imposing edifice, and to get there one passes through a number of small lanes and courts which are not dignified. The President of the Chinese Foreign Office is Prince Ch'ing, a member of the Imperial family, and there were also present the other members of the Yamên—eight ancient gentlemen, one of whom was a former Minister to the United States. They were all dressed in sable except the Prince, who wore some other fur; and they all had caps on with a coral button and a short plume composed of peacocks' under feathers, except the Prince, whose button was made of some other material. Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Jordan the senior Oriental Secretary, and I accompanied Mr. O'Conor, and the Ministers and ourselves sat round a table on which were small baskets of preserved fruits. They gave us some excellent tea and some good rice wine. The dessert was peculiar. We were given a small piece of orange and of apple on little saucers, in addition to delicacies peculiar to the country. The conversation was at first of a general nature. The Minister congratulated Mr. O'Conor on his return to Peking and on his appearance of youth. The proceedings then touched on more serious topics, and the great question of the audience was adverted to. The Chinese are certainly a delightful people. There is a simplicity in their way of proposing to do certain things to which Occidentals are total strangers."

March

4. Breakfasted at Grillion's. Lord Fortescue told me that old Lord ——— had said: "I met Lord Lansdowne in St. James's Street: I mean the *present* Lord Lansdowne!" Conversation turned on the two first fancy balls given by the Queen, at both of which Lord Fortescue and Frederick Leveson Gower, who sat next each other this morning, had been present. It was about the first that Mrs. Archer Clive wrote her admirable little poem. At it people wore what costumes they pleased. At the second every one was in powder, and both my neighbours had been struck by the fact that while it improved most people it very decidedly did the reverse in the case of very great beauties. Lady Waterford, for example, looked much on a level with everybody else.

We elected Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls.

4. Dr. Woodward of the Natural History Museum showed us the *Pariasaurus Baini*, which was lately found in South Africa. It has taken about two years to chisel it out of the stone, and the result is a perfect miracle of restoration. So pleased is the monster with its success that both Flower and Woodward called our attention to the fact that he has positively a smile on his countenance.

6. Dined at Grillion's, where I arrived late and just saved The Club from having thirteen at dinner. Acton, Lecky, Lord Clinton, Meade, Robert Herbert, Northbrook, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Morley, Frederick Leveson Gower, Lord Norton, and Welby, were amongst those present. Accident gave me the position, which I secured of set purpose on Saturday, next to Lord Fortescue, whose recollections of old times always interest me. To-day he mentioned that on Monday, the 27th February, Gladstone was in the chair. They talked of witty things said in the House of Commons. Gladstone remarked that they were few, and that very much the best he had ever heard was Lord John Russell's answer to Sir Francis Burdett, when that ultra-Radical grown ultra-Tory having said that there was nothing more odious than the cant of patriotism, Lord John replied that "the cant of patriotism was no doubt very odious; but that there was one thing even more odious—that was the re-cant of patriotism!" "I heard it," said Lord Fortescue, "and cheered him as loudly as I could," adding to me, "I had it on the tip of my tongue to say to Gladstone, 'did you'! but I refrained." Gladstone in those days was a Tory, and his friends did not at all relish the home-thrust through the armour of their convert and champion. This led to Lord North, and to his extraordinarily happy observation, new to me, when some excited orator said: "We must have the noble lord's head!"

and he quietly observed: "If he only knew how little I want to have his!" This power of saying good things remained on in the family. It was Lord North's daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who, conscious of the beauty of her race, said, when some one congratulated her upon her looks when no longer young: "Well, I suppose the bloom of my ugliness has gone off a little," and it was she who, arriving late at Holland House, pacified even its terrible *châtelaine* by saying: "I am exceedingly sorry, but really the roads are so MacAdamable!"

I talked with Robert Herbert, who was on my other side, about the change in the English seasons. He is a year or two younger than I am, but can perfectly remember drinking wine made from outdoor grapes at his own home some four miles from Saffron-Waldon, and has known one of his own cottagers make as much as £5 by selling the grapes off his walls. Now for a good many years there have been in that country no outdoor grapes at all.

7. Conversation turned before dinner on the Grimsby election, and some one said, truly or falsely, that a good many votes had been turned by the speech of a Gladstonian orator of foreign birth who, in defending the policy of the Government with reference to public-houses, had said: "I am not a teetotaler myself; in fact I am a moderate drunkard."

After the ladies had gone, I had Lord Ashbourne on my left. He talked of General Grant, who had produced on his mind the same impression of utter vacuity which, as I think I have somewhere recorded, he produced upon Arthur Stanley, but Mr. Lincoln, the present American Minister, who was on his staff, speaks much more highly of him, and was evidently greatly impressed by his extraordinary doggedness and determination. We talked of Evarts, and Lord Ashbourne told us that that amusing personage having been asked about the death of a famous Irish agitator, said: "He was drowned in one of our great rivers; the Mississippi they call it. If you ask me how it was that he was drowned, the fact is that he was eight carats drunk!"

12. A superb day, and a large party at York House, including Diana Russell, the Brasseys, Mr. Reginald Tower, Mr. Walpole, and the Russells of Aden.

Walpole told me that during the crofter disturbances in Skye, a gunboat had been sent up to Portree, having on board, amongst other people, the Sheriff of Inverness-shire, Mr. Ivory. A clergyman who sympathised with the crofters took for his text, on the following Sunday, the words from Kings x. 22: "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing ivory and apes and peacocks."

Mrs. Russell, *née* Miss Philippa Baillie, was a niece of Strangford's, and the daughter of Mr. Baillie, whom I

remember first as Member for Inverness-shire and Secretary to the Board of Control. He lived to be a very old man. When he read in the *Times* Gladstone's appeal in 1885 to the constituencies to give him a majority which would make him independent of the Irish vote, Mr. Baillie showed his prescience by saying, as he laid down the paper: "That was a very imprudent appeal for him to make. He will be a Home Ruler within the year." When his daughter read out to him the numbers in the last days of the General Election which followed, he said: "That's not enough for him. He will now become a Home Ruler!"

We spoke of Mrs. Craven. Mr. Baillie was talking with her once over old Neapolitan days, when she said to her husband: "Oh! that was when you were so much in love with Fanny Kemble"; adding, "If you have not had in me so clever a wife, I think at least you have had a more amiable one." I remember that once when Augustus Craven had been staying here with the last Lord Houghton, Mrs. Craven not being present, there had been much talk at dinner of Fanny Kemble, and Houghton called out: "I say, Craven, if you had married her, do you think you could have lived with her?"

Mrs. Russell had much that was interesting to say about the society of Berlin, where her husband was for some years Military Attaché, after he had left India,

where, during my time, he commanded the 14th Hussars. She gave a very curious account of the load which seemed lifted off people's minds, when Bismarck and his son disappeared from the scene. The stiffness of the etiquette is still quite unbroken. Everybody at an evening party sits according to their military or official rank, the hostess addressing each in turn with the most careful regard to their precedence.

13. An unusually long Council, the Geographical Club dinner and the meeting claimed the whole of the afternoon and evening. The reader of the paper was Mr. H. O. Forbes, who went out in 1878 to the East, and after having travelled very widely in Java, Timor, and elsewhere, wrote *Wanderings of a Naturalist in the Eastern Archipelago.* He told me at dinner that he thought Amboyna much the most attractive of the islands. Banda, too, had pleased him greatly; but its inhabitants sit upon a volcano. My neighbour on the left, at dinner, was Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, who mentioned that he was trying along with some friends to get the musk-ox imported into and naturalised in this country. He believes that the creature would be extremely happy in the north of Scotland, and says that its wool is worth about 1s. 9d. a lb. more than the best which can be obtained from the sheep.

16. Dined with the Murrays at 50 Albemarle Street.

The arrangement of the pictures in the dining-room has been changed a good deal since I saw it many years ago, when I took down Mrs. Grote, whom I think I met on that occasion for the first time. Now the founder of the dynasty hangs on the right as one looks along the table towards the door; under him is our old friend lately deceased, and opposite the second of the line, flanked appropriately on one side by Gifford and Croker, on the other by Southey. After dinner Mr. Murray showed us a few of his treasures. I was much interested by a speech of Peel's, the report of which (I presume, from the *Times*, and apparently a good one) had been pasted in a book and sent to Albemarle Street to be reprinted for circulation. Not only were whole passages struck out, but new matter was inserted in the strangest way. I have never seen a speech anything like so much altered in the revision.

He showed me also a manuscript journal kept by Burns in the year 1787. To my amusement I found that the very first entry was an account of a visit to Berrywell, the house of my great-grandfather, of whom he says, among other things—

"Old Mr. Ainslie, an uncommon character—his hobbies, Agriculture, Natural Philosophy and Politics. In the first he is unexceptionably (*sic*) the clearest-headed, best informed man I ever met with; in the other, too, very intelligent."

His wife is described as "an excellent, sensible, chearfull (*sic*), amiable old woman." And there are a variety of details about the younger members of the family. Mr. Robert Ainslie, the eldest son, with whom the poet had come from Edinburgh, is described as "my compagnion (*sic*) de voyage."

17. Breakfasted with Lubbock, to meet Professor Virchow. It must be nearly a generation since I last saw him in Berlin; but the intervening years have dealt kindly with him. Lord Rayleigh, Sir Archibald Geikie, and many others, were there.

20. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Chamberlain, Lady Lytton, with her daughter Lady Constance, Lord Northbrook, and Louis Mallet, came to us on Saturday.

Lady Lytton lent me M. Lavisse's *Discours* on taking his seat at the Académie Française. He mentions, in telling the story of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, whom he succeeded, that when that officer was blockading the Austrian squadron which was before Venice, in 1859, an *aviso* ran out of the port and came within cannon shot. The Admiral did his best to sink it, and, if he had done so, would have altered not only his own fate but a good deal else, for the little vessel bore the Archduke Maximilian! M. Lavisse quotes, too, a happy phrase, used by the Admiral when speaking of the probability of the inhabitants of America and China altogether out-

numbering the nations of the old world—"N'abdiquons pas devant la statistique."

21. In a letter dated 23rd January, and received this morning, Arthur sends a very interesting account of Mr. O'Conor's reception by the Emperor, at which he assisted. The Emperor spoke in Manchu to a minister, who translated what he said into Chinese, which the interpreter of the Legation put into English.

Dined with The Club, taking my seat for the first time as Treasurer. After the last meeting mentioned in these pages, Reeve wrote to me to say that there was a feeling in favour of my becoming his successor, and asked whether I should object. I replied in the negative, and on the 7th I was unanimously elected, upon the proposal of Sir Henry Elliot, who was in the chair, and was seconded by Lord Salisbury.

There were present to-night Sir Robert Herbert, who presided; Sir William Smith sat on his right, Lord Carlisle and Reeve on his left. I had on the left Alfred Morrison, and on the right Sir Henry Elliot. We talked of ———, who was accused of having read out an affidavit which he invented as he went along, and Herbert said to me: "The only thing I ever saw like that was one day when Tom Fremantle, Blayds[1] and I went, according to the custom, you will remember, to the Upper Common Room

[1] Later known as Calverley.

at Balliol, to read our Latin essays to old Jenkyns. Blayds had not written his, but read it unabashed out of a blank book. The old Master at last suspected there was something wrong, and told him to hand it up."

Have I ever noted two stories which are perfectly true about the unscrupulous lawyer above referred to. Kinglake told me that on one occasion when he was his junior, this worthy said to him: "My dear Kinglake, avoid a logical fallacy as you would the devil; the facts remain at your disposition."

Between one and two o'clock of a Wednesday the same person met Mr. James Wilson walking down through Eaton Square towards Westminster, and stopping him, said: "My dear Wilson, where can you have been? We have had the most interesting time in the House"—proceeding thereon to give a full detail of what had occurred. "Dear me," said his friend, "I have made some mistake; I thought that on Ash Wednesday the House did not sit till two o'clock." "Oh!" was the reply. The whole story had been invented from beginning to end.

22. The following is taken from an article by M. de Vogüé in the *Journal des Débats* upon Taine, which Lady Lytton has sent me:—

"Par la fenêtre ouverte, entrent la lumierè, la chaleur de cette anormale journée de printemps, tiède comme un midi de mai. Les oiseaux piaillent, les bourgeons éclatent,

la nature exulte dans sa première folie de vie nouvelle ; comme une voleuse, elle gaspille à la hâte et partage à tous les êtres la grande vie qu'elle vient de retirer d'un seul. Jamais je n'ai vu l'impitoyable mère montrer si cruellement son ironie. Pourtant, cela vous eût contenté mon maitre et mon ami, comme le beau fonctionnement d'une loi, comme le résumé sensible de votre livre préféré, les 'Pensées de Marc Aurèle——.' 'Il faut se conformer à la nature durant cet instant imperceptible que nous vivons ; il faut partir de la vie avec résignation, comme l'olive mûre, qui tombe en bénissant la terre, sa nourrice, et en rendant grâces à l'arbre qui l'a portée.'—Ainsi vous avez fait."

23. I travelled up to London with the Suffragan Bishop of Marlborough, Dr. Earle. He told me that, as far back as 1850, a story was told him which he thought so curious that he wrote it down. While Gladstone's book on *Church and State* was still a subject of much discussion, four men talked it over at dinner. They were a Mr. Tooke (whose name is not familiar to me, but who, the Bishop said, was a good deal connected with Church matters in those days), Platt (later Baron Platt), Erle (afterwards Chief-Justice), and Fitzroy Kelly. The three first all agreed that Gladstone would lead the Tory party; the fourth sat silent. At last the others observed this, and rallied him on his reticence. "I am not of your opinion," he said; "I think that Gladstone will become a Radical and die the greatest democrat in England."

24. We invited Froude by an unanimous resolution at the last dinner to become an honorary member of the Club. To-day I have the following note from him :—

"MY DEAR GRANT DUFF,—Old age is an enemy from which time offers no deliverance.

"I have long found that to dine out involves a night without sleep, and thus I have become a most unworthy member of The Club. I therefore most heartily and thankfully accept the kind consent of my colleagues to my retirement into the honorary stage. My removal here of course adds to this difficulty of attendance. More work than I looked for is expected from me, and I am just able to get along with it by taking special care of myself.

"To be a member of the Johnson Club is so great an honour, and so many years have passed since I was elected, that I am of course sorry that my full connection with it must end. In becoming an honorary member I shall retain at least the name, and, I hope, some of the reality.

(Signed) J. A. FROUDE.

Cherwell Edge,
Oxford,
23rd March."

Lunched with Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, to meet the Empress Frederick and the Prince of Wales. Others present were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Chamberlains, the Leckys, Millais, Gilbert the sculptor, Bryce, Playfair, Aberdare, the Carringtons, and Countess Brühl.

I have been repeatedly at Kew, since it was last

mentioned in these Notes; but to-day I went on a special errand, to visit, by Dyer's invitation, a charming little tree of *Bauhinia candida*, now taller than I am and in full flower, but whose seed I sent home from Madras.

25. The Breakfast Club met at the Chancellor's. Our host possesses a very pretty parrot, more conversable than any equally handsome member of the race whom I remember. He told Herbert and myself that whenever the parrot received a piece of sugar, he put it in the water to make it soft. "I do," said the creature.

After breakfast the non-feathered bipeds talked of Rhodes. Acton mentioned that he had said to him: "Why does not Bent declare that the ruins in Mashonaland are Phœnician?" "Because," said Acton, "he is not quite sure that they are." "Ah," rejoined Rhodes, "that is not the way that empires grow."

More creditable was his answer when some one asked him how he had enjoyed his late hurried visit to England. "Oh!" he said, "I think it's pleasant to be treated like Buffalo Bill for three weeks."

One of the party related that M. Constans sent for an *employé* in the provinces who had got into trouble about a personal encounter. Luckily for himself the man arrived the day after the *fracas* between his chief and a deputy. "If you had come yesterday," said the Minister of the

Interior, "I should have had something to say to you; to-day I have nothing. Good morning."

I walked away with Goschen, who was full of the life of his grandfather, to which he returned when he left office. I did not know that the great publisher's partner had been the father of Körner, the poet of the *Lyre and Sword*. Some of the transactions between Schiller and the house of Goschen do not show the idealist in a very ideal light. Goethe apparently came out better in matters of business; but, while Goschen published for them, Schiller's works sold better than those of the greater man.

26. The Lumsdens, the Morrises, Captain Cuthbertson (a comrade of Adrian's), and Captain Hamilton (Mrs. Beaumont's brother), are with us. I went to Mass with Miss Morris, assisted for the first time at the distribution of the palms, and heard the hymn, *Gloria Laus et Honor tibi sit*, *Rex Christe Redemptor*, and the triple stroke made by the celebrant with the Cross on the gate of the church, which is the signal for its being opened to admit the returning procession.

Lord Morris had much to say about Ireland which was very instructive, and it was interspersed with reminiscences of a lighter character. We sat together for some time in the House of Commons, but I did not know him in those days. His position there was

a curious one. He was a Conservative, but his seat was so entirely dependent on his personal popularity that he issued no address, and told Lord Derby that he did not think that the side of the House on which he sat would make a difference to him of eight votes one way or the other. The name of a well-known Dublin tradesman in a very large way of business, whom I remember in Parliament, came up, and Lord Morris told the well-known story of Disraeli having remarked, "I have always understood that all the members from Ireland could be divided into two classes—gentlemen and blackguards; but this old man is neither." I then mentioned that W. E. Baxter told me that, to his infinite surprise, he saw this intensely respectable old tradesman turn head over heels in Hyde Park. "Oh!" said Morris, "that was a habit of his; he fancied it tended to keep up his health and activity!"

We talked of the late Archbishop of York and his remarkable powers. Magee's grandfather and the great Lord Plunket were born next door to each other, in two extremely poor houses in Enniskillen. Magee was the son of a peasant in the neighbourhood, Plunket of an Unitarian minister. They both entered Trinity College as Sizars. Magee went into the Church and became Archbishop of Dublin. Plunket went to the Bar and became Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Mr. W. E. Forster and his passion for whist were mentioned. "He was a bad player, was he not?" I said. "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "very much below the average, even of indifferent players; but whist saved his life, nevertheless. It was proved in court that it had been intended to murder him one evening at the Westland Row Station, whence he was expected to start for England. He remained playing whist at the Sheridan Club later than he intended. Looking at his watch, he saw that he could not catch his train and so put off his departure till the next morning. The assassins were true to their appointment, but he, happily, did not keep his.

27. To the Geographical Council Club dinner and meeting. At the dinner, which was small, Captain Wharton, the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, told us that he had once anchored in very deep water, on the east side of Vulcano, the southernmost of the Lipari Isles, but that he had kept up steam, with the intention of being off immediately if the wind changed to the east. He mentioned this to an Englishman who lived on the island, and was in charge of some borax works. "But," said the man, "there is not the remotest chance of the wind going round to the east without full warning." "What warning?" asked the other. "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "the volcano always

warns us." "The volcano!" said Wharton. "Yes, the volcano; a *fumarone* always emits a whistling sound before the east wind begins to blow." Shortly after this Wharton was looking at Strabo, and, to his astonishment, found that that writer mentions the fact. The Englishman had never heard of Strabo in his life. Strabo died as an old man about A.D. 25, so that this excellent *fumarone* must have been giving its warnings well nigh two thousand years, at least.

30. The Empress Frederick came down to afternoon tea, attended by Countess Brühl, and accompanied by her young cousin, the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who is now attached to the German Embassy in London. The Walpoles, the Thiselton Dyers, and Lady Huntingtower, were with us. The hyacinths in front of the house were in perfection, the chestnuts coming into leaf, and the willow actually in leaf. We have had no finer day in this marvellously beautiful spring, nothing comparable to which I have seen in this country since 1859.

April

2. M. Jusserand lunched with us. He had seen Taine very shortly before he died. The historian was much

disquieted by the thought that only a month more of health would have enabled him to finish his book. Jusserand, however, demurred, thinking that it would have required a very much longer time than that.

He talked of the disappearance of the eminent men of the older generation in France—Dumas and Pasteur being the only survivors. Of men coming up he seemed to put Le Maitre highest as a critic. Others of whom we spoke were Brunetière, Sarcey, Anatole France, and M. de Vogüé. He told me that Emile Augier, after his last great success, had deliberately refused to write anything more at all, small or great. His friends remonstrated with him on the injustice he was doing to the country by withholding his experience. "Ah!" was his reply, "on ne fait pas des enfants avec de l'expérience!"

He spoke of the affection of the French for the neighbourhood in which they were born, and mentioned a curious instance of it in his own family, a member of which, making his will somewhere about 1815, before going on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. James of Compostella, inserted a provision to the effect that he should be buried in the church of his own parish, and if that were impossible, *as near to it as might be.*

Our Easter party broke up to-day. It consisted of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Walpole, the Lyalls and their daughter, Mr. Milner (now the chairman of Inland

Revenue), Mr. Bence Jones, and Joseph Farquharson, whose excellent pictures, now exhibited at the Fine Art Gallery, I went to see the other day.

We talked of one of the late Bishops of Sodor and Man, who had a passion for punning, and who said in a sermon, on the miraculous draught of fishes, that he had no doubt that there were to be found in the net many dead soles! It was the same Bishop who, when a deputation of dissenters waited upon him, furious because some over-zealous member of his clergy had confirmed a half-witted youth, to whose allegiance they conceived they had a claim, turned away their wrath by remarking that he really did not see why they were so excited, that the youth had been originally a dissenter, and was now a confirmed dissenter.

I told Mrs. Walpole the old Florentine story of the nobleman who, much detesting friars, found himself standing by one in front of a large new building, and who, wishing to be uncivil to his neighbour, observed, as if referring to the building: "E una gran frabbricone (Fra briccone)." The other, his eyes also fixed upon the building, quietly replied: "Si ê un altezza maladetta!" In return she told me that two Italians were descending a staircase, one very fat, the other very thin; the thin one, who was behind, remarked to her cavalier, pointing to her friend in front: "Carne del macellajo." Her friend

caught the words, and looking round said: "Osse del cimiterio."

I asked Farquharson about one of his pictures which I very specially admired—"A Lady walking in a Wood." He told me that, like most of the series now exhibited, it represented a scene in the neighbourhood of Finzean, his eldest brother's place in West Aberdeenshire, which he now represents in the Gladstonian interest. I have not been there for very many years, but the landscape is quite in accordance with my recollections of the country.

Talk found its way to printer's blunders, and Lyall cited one which was new to me. Some one wrote: "Quand on cherche l'amour on sort de soi"—the sentence appeared in print, "Quand on cherche l'amour on sort le soir."

We talked of epitaphs, and Walpole instanced as one of the most beautiful, that written by Wordsworth, the late Bishop of St. Andrews, upon his wife:—

> "I nimium dilecta: vocat Deus; I bona nostræ
> Pars animæ; mœrens altera disce sequi."

Miss Walpole told an excellent Irish story. An Englishman was being driven by a carman through some town, when he saw in front of the Post-Office what he supposed to be the Nine Muses. "What are those?" he asked his driver. "The twelve Apostles," was the

answer. "The twelve Apostles!" he rejoined; "I can only see nine." "Oh," said the man, "the other three are inside sorting the Epistles."

With Milner, who was last here, I think, in March 1881, and has passed of late some years in charge of the Finance of Egypt, I had a good deal of talk about that country, of which he has told us so much in the book I have only just finished. He mentioned that Lord Cromer had written to him that the situation had entirely changed since he was there. Then the representative of England was a prompter who, from the prompter's box, occasionally whispered something to the man on the stage. Now he is obliged to come on the stage himself and expostulate with the principal actor in sight and hearing of the audience.

We talked of repartee, and Lyall maintained that extremely few good things were said on the spur of the moment. I recollected a similar conversation here a few months ago, in the course of which Mr. Murray mentioned one which was perhaps involuntary, but very happy, nevertheless. Some one told his father of a curious stampede which had taken place in the gardens of Paris, when a number of animals had rushed into the river. "What insane beasts!" he observed. Milner mentioned that he had once heard a speaker in the Union at Oxford speak of the present Lord Portsmouth as "the noble lord." Some one rose to order and asked the president if that phrase

was correct. He ruled, probably in error, that it was not so, but the orator, in no way disconcerted by the interruption, said: "Well, I withdraw the abusive epithet," and went on.

10. Dined at Grillion's. We were only seven—Acton, Plunket, Lord Norton, Welby, Sidney Herbert, and Gladstone, who was in immense spirits and talked a hundred and twenty to the dozen, mentioning from time to time something new and interesting, as, for instance, that he had dined in what is now the crypt under St. Stephen's Hall, with Manners-Sutton, and that Lord Grey is probably the only living man who can say the same. Plunket told us that Westminster Hall was roofed with oak from the forest of Shillelagh in Ireland, now generally connected with blackthorn! He said, too, that he had once told some people when he was directing their attention to the roof of Westminster Hall that it belonged to the age of William II., and that the king had received from the fact the name of William Rufus. His friends either accepted the statement or were sufficiently civil not to contradict the First Commissioner of Works!

11. Dined with The Club. Lyall was in the chair, in the absence of Gladstone, detained by Mr. Davitt's speech. The others present were Coleridge, Acton, Lord Carlisle, Maunde Thompson, Herbert, and Sir William Smith. Coleridge had just returned from Paris, which he had been

visiting, to all intents and purposes for the first time, though he had once gone thither to examine a witness, and slept for a single night in the place.

The party broke up at ten minutes past ten, but Acton and I sat on, *tête-à-tête*, for just an hour by the clock.

17. ——— sends an account of the death of his sister at thirty-two. She had been a nun for seven years, doing a great work among the Parisian poor. Before she became a nun she used, in the winter, to ride to hounds two or three times a week, and took the Lawn Tennis Championship for Hampshire. When she was born, on the Feast of the Transfiguration, Newman wrote to her father:—

> "I have prayed that the beautiful feast on which she was born may overshadow her through life, and that she may find it good to be here until that time of blessed transfiguration when she will know by experience that it is better to be in Heaven."

18. Dined with the Monkswells. My wife was taken down by Lord Dillon, who told her that his ancestor had gone with James II. to St. Germain and had raised the Irish Brigade. He still possesses the banner which one of his line had at Fontenoy. At a later period the head of the house became a Protestant, and the present owner of the title was taken to task, one day, by a Catholic Bishop for the apostasy of his predecessor. "Well," he replied, "he took the very best advice in his power; he asked his

most Christian Majesty what he ought to do under the circumstances." 'Well,' was the kindly answer, 'since it is a question of marrying or not marrying a lady who is so extremely rich, I think you had better marry her.'" "That," said my wife, "is a good Protestant pendant to 'Paris vaut bien une messe!'"

19. St. Busbequius. I saw the common lilac open to-day in the Embankment Gardens, and the white variety at York House.

20. In the course of the winter I read through, in proof, Sir Arthur Gordon's Life of his father, by his request. He has now sent it to me in its published form, and I am glad to find that he has not omitted the following very edifying anecdote, about whose fate I was a little uneasy:—

> "What can be said for the callous want of patriotism of Fouché? He, in conversation with Lord Aberdeen, reproached the allies for having left France too strong, and suggested that they ought to have parcelled it out into a number of Grand Duchies. On its being remarked that Frenchmen would not have endured a foreign rule, he intimated that there were Frenchmen who had held territory in, or derived titles from, foreign places, who would be quite ready to exchange them for the sovereignty of a French province, and gave it to be understood that there would, at all events, be no scruple on that head on the part of the Duke of Otranto!"

21. My book on Renan was published to-day by

Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of *Ernest Renan: In Memoriam.*

24. To the Geographical Society at two; Council at half-past two; then just sufficient interval to put on evening dress at 48 Albemarle Street; thereafter a stormy Special General Meeting in the theatre of the University of London, which went on so long that I had just time to get to Limmer's for a seven o'clock dinner at the Geographical Club. Thence I returned to the University of London, in time to receive the Prince of Wales, who had given me notice of his intention to be present at the reading of a paper upon French Indo-China.

25. Dined with The Club. Hooker was in the chair. Reeve, Lord Carlisle, Sir Henry Elliot, Lecky, and Alfred Morrison were present. An unanimous resolution of sympathy with Lady Derby, on the death of her husband, was passed. Reeve mentioned that the last letter which the dying statesman attempted to write, was to him. It was dated 18th April, and was in pencil. *Inter alia*, the writer expressed the opinion that the Home Rule Bill would not pass the Commons this Session. Lord Derby's strength failed before he had finished it. Lady Derby retains the original, but has sent Reeve a copy.

26. Breakfasted with Lubbock in his new house, No. 2 St. James' Square, to meet Mr. Correvon, of Geneva,

the same who established, some years ago, a garden for Alpine plants not far from Martigny. Among others present were Mr. Wiltshire, the Secretary of the Ray Society, Sir Trevor Lawrence, the great orchid fancier, and Mr. Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of the youngest of the three with whom I was in the House of Commons, now a Peer. Mr. Walter Rothschild divides his time between the City and Natural History, of which he is passionately fond. He told me that it was thought that the birds of the Sandwich Islands had been pretty well all catalogued, but a collector of his, now there, has found sixteen new species.

Went for the second time to see the Meissonier Gallery in the Haymarket, which I visited yesterday with my wife. Of the large pictures, which were not numerous, I was most struck with the Battle of Jena. Among the smaller ones, of which there was a very large exhibition, I should most have desired to possess some of those in which dogs or horses play a very prominent part, but the versatility of the master, and his perfect success in treating the most widely different subjects, quite astonished me. I had seen hardly any, if any, of his work until yesterday.

27. We went up this afternoon to attend the funeral service for Lord Derby, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Archdeacon Farrar delivered the address, and the Dean

of Westminster read the service. The things which will remain most in my memory were the singing of the hymn, 401—*Now the Labourer's Task is o'er;* and the "Dead March in Saul," which was played as we came out, and was, I thought, much more effective than was the same piece of music at Tennyson's funeral, where, at least to one who left the Abbey by Poets' Corner, the effect was a good deal impaired by the space through which the sound had to travel, and the masses of masonry which more or less broke its force. By the death of one who, up to his attack of influenza two years ago, seemed likely to live till long past seventy, I lose in private a very old and kind friend; in public, the statesman for whose judgment I cared much more than for that of any other. In seconding a resolution proposed by him at a great Unionist meeting at Birmingham five years ago, I began my speech with the words:—

"It is no joke to have immediately to follow a speaker, the chief characteristic of whose political utterances is this, that however shortly he may speak, most sensible men feel, when he sits down, that absolutely nothing remains to be added to what he has said."

That exactly conveys my impression.

I never had occasion to transact business with him, but I suppose there is some truth in the common belief

that he saw too clearly everything that was to be said upon every side of a question, to be able to make up his mind as quickly as the exigencies of affairs require. Unless matters are very critical indeed, it is often better to make a mistake than to keep papers waiting too long. Lord Ampthill, who was an excellent and far from an unfriendly judge, said that Lord Derby reminded him of the God of Hegel: "Gott setzt sich; Gott verneint sich; Gott verneint seine negation." That does not prevent my thinking him the wisest English statesman who has lived in our times. Of course I am not speaking of his action in purely Party questions during the years when it was naturally dominated by his father's position and his own; I speak, in short, of Lord Derby, not of Lord Stanley.

Mrs. Greg writes from Tours :—

"Besides the great and composite mass of building at Blois itself, we saw from there Amboise, Chambord, and lovely Chaumont, which I greatly envied the Duc de Broglie; and from here we saw Chenonceaux and Azay le Rideau. All these are rich in Renaissance work of the best kind, the beauty and delicacy of which I do not think I ever before realised. Then from here we also visited the feudal castle of Langeais, perfect and complete as it stood centuries ago; and the grand mediæval ruins of Loches and Chinon — the last the most impressive of all. I think at present nature is adorning these creations of man with her utmost loveliness. The ruins are smothered in summer

blossom; roses creep along the white marble-like walls of the old chateaux, and the peaceful rivers of Touraine wind gently in and out, reflecting all this stately beauty, and the green of the fields, and the fresh, but perfectly full foliage of the trees. I have quite fallen in love with 'ce doux pays de France,' and the people are as pleasant as the country. The courtliness of the past seems in a degree to have become the inheritance of all, and ordinary people speak to you in their pretty French as if they were stringing pearls of great price and each word were a trust in no wise to be trifled with."

28. Lily and I drove across to Ealing and went *viâ* Uxbridge to Harefield. The others of the party were Lubbock, with his daughter Ursula, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, also with a daughter, and Mr. Moyle Rogers, a great, if not the greatest of English Rubiologists. I saw nothing in the course of the day quite new to me, but found in great abundance, near Harefield Church, the very rare English plant *Dentaria bulbifera*, which Lubbock and I gathered on the Hohe Acht twenty years ago come 6th June; and the wild tulips in leaf—alas, not in flower—which he and I also found together some years later at Michel Montaigne.

The marvellous weather which I noticed in March continues; the lilac and the may are in the most splendid flower. The first spray of the latter was brought to me a week ago. The wistaria and the laburnum are also quite glorious. I remember no season at all approaching

this, for in 1859 a very cold "snap," as the Americans say, came in the middle of April, and there were snow showers on the 13th.

29. The Breakfast Club met at Goschen's, Trevelyan, De Tabley, Courtney, Frederick Leveson Gower, Acton, and Robert Herbert being present. Trevelyan spoke very highly of a Portuguese novel called *Dragon's Teeth*, and of the last two chapters in Mahan's book recently published upon Sea Power, containing, he thought, the best defence of Pitt as a War Minister which he had seen. Conversation turned to Lord Derby as a humorist, in the course of which I quoted two things—a story which I have somewhere written down about his answer to Arthur Russell with regard to the purchase of land; and another which I do not think I have recorded. Arthur Russell was staying with him at Knowsley and he was looking for a book in the library, passing a candle along the shelves. As he did so he observed, half to himself and half to his companion, while he lit up the range of William Morris's poems: "If I had known that fellow was going to turn Socialist I would not have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco!"

This led on to talk of our deceased colleague Henry Cowper, who was especially fond of Lord Derby's dry humour. I cited his own epigram, mentioned on an

earlier page, and De Tabley, premising that he might not have got it quite accurately, repeated a verse which he attributed to Lord Cowper when at Cambridge, in which a puzzled schoolboy is made to say—

"Is it Passive? Is it Middle?
Cursed Scott and cursed Liddell.
Is it Future? Is it not?
Cursed Liddell, cursed Scott."

Acton spoke very highly of Treitschke's power as an historian, not of his pleasantness to read.

Courtney regretted that no one had ever published a really satisfactory novel describing the lower life of London. Dickens, he said, runs too much into caricature, and none of the other writers who were discussed had satisfied him.

Frederick Leveson Gower gave an account of the present Lord Wemyss and his wife, going as young people to breakfast with Rogers, a day before the one for which he had asked them. He was most amusing, but insisted that they should come back again the next day. They did so. He told, however, precisely the same anecdotes all over again.

I walked away with Robert Herbert, who was, like me, bound for the city. Thence I ran down to York House, passed an hour there, and went on to take my seat as a Governor of the Royal Holloway College, an office to

which I was lately appointed by the Senate of the University of London. Thring was in the chair.

I returned to London with him and dined at the Royal Academy, where I had Sir M. White Ridley on my right and Alma Tadema on my left. With the latter I had a great deal of conversation, his chief subject being the strange illusions which prevail with respect to the great artistic inferiority of the moderns, an inferiority in which we are led to believe by the fact that most people shrink from the expense of employing for the designing of furniture and the like, artists of the same calibre as those who were employed in old times. He gave a curious account of Robert Browning's sight, maintaining that with one eye he could read the number of a picture at the end of a long gallery; while with the other, without artificial assistance, he could write an ode of Horace on a piece of paper of the size of a threepenny-bit.

May

Dined with the Literary Society. George Denman and Coleridge talked about a certain Mr. Airey, brother of Sir Richard Airey of the Crimea, whom I used to know as Lord Airey. This gentleman, who had apparently no very definite occupation, received the

appointment of Master in the Common Pleas. Some one quoted the line—

"And give to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name."

There was a ballot for Mr. Alfred Milner, who was elected.

4. With my wife to the British Museum, where Mr. Murray showed us some of his newest treasures, amongst them some of the pottery of Sotades, signed with his name. I had not grasped the distinction between the *Culix*, the *Krater*, and the *Lebes*. The latter we used to be told to translate cauldron, but certainly the objects shown under that name in his kingdom are not cauldrons. I had fancied the *Pithos* of Diogenes to have been a cask of some sort, but it was really a gigantic jar which, when used for storing corn or the like, lay on its side, and in which the philosopher might easily have made his den.

In the afternoon we went to the New Gallery, where I saw more pictures which I should have liked to possess, than in any exhibition of contemporary pictures which I remember.

After glancing at the Cardinal at the Royal Academy dinner Mr. Alma Tadema said to me: "I can hardly look at his robes, my eye is so tired of that colour." I understood what he meant, when I saw the lovely

little picture called "Unconscious Rivals"—two girls and an *Azalea* in full flower—which he has sent this year to the New Gallery.

In the evening we went to Lambeth, where I met the Bishop of Oxford, whom I have not seen for ages piled on ages. Professor Flower gave a very interesting account of the shell of a tortoise which stands in one of the passages. Its original owner was a pet of Laud's, and lived in his garden at Fulham. When he became Archbishop he took the creature to Lambeth, where it lived from 1633 to 1753, when it came by its death, thanks to the folly of a gardener, who dug it up in the middle of winter.

7. The Frederick Seebohms, the Courthopes, Mr. Herbert Stephen, and Lord Carlisle were with us. I talked with the last-named about people who have a genius for spoiling good stories, and he told me, on the authority of the late Mr. G. H. Lewes, that when the King of France presented Talleyrand with a magnificent service of china, and the happy recipient said, "Service pour Service," the Prussian Ambassador proceeded to recount the circumstances, adding, "Dann hat der Herzog so wohl gesagt Porzellan für Porzellan." Mr. F. Seebohm reminded me that he had been staying with us at Knebworth along with the last Lord Houghton in the beginning of July 1877, and that the latter,

speaking of Disraeli, had treated him as a man completely spent and done, who had given his measure, and from whom nothing more could be expected; whereas his fame, we now know, with the vast unthinking majority, had then only just dawned.

Seebohm told, too, an amusing anecdote of one of the Dukes of Cleveland trying to break Backhouse's Bank by becoming possessed of a vast number of its notes, and suddenly asking cash for them. Backhouse, who had been prepared for the manœuvre, had got all the gold he wanted from London, and as the Duke left the house said to him: "By the way, what will you take for Raby Castle?"

We talked of absurdities in prize poems, and Herbert Stephen quoted two lines from one upon the illness of the Prince of Wales, which I had not before heard:—

"Flashed from his bed the electric message came,
He is not better; he is much the same."

9. Dined with The Club. In the course of the evening Coleridge told us that the Bishop of Oxford had been examining a girls' school and advising them to read widely and variously. "Do not take an example from me," he added. "Since I have been a Bishop I have only read one book. Do you know what that is?" No one replied. "It begins with a B," rejoined the Bishop in an encouraging tone; whereupon several of

those present called out "The Bible." "No," said the Bishop, "Bradshaw!"

Coleridge told us also that Archdeacon Palmer, whom I remember at Balliol, had remonstrated with the Bishop for not going quite as much about to various functions as his predecessor had done. "Bishop Mackarness had his views about the duties of his office and I have mine," said Dr. Stubbs; whereupon the Archdeacon referred to the practice of Dr. Wilberforce. "Ah! now," said the Bishop, "you are coming the Witch of Endor over me!" "The Witch of Endor!" answered Palmer; "what can your Lordship mean?" "Yes, the Witch of Endor. You are trying to frighten me with the ghost of Samuel!"

The Duke of Argyll talked a good deal about Socialism in America, and about a book by which he seems to have been much struck, called the *Coming Climax*.

Who was it?—I think Coleridge, who declared that Dr. Lushington's clerk had once said: "You can't possibly expect the Doctor to be in two places at one time, especially in such hot weather."

10. We went this morning to the opening of the Imperial Institute by the Queen. Our places were excellent, and we saw extremely well all that was to be seen, and which will be so fully described to-morrow in the newspapers,

We dined with the Aberdares. I took down Mrs. Chamberlain, who gave me a very charming account of her first visit to England, when, arriving in the beginning of summer, she ran up to London from Liverpool, dined early, and then drove about in a hansom with one of her relatives, seeing every instant some building or street with the name of which she had been familiar since she could remember anything, and in all of which she felt a kind of property.

12. To Burnham Beeches and Stoke Poges. I thought the first a pretty bit of woodland scenery. In the second, which is the churchyard of Gray's *Elegy*, a corrupt following of the poet's line—

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap"

has not tended to the picturesque.

13. The Breakfast Club met at York House. Lyall, Acton, and Frederick Leveson Gower were present. The former showed me a letter from Sir Thomas Sanderson, written at the request of Lady Derby, to tell him that in the last days of his life her husband, whose intellect remained clear to the end, had repeated several of the *Verses Written in India*.

Frederick Leveson Gower mentioned that he had once talked to the Duc di Galliera of his extraordinary generosity in leaving such vast sums to Genoa. "If," he replied, "I could take that money with me, I

certainly should do so; but my son Philippe won't have it, and what can I do?"

Presided at a large Geographical Dinner at the Hôtel Métropole; the Swedish Minister was on my right, Lord Kelvin on my left. Sir Francis Grenfell, Bryce, Robert Herbert, Sir Richard Meade, Mr. Selous, Sir Charles Tupper, Charles Pearson, Lord Kelvin, Dyer, Sir George Bowen, and the Swedish Minister were among the speakers. I proposed, after the usual loyal toasts, "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces," "The Foreign Office and the Diplomatic and Consular Services," then "The Medallists Designate," next "Literature, Art, and Science in the Colonies," and replied, of course, to the toast of "The Society," announcing in my speech my approaching retirement.

15. Mrs. Barrington wrote a day or two ago from Milan:—

"The beautiful cathedrals seem really meant as caskets to hold a living thing—the mass or the vespers; and the real impressiveness of their structure does not fully or properly affect one without the peal of the organ sounding through their aisles, and without the presence of worship at their altars. To see them as many a tourist sees them, empty and soundless, is like seeing a beautiful dress without the wearer being inside it. There are other reasons, of course, for liking to attend the services; but we both feel it a *full* kind of *rest* independent of anything else."

16. ——— writes :—

"I have just returned to England after a very successful and enjoyable tour in Syria and Palestine, though we were treated to the most absolutely phenomenal weather, in the shape of continuous rain, varied at intervals by hail, snow, and hurricanes, such as has not been known in March, in Palestine, *they say*, for over 700 years. Indeed the weather seems to have turned completely topsy-turvy this year, and the East has been tasting the climate of the West, whilst you in England have been enjoying true Eastern sunshine."

Yesterday I went alone, and to-day with Lily, to see the Azaleas at Kew, which are in great beauty. In No. 4 I found various plants new to me, as for instance a very handsome variety of the common broom with a dark spot on its petals, *Cytisus scoparius Andreanus*. I had no idea that the *Schizanthus* had been developed by cultivation to such perfection as it has now reached.

19. The stump of an old tree in the garden at York House has thrown out shoots which we have been nursing some time, and this year they produced flowers which showed that they belong to the Heath family. I sent them yesterday to Kew, and find that the tree is *Leucothœ Catesbaei*, from the United States, belonging to a genus quite unknown to me, nearly allied to *Andromeda*, and formerly considered a part of it.

20. George Bunsen, writing a few days ago, alludes to the story of Victor Hugo in my Renan, and adds :—

"May I tell of a parallel to it which happened to me in

1849 in Lamartine's drawing-room? It stands before me like a 'satyric drama' of the Greeks after your stupendous one. I entertained as eagerly as she would allow me, Mme. Lamartine, whose sad, pained look I can never forget, but was drawn, like herself, towards the central group in the room. There sat L., the man of Canova beauty. His speech to the young men was despondent. All listened in silence; except one, who impatiently stepped forward to recite a well-prepared impromptu. 'No,' he said, 'no, M. de L.; for, possessing the qualities which adorned Moses, Jesus, and Cæsar, you add one which destiny refused these great men — eloquence!'"

In his speech at our Geographical Dinner a week ago, Lord Kelvin mentioned that the Lachine Rapids near Montreal received their name from the fact that those who discovered them believed that, in doing so, they had reached China, just as Columbus believed that he had reached India. This was new to me, and on Thursday I asked Dr. Mill, our librarian, to look up the point. He writes under yesterday's date:—

"I find that the Lachine Rapids were named by La Salle, who in his earlier journeys at any rate, believed that a water-way existed by the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean. That his contemporaries were not all of the same opinion is shown by the following paragraph in a letter dated 11th November 1669, by Patoulet in Quebec to Colbert. (Margry's *Voyages des Français*, I. p. 81.):—

"'Messieurs de la Sales et Dollier accompagnés de 12 hommes sont partis de ce pays à dessein d'aller reconnoistre un passage qu'ils estiment trouver, qui nous donneroit com-

munication avec le Japon et la Chine. L'enterprise est aussy difficile que douteuse, mais le bon est que le Roy ne fait point de déspense pour cette prétendue descouverte. Dieu veuille qu'ils y reussissent.'"

"It seems that the idea of a passage westwards to China took a strong hold of the popular mind in Canada during the latter part of the seventeenth century. The etymology seems perfectly trustworthy."

22. We have had a large Whitsuntide party. The Danish Minister and Madame Bille, M. and Mme. Blumenthal, and others.

Madame Bille is an American. We talked, *inter alia*, of Mrs. Chamberlain, whom she enthusiastically admires. "It is a type," she said, "which I never came across in my own country—the Puritan maiden."

Count Axel Wachtmeister, whose father was Prime Minister of Sweden, has just returned from a journey of several years, which took him from Leipzig to Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, the Nilgiri Hills, Madras, Calcutta, Kashmir, Bombay, and England.

Lady Dempster Metcalfe told me that her uncle, who died only four years ago, had talked with Professor Adam Ferguson, of St. Andrews, who lived to the age of ninety-three, and had been Chaplain to the Black Watch at Fontenoy.

I went to Mass yesterday with Madame Blumenthal,

and had much talk with her after it as well as this morning. She gave me a very interesting account of an old Belgian Carmelite, now head of a house at Wincanton in Somersetshire.

He must be a man of a good deal of humour as well as of much sound sense. A lady once confessed to him some failures of temper in her relations with her lord and master. "Are your relations generally good?" he asked. "Oh, admirable," was the reply; "there could not be a happier marriage." "Dans ce cas mon enfant," he rejoined, "ces petites querelles varient la monotonie de l'affection!"

She quoted, too, a remarkable saying of a young Jesuit, murdered by the Commune: "Il faut prendre les grands sacrifices au pas de course!"

23. To see Mrs. Bishop, who has just returned to London and read to me portions of her *Life of Mrs. Craven*, which is making rapid progress. Mrs. Barrington and others came to lunch, among them Mrs. Severn, the heroine of *Joanna's Care* (No. 4 of Vol. III. of *Præterita*).

She gave me a better account of Ruskin than I expected to hear, and did not even think it impossible that he might be able to continue *Præterita*. We talked of the transcendent description which occurs in that book of the Rhone at Geneva, and she told me that she well remembered her cousin reading it to her when he first threw it on paper, and her saying to him: "I think it

is as good as anything you have written"; to which he replied: "Do you really? I thought it rather good myself." She called my attention also to the fine passage on the Solway in *Joanna's Care*:—

"No other sound of the sea is for an instant comparable to the breaking of deep ocean, as it rises over great spaces of sand. In its rise and fall on a rocky coast, it is either perfectly silent, or, if it strike, it is with a crash, or a blow like that of a heavy gun. Therefore, under ordinary conditions, there may be either *splash*, or *crash*, or *sigh*, or *boom*; but not *roar*. But the hollow sound of the countless ranks of surfy breakers, rolling mile after mile in ceaseless following, every one of them with the apparent anger and threatening of a fate which is assured death unless fled from —the sound of this approach, over quicksands, and into inextricable gulfs of mountain bay, this heard far out at sea, or heard far inland, through the peace of secure night, or stormless day—is still an eternal voice, with the harmony in it of a mighty law, and the gloom of a mortal warning."

24. Mrs. Bishop lent me on Tuesday a piece of Mrs. Craven's journal, from 1853 up to the end of the summer of 1857, full of interesting and characteristic things. I note more especially the passage on the Trinità dei Monti in September 1853, that is to say, twenty years later almost to a day than the passage in the *Récit* describing Olga's first communion; another on a visit to the Villa Mattei; the account of the service at Notre Dame de Sion in Paris; her visit to the Cimetière at

Lumigny on 20th October 1856; some pages under date of 9th and 10th February 1857, in which, inspired by the anniversaries, she reaches the highest level of her writing. This was penned almost immediately after the visit to Broadlands, described in the *Reminiscences*, but in London. Acton appears on the scene for the first time at Aldenham, on 25th February of the same year. A little later occurs a remarkable passage on the contrasts of London and Paris. The end of July 1857 takes her to Carlsbad, a place once so familiar to me, but with which I never connected her.

26. We came down to Stratton this afternoon, finding there, amongst others, Colonel Biddulph, our host at Oodeypore, now Resident at Baroda. He had a good deal to say about our relations with the Gaekwar and the native princes generally that was worth attention, mentioning, amongst other things, the curious fact that, whereas thirty or forty years ago they were all in debt, they are now almost all extremely rich. The Jeypore revenues have doubled in a generation.

27. Northbrook told me the history of the Stratton Estate. It was given in Saxon times to Hyde Abbey at Winchester, and remained its property to the days of Henry VIII. Then it passed into the hands of the Earl of Southampton, in whose family it stayed for several generations, but became a part of the Bedford

Estates through Rachel Lady Russell, who was a daughter of the last Earl of Southampton. From the Russells it was bought by the Barings about the beginning of the century. Rachel Lady Russell lived much at Stratton.

30. Ran up to London yesterday, where I presided at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society and delivered my fourth address. We have been having a great deal of tiresome correspondence and consultation about a foolish opposition to the admission of ladies, which sprang up, amongst a section of the Fellows, in the end of November last. To-day there was a pitched battle, in which the malcontents were smitten hip and thigh. (See the *Times* of yesterday and to-day, as well as the *Journal* of the Society.) One of the incidents of the long squabble has been that I have retired from the presidency, or, more technically speaking, have not offered myself again for re-election.

I dined last night at Grillion's. Only three were present: Sidney Herbert (in the chair), Robert Herbert and I on his right and left respectively. Our chairman, who is very fond of shrubs, praised highly one with which I am not acquainted — *Olearia Haastii*, from New Zealand, which is, he says, perfectly hardy with him at Hillingdon — the neighbourhood into which I lately went to find *Dentaria bulbifera.*

In the postscript to a letter about politics, which Lady Arthur Russell has forwarded to me, I found the following :—

"The chief excitement at Abinger is that a blue tit has built in the Upper Abinger post-box, and hatched her brood under the daily shower of letters and papers. The schoolmistress has the key of the box, and the mother bird is so grateful to her for taking off heavy papers, letters, etc., which have fallen on her as she sits, that she lets her stroke her whilst on the nest."

31. Dined last night with The Club. The Chancellor was in the chair, with Sir William Smith on his left, and Acton on his right. Sir Henry Elliot was on my right, and on my left Layard (just arrived from Venice), and Coleridge. The last-named mentioned a curious circumstance which had been told him by old Eden, of Oriel, that an undergraduate called Cicero Rabbit had been plucked by Augustus Hare. This led to a good deal of talk about coincidences, in the course of which I made our chairman tell again the curious story of the juryman, noted in 1889. Then conversation turned to links with the past, and Sir William Smith mentioned that George Long, the scholar and writer on Roman History, had told him that he had talked with a man who saw the Highlanders enter Derby.

Layard said that he thought Venice was somewhat more lively than it was a dozen years ago. Sir Henry

Elliot remarked that he thought the most beautiful sight he ever beheld was the entry of Victor Emmanuel into that city. All the state gondolas, which had not been seen for years and years, re-appeared on that occasion.

The Lord Chief-Justice spoke of the case that had been before him in the course of the day, relative to a picture by F. Hals, the history of which appears to be very accurately known, and which has changed hands on various occasions at the most various prices, for example at £43, and, as appears from the report of the case in this morning's *Times*, once for as much as £4,500.

A curious case was mentioned in which a picture dealer had sold a picture as the work of Danby. Danby utterly repudiated it; but the evidence was so overwhelming that he had to admit that it was his, adding: "It's a beastly picture, nevertheless." A kindred mistake as to paternity was also adduced as having been made by no less a personage than Lord Westbury, who reversed, when Chancellor, one of his own decisions, under the impression that it had been given by Lord Campbell, whom he cordially disliked.

June

2. Returned to York House from Rowfant, the Locker-Lampsons' very pretty place in Sussex, whither

we went on the 31st, meeting, amongst others there, Miss Canning, daughter of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; the Duchess of Northumberland, widow of the Duke who was so ardent an Egyptologist; Lady Augusta Noel, sister of the present Lord Albemarle, with whom I sat long in the House of Commons when he was Lord Bury; and "Crabbet," a fascinating Blenheim.

Mr. Locker-Lampson showed us many of his books, of which he has not a very large but exceedingly valuable collection, including the first editions of many of Shakespeare's and Molière's Plays, the folio Shakespeare, the first editions of Sydney's *Arcadia*, and of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, with much else. Nothing interested me more than a highly amusing autograph letter of Shelley's, written when he was a boy to the Longmans, asking them to publish a romance for him, and adding that he did not desire to publish from pecuniary reasons, as he was the heir "of a man of large fortune in the county of Sussex, and pursuing his studies as an Oppidan at Eton."[1]

Full of interest, too, was the manuscript in his own hand of Keats's Sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and his *Eve of St. Agnes*.

The house, part of which is three hundred or more years old, is backed by a narrow strip of water, on

[1] *Zastrozzi* was published later, but not by the Longmans.

the further bank of which rhododendrons have been planted, now in full flower. Their effect is doubled by the reflection.

A suppressed chapter of *Eothen*, which our host had secured, led to some talk of Kinglake, who, he told, had once described Carlyle to him as "a comic Ezekiel."

5. I went down on the 2nd with Lubbock, Mr. Frederick Hanbury, and Mr. Thomas Hanbury, of *La Mortola*, to Cheddar, in Somersetshire, where we visited the really grand pass, many of the cliffs in which rise to full 400 feet and are almost, or altogether, perpendicular. On the lower slopes we did a good deal of botanising, our choicest spoils being *Dianthus Cæsius*, *Polygonatum officinale*, *Sedum rupestre*, *Polypodium calcareum*. Making our way by a tolerably easy path to the top, we came down along the edge of the precipices, where *Dianthus Cæsius* grows luxuriantly, but, happily, usually in a position to make the gathering of it a service of danger to any one who has not a rather strong head.

Yesterday we went to service in Wells Cathedral, nine miles off, visiting on our return the Ebber rocks (where we found nothing of interest save *Colchicum autumnale* in seed), and then making our way to the village of Priddy, reached the head of the pass above mentioned, and descended through it to the little inn

whence we had started. By four o'clock this afternoon I was once more at York House.

Speaking of a man whose name appeared amongst the names of new baronets on the 3rd inst., ——— mentioned, that a few years ago this gentleman, who was a large tobacco merchant, was making a financial speech in the House of Commons: "What is going on?" said some one to a friend in the lobby. "Oh!" replied the person addressed, "it's only ——— taking a bird's-eye view of the Budget!"

I read at Rowfant a further portion of Mrs. Craven's diary, containing, *inter alia*, a description of La Roche en Breny, some extremely interesting remarks upon the popular religion of Southern Italy, and upon Maine de Biran, whose *Penseés* had been lent to her by Père Gratry, whose acquaintance I made in the winter of 1859-60. The most memorable thing to me in this part of the Journal was the allusion to the miniature of her three sisters which I knew so well. One day at Castagneto she caught sight of it suddenly, and the words of Dante[1] came into her mind—

> "Poscia che tai tre donne benedette
> Curan di te nella corte del cielo."

6. M. Ary Renan, the son of my old friend, an artist

[1] *Inferno*, II. 124.

and art critic, has been in London for a few days and dined here to-night.

My little book seems to have given much pleasure to the family. His language about it was all I could wish, and under date of 27th April his mother wrote:—

"La lecture du livre que vous avez consacré à la mémoire de mon mari bien-aimé me cause une profonde émotion. Il répond si bien à ce que mon cœur désirait que je vous ai une vive reconnaissance. C'est certainement l'étude la plus complète et la plus large qui ait été faite sur le travail immense qui a rempli l'existence de mon mari et je suis heureuse de le devoir à vous pour qui il avait une rare estime et une si grande affection.

. . . .

"Que vous avez bien connu aussi sa nature droite et tendre! Cela a été pour moi comme une résurrection de ma douce vie d'autrefois que les souvenirs de l'année 1859, et de nos autres rencontres chez vous à Paris ou à Twickenham, ou chez des amis, tels que les Mohl. Je vis aujourd'hui de ces souvenirs d'un bonheur disparu.

"Vous avez merveilleusement bien choisi les citations que vous donnez. Que je voudrais vous voir pour vous remercier de vive voix de ce livre si digne de celui à qui vous avez rendu ce témoignage qu'aucun autre n'a égalé. Peut-être lorsque vous passerez par Paris pourrez-vous me donner une heure pour causer ensemble de celui que j'ai perdu? Ce serait pour moi un grand bonheur.

"La semaine prochaine, je quitte ce cher Collège de France pour aller dans ma nouvelle demeure Avenue de 'Observatoire, 14."

8. J. R. Byrne came over yesterday to dine and sleep.

He read to me some chapters of a manuscript novel called *The Legionary*, which he has just completed—a strange new departure for a man who is rather older than I am. It is full of curious learning about the Roman occupation of Britain, and quite unlike anything I have ever read. Our talk turned to a somewhat older contemporary of ours at Oxford, who later became Professor of Anglo-Saxon. Byrne said that he was once in a company where some one complained about the difficulty of expressing philosophical ideas in Saxon speech. "How," it was asked, "would you translate the impenetrability of matter?" "Oh!" replied Professor Earle, "there is nothing easier—*the ungetting-thròughishness of stuff*"!

9. Hampden leaves us to-day to join the *Hood*. Talking with me a night or two ago about his life as a boy on the Nilgiri Hills, he quoted, as expressive of his own feelings, a translation into conventional English of Rudyard Kipling's line—

> "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
> 'eed naught else."

10. De Tabley came to lunch, and we took, accompanied by Lily, a short botanical walk along the Surrey bank of the river. I never before saw in England, though once at Tahiti, near Stockholm, *Trifolium hybridum*, the Alsike Clover, which is, nevertheless, I

believe, a good deal cultivated in some parts of Great Britain. It has run wild here among the stones of the river embankment. Later in the afternoon I took Victoria to a garden-party at Fulham Palace. Miss Somers Cocks repeated to me the question and answer of two marriage guests: "Shall we assist at their Silver Wedding?—Or at their Thirty Years' War?"

Sir Henry Elliot and his daughter, the Dunbar Bullers, Mr. Hall (eldest son of Bullock Hall), and my nephew, Douglas, are with us. In the afternoon I took some of the party to Ham. Amongst other people there was Charles Roundell, now back in the House of Commons in the character of a strong Home Ruler. He mentioned, as a remarkable example of the great tension which at present exists, that he and the man with whom he was paired, returned the other night at ten o'clock while the door was shut for a division about the closure. Immediately afterwards there was a division on the main question, but although some forty men had returned, so punctual were both sides that there was no proportional change in the numbers.

Sir Henry Elliot told me on the authority of Count Harrach, who saw the incident, that at the coronation of Charles X., the crown slipped and was caught before it reached the ground in the hands of the Duke of Orleans.

He talked much of the extraordinary beauty and charm

of Madame Minghetti in her early days. As I passed through Paris in the spring of 1876, Mrs. Craven asked me if she was still very pretty. I hesitated for a moment, and Mrs. Craven said: "Oh! how little did I think once that the time would ever come when any one would hesitate about the reply to that question!"

Mr. Dunbar Buller said that "the result of his experiences during the time he passed in the City was to raise, not lower, his previous opinion of human nature." He gave a curious account of a district in the North of Ireland, with which he is intimately acquainted, where the farmers, though of Scotch descent, are nearly all Home Rulers, because they think that under Home Rule they will get the land for nothing; the labourers, on the other hand, are Unionists, almost to a man, because the farmers have been imprudent enough to say that when they have got Home Rule they will pay only half wages.

Sir Henry Elliot talked of the death of the Sultan Abdul Aziz. He has not the slightest doubt that it was a case of suicide, and not of assassination. Nineteen doctors, several of them men of the highest reputation, and among them Dickson, in whom he had the greatest confidence, testified to the fact. When Dr. Millingen proposed to go to see the Sultana Valideh, she replied: "It is not a doctor, but an executioner who should be sent to me, for having caused the death of my son."

She it was, who, contrary to the advice of the ladies of the Harem, sent him the pair of scissors which he asked for to trim his beard, but which he used to open his veins.

13. Dined with The Club. Lord Kelvin was in the chair in the absence of Huxley, who writes to me that his Romanes lecture at Oxford, coming as it did too soon after an attack of influenza, has tried him a good deal. Sir William Smith, Alfred Morrison, Sir Henry Elliot, Layard, Maunde Thompson, Robert Herbert, and Acton, were present. Conversation turned a good deal upon a recent American book on the Waterloo campaign. That led to the slips of memory made by the Duke in advanced years, and to Napoleon. Acton mentioned that when the French troops were being mown down by the Austrian fire at the Bridge of Lodi, a private soldier called out: "Why don't you send us across the bridge? we should be killed, but the others would pass over our bodies." After the battle, enquiries were instituted for the man who made the suggestion, which was acted on; but he had fallen, as he had foreseen. I thought of the speech of the Spanish guerrillero recorded by Castelar: "General, I want to be one of the killed." Acton said, too, that of all the commanders whom he had encountered, Napoleon rated most highly Alvinzi, whom he defeated at Arcola. Layard spoke much of Achmet Vefyk, whom he had

known intimately at many periods of his life. When they were young they even read Ricardo together. He once asked his friend why he had married a slave. "Because," was the reply, "if I had married into one of the great families, when I became Grand Vizier, as I mean to do, I should be tormented by her relations, all of whom would want places. Now, my wife's father appears every two or three years, I give him a pair of red breeches and an oke of tobacco, whereupon he goes away perfectly happy." Sir Henry Elliot recalled the foolish despatches which he used sometimes to receive about the slave-trade, and told us that on one occasion when, much enforced, he was speaking to Ali Pasha on the subject, the latter replied: "Far be it from me to reflect upon the position of Lady Elliot in your establishment, but I am very sure that it is not equal to that of my wife in mine; yet she was a slave."

Our talk passed to Lord Stratford's domineering ways, and Layard gave an amusing account of being taken by him to the Sultan after the excavations at Nineveh. The Ambassador improved the occasion by delivering a long lecture to His Majesty upon the fate which had befallen the Assyrian and other ill-governed empires, a fate which might easily also befall his own, all of which Pisani interpreted by a single sentence—"This is the man who found the old stones."

After dinner we elected the Bishop of Oxford, and had a good deal of conversation upon business subjects, during which the question was raised at what date each member first signed his own name. For many years the names were written out by a clerk, and the chairman of the night was the only one who signed. It turned out to be on 17th July 1832. The first name signed was that of Mr. Davies Gilbert, and the second that of Lord Brougham.

The name of a Secretary of State came up who was not famous for his assiduity. "Do you know," it was asked, "how ——— got him to open the boxes which were of most pressing importance? The children used to play in his room and build castles with the boxes; now ——— had the happy idea of confiding to them that in some of the boxes he put sugar-plums, advising them when they heard anything rattle in a box to take it to papa and get him to open it, which was duly done and proved effectual."

Dr. Martineau writes:—

"I must thank you, as I have my pen in hand, for your very just and interesting notice of *Lena's Picture* in the *Nineteenth Century*. It was delightful to me to have my own appreciation of the book justified."

14. Count Wachtmeister came down to dine and sleep. Amongst other things which he played after

dinner was a drinking song of the days of the Fronde, which was developed by Handel into the *Harmonious Blacksmith.*

In the afternoon, on my way back from the Literary Fund, I spent an hour with Madame Blumenthal. Talking of her Swiss home, she said: "the Lake of Geneva is the Mayfair of Europe."

17. The Breakfast Club met at Lyall's; a tolerably large party. Trevelyan, who was on my left, mentioned incidentally that the *Lapageria* was called after the Empress Josephine, whose maiden name was Tascher de la Pagerie. She had a passion for exotic plants, and the English cruisers got a hint not to interfere with that very laudable taste.

In the afternoon we went to a garden-party given by the Shaw Lefevres in the grounds of the Old Palace at Kew, long since uninhabited and dismantled, but which was thrown open for this occasion. The day was superb, as indeed almost all days have been for many weeks, and half London was there. The rockwork, which we passed going and returning, was in great beauty. I saw for the first time to-day in flower the yellow gentian of the Alps. With the plant I am sufficiently familiar, but I have always found it in seed.

Re-read a manuscript drawn up by Sir Henry Elliot, in which he traces the Herzegovinian Insurrection, and

all the troubles that followed it, to the "League of the Three Emperors," into which he considers that Count Andrassy was lured by Russia, after Lord Granville had rejected his overtures with regard to an understanding between Austria and England as to Eastern policy. Prokesch Osten was succeeded as Ambassador by Count ———, who during the early part of his time was a mere instrument in the hands of Ignatief.

19. To see Madame de Peyronnet and Lady Sligo. We talked about the saying of the Princess Palatine, mentioned under date of 24th May 1892. A somewhat similar remark was made, she said, about M. Sosthène de Rochefoucauld, an absurd personage in the days of Charles X. The forgotten fairy who came to his birth is said to have observed: "He shall have all the good gifts the others have given him, but no one save himself shall know that he possesses them!"

Mr. C. N. Eliot, M. John Revilliod, Captain Cuthbertson, Miss Hylda Paget and her father (Sir Richard), are with us. The last-named, though a typical country gentleman of the best and busiest kind, Member for various divisions of Somerset since 1865, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Chairman of his County Council, chairman of Heaven knows how many local institutions besides, belongs to the Dilettanti, and has a great interest in beautiful things. With Lady Henley, who came down

for the day, we spent all the afternoon looking over my stones.

Eliot and I had much talk of Morocco, whence he has just returned. M. Revilliod, a connection of Gustave Revilliod, mentioned in these Notes for 1877, but now dead, recently brought me a letter from Ernest Navile, and is working under Mr. Coles, of the R.G.S., with a view to doing work as a scientific traveller. Mdlle. de Perpigna and Mdlle. de Peyronnet both joined our party at dinner.

Dined with the Portsmouths, meeting the Levens and several others; among them Dr. Bridge, the organist of the Abbey, who took us through a locked passage which leads from Lord Portsmouth's garden into a cloister, in which are buried Jack Wilson, who sang *Sigh no More, Ladies*, at the first exhibition of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Lawes, who set to music, produced at Ludlow Castle, and eventually published, *Comus*. Mrs. Bridge showed me the little window of her larder, called Norman, but really belonging to the days of the Confessor.

24. Dined at the Trinity House, sitting between Bryce and Sir Edward Birkbeck, with both of whom, and especially the former, I had as much talk as the rather aggressive band would permit. The catastrophe of the *Victoria* dominated the speeches. As Lefevre and I drove together

from the Athenæum we talked of the cause of this national calamity, and he mentioned that on one occasion when he was out with the Admiralty, the vessel which was immediately in their wake came so dangerously close that its bowsprit was over the very centre of their vessel. By an extraordinarily happy accident a rope of the vessel which endangered them caught their indicator and turned it to "Full speed." The engineer below received the intimation, obeyed it, and a disaster was averted.

25. I took J. R. Byrne and Count Wachtmeister to Pembroke Lodge. Lady Agatha repeated a story which she said her father had been fond of telling about a traveller in the Lake District, who hearing that a particular village was in winter almost entirely cut off from the rest of the country by snow, asked how they managed to get a doctor if any one was taken ill. "Oh! at that season," was the reply, "the people die a natural death."

26. To the *levée*, where I saw no one save those whom I frequently see, with the exception of Count Szapáry, who has left diplomacy and is now a member of the Diet. He was wearing his Attila, the *mezzo termine* between the gala dress of Western Europe and the splendours of the East.

I went up again in the evening to London and dined at Grillion's, a *partie carrée*—Lord Clinton, Welby, and Lord Norton being the others.

Conversation found its way, *viâ* Mozley, whose death at a very advanced age was announced last week, to the 1833 movement, and Lord Norton mentioned that his relative Edward Twisleton had expressed the opinion that Keble was the only poet of our times who would be read for ever.

It was Twisleton, it appears, who gave the bust of Keble to Westminster Abbey. Lord Norton went there to be present at the unveiling of it, expecting to find a great crowd, but found no one save Arthur Stanley, Twisleton, and the sculptor.

Welby asked if Lord Beaconsfield had been a member of Grillion's. "Oh yes," said Lord Norton; "it was he who called its membership 'the highest social distinction.'"[1]

The name of Mr. Forbes, who was Minister at Dresden when I first went there as a boy, nearly fifty years ago, coming up in something I was reading to-day, reminded me of a story which used to be told of him at a somewhat later period than that. He had three little dogs of the Pomeranian breed, one black, one grey, and one white. When the court was in mourning he went out with No. 1, when it was in half mourning with No. 2, and when all was going well with No. 3.

28. Dined last night with The Club. Hooker was

[1] Arthur Russell gave the palm to The Club. I always think the pleasanter of the two is the one I attended last.

in the chair, the Duke of Argyll and Maunde Thompson on his right, the Duc d'Aumale on his left, beyond him the Chancellor, then at one end of the table Lord Carlisle, next whom was Reeve and Alfred Morrison, who was next me. On my left was Layard, beyond him Lecky, and at the other end of the table Sir William Smith, twelve in all. Layard talked to me a good deal both of his Spanish and his Turkish periods, full accounts of which he has drawn up. He spoke very highly of Castelar, especially of the good sense and civil courage he had shown by yielding to just American demands and so averting a war, on which the American Minister fully reckoned. He said that he had once gone to hear the great orator deliver a lecture about Byron, in the course of which he observed that the poet was no doubt a very wild man, but what else was to be expected from one brought up in Scotland amongst the wolves and the bears! When Layard assured him that those animals had for ages ceased to inhabit that country, he would not accept the statement at any price. I asked Layard with reference to a manuscript of Sir Henry Elliot's, recently placed in my hands, whether he agreed with Sir Henry about Midhat's constitutional reform. He did fully, and thought that that unfortunate Minister had made an excellent beginning.

The Duc d'Aumale talked a good deal of the once all

too famous Duc de Praslin, and quoted a saying of his father's before the catastrophe: "Je ne puis pas supporter le rire de Praslin."

Conversation turned to Pasquier, a portion of whose memoirs is just being published. Reeve mentioned having been present when he tried Fieschi, and that worthy called out: "Ne faites pas tant de questions Monsieur le Président, prenez ma tête."

29. Dined with Sir Sidney Webb to meet the Duke of Edinburgh. I asked him if he had had a long day; "No," he said, "but members of the Royal Family often have. To-morrow I shall have to be at Charing Cross by eleven o'clock in a Russian uniform to receive the Cesarewitch, and at St. Pancras by one o'clock in an English uniform to receive the King and Queen of Denmark. Later will come the State Ball, and I shall be up till three in the morning."

We went on to a concert in the Town Hall, where Sir Arthur Sullivan, who had come down with H.R.H., conducted one of his own pieces, and where I heard an instrument of which even the name was new to me—the xylophone.

30. To Holloway College, the Annual Commemoration being held to-day. We arrived just in time for service in the Chapel, which is unforgivably gorgeous and in quite curiously bad taste, but the singing was

very agreeable, and began with the Chorale of Leuthen. In the gallery are some exceedingly good, and not a few most unsatisfactory pictures. I went over a large part of the building. The results achieved have been by no means commensurate with the vast expenditure, and some parts, as for instance the library, are most strangely ill-adapted to their purpose; still it is on the whole a grand thing, and the situation is very good. After service there was a garden-party, to which came few people I knew, but among them Prince Christian, the Thrings, and Lady Claud Hamilton. "Fifty years hence," said to me the Bishop of Rochester, who is one of my colleagues, "this place ought to be the centre of the education of women in England."

July

1. The Breakfast Club met at Aberdare's; Robert Herbert, Wolseley, Dufferin, Lacaita, Courtney, and Lyall being present. Dufferin told a number of anecdotes curiously illustrative of the present state of Society in Paris, of which I make no note. He mentioned, too, that the police habitually watches the British Embassy, and registers all it learns or conceives itself to learn. The record of Lord Lyons in their books is as amusing as it is creditable to him. "Cet Ambassadeur n'a pas de vices."

À propos of this, Dufferin added that he had once, by way of making conversation, told the wife of a minister that the British Embassy retained the old furniture of the first empire, Wellington having bought it from the Princess Borghese, and that Lord Lyons slept every night in the bed of "La belle Pauline." The lady, not strong in her history, grew scarlet, and with intense indignation replied: "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur nous ne connaisons pas votre belle Pauline."

Who was it told me a week ago the story of a great doctor who was attending a lady apparently dying? The one chance he could think of was that something should give her a shock. Knowing her political opinions he tried the effect of mentioning the name of Gladstone. Summoning all her force, she exclaimed "Wretch!"—and recovered.

2. We had a large party at York House, including Lady Malmesbury, Mr. C. N. Eliot, Mr. Augustus Grant, and his sister.

Eliot told me that the Queen has the strongest objection to the eldest son of the Czar being spoken of as the Czarewitch, insisting upon the longer and proper word Cesarewitch being used in all despatches.

Conversation turned to a grammar of the very difficult Finnish language which Eliot has recently published, and worked round to Chinese. He said that a learned German

Sinologue, visiting a Chinese Ambassador, had enquired whether he was married, using what it appears is the proper formula: "Is there a Princess in the house?" The word Princess, however, is apt in the mouth of an European to be pronounced so as to convey quite a different idea to the celestial mind, and the reply of the great man was: "Oh no, we have killed them all." This excited some surprise, and the question was repeated, with the result of calling forth the answer: "No, I assure you they are all killed; we have a powder which destroys them readily!"

3. Miss Grant mentioned this morning that she had been with Mr. Maw when he suddenly, in a field near Gibraltar, came upon a great company of the long-lost green narcissus. "I feel," he said, "as if the eyes of Europe were upon me."

4. The mention of Twisleton's name at Grillion's, the other night, took me back to Ticknor's *Life and Letters*, in which he is constantly mentioned, and I have had most of the second volume read through to me. It is, however, one of the least satisfying of books, though pleasant enough as bringing before one the names of people whom one knew at the very end of their career, or who, like Tocqueville and Macaulay, vanished from the world of Paris and London just about the time I entered them. Ticknor does little more than tell you

that he met all the most agreeable people of his generation and that they were agreeable—a fact which one knew before. He hardly ever makes a note of anything worth remembering which passed in conversation. The following very tantalising passage from a letter to Circourt is one of many which show how much of interest he might have preserved if only he had had the impulse or the aptitude so to do:—

"As you say truly, the traditions, even, of that old society which once made Paris so charming are already among the things of the past. Its last relics lie buried with Madame de Circourt and Madame de Rauzan. What I saw of it was in 1817, in the *salon* of the dying Madame de Staël, in that of Madame de Chateaubriand and Madame Constant; then in 1818 and 1819, in the more brilliant *salons* of the Duchesse de Duras and the Duchesse de Broglie, and of the Comtesse de Ste. Aulaire, not forgetting the Saturday evenings at the palace, where the Duchesse de Duras received, with inimitable graciousness and dignity, on behalf of the king, as wife of the first gentleman of the bedchamber; and finally, in the winter of 1837-38, which we had the pleasure of passing in Paris, when the Duchesse de Broglie and Madame de Rauzan shared with Madame de Circourt the inheritance they had received from their mothers, and Guizot and Thiers and Molé had *salons* with very little of the old feminine grace and gentleness in them."[1]

My Paris is linked with his Paris chiefly through Madame de Circourt and Madame de Rauzan.

[1] Vol. ii. p. 355.

With the London of 1893 Ticknor is connected chiefly by his account of Acton as a young man, and of Mrs. Bagehot and Mrs. Greg as girls at their father's house.

5. To the garden-party at Marlborough House. I thought there was an unusual amount of beauty, even for London. The most unfamiliar thing I saw was a part of the attire of Lady Hooker. She was wearing on her wrists and as the trimming of her dress what appeared to be, both to sight and touch, plush beads, which were, however, the seeds of a plant sent to her recently from Jamaica. They belonged, her husband thought, to a convolvulus.

8. Drove over to Osterley, where the garden-parties which Lord and Lady Jersey used to give before they went to New South Wales have been resumed. The thunder growled in the distance, but no rain fell, and the guests were very numerous. Many, of course, were people whom I see constantly, but I met several whom I had not seen for many years, among them Mrs. Wingfield, and Lord Savile, last mentioned in these Notes as Sir John Lumley. He told me he is still carrying on his excavations at Lanuvium, and with curious results, finding a good many prehistoric objects thought to be of Greek origin, but belonging to a period before what we understand as the Greek ideal of beauty had been developed. Sir Francis Grenfell

gave me anything but a cheering account of the state of things in Egypt during the last few months.

9. In the afternoon we went to Ham, where there was a great gathering. When we had recrossed the river we were joined by Count Szapáry, with whom I had much talk about the state of politics in Hungary, where the Lower House seems broken into a great number of factions. His own group supports the Government of Dr. Weckerle on many points, but is vehemently opposed to it upon others, such as the proposed introduction of compulsory civil marriage. He spoke much of the great tact and political ability shown by the present Ban of Croatia in managing that country, and not least in keeping Bishop Strossmayer in order, through his influence at the Vatican.

Ward mentioned an amusing printer's blunder. Newman dedicated his *Grammar of Assent* to Sergeant Bellasis, "in remembrance of a long, equable, sunny friendship." It was observed just in time that the printer had altered the second last word into "funny"!

He told, too, an amusing story of Manning, before his Archiepiscopal days, being bearded just as he was beginning to disrobe in the Sacristy at St. Mary's, Bayswater, by an infuriated parent whose son had been seduced into the Roman fold. He drew himself up to his full height and overwhelmed the unfortunate man

with a denunciation worthy of Becket himself, winding up by assuring him that he would be a Catholic himself within three years. "How on earth," said the elder Ward, who was present at the scene, as he walked away with the hero of it, "could you know that the man would become a Catholic?" "My dear Ward," he replied, "I was in a very difficult position, and I thought I should impress him."

Miss Somers Cocks said that there had been a discussion as to how certain missionaries who had adopted the Chinese dress should wear the temperance blue ribbon. It was proposed that they should fasten it in their back hair, in order, as some one suggested, to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

10. ———, who left this country in the spring, writes from Baroda, under date, 21st June:—

"We were partly encamped and partly housed on the outskirts of a lovely wood, perhaps you know it, at Lanowli, and we had a most delightful summer, being quite wild and unconventional. Our surroundings help us thereto, everything and person is casual at Lanowli.

"We were wont to meet the village postman charged with our precious mails sitting smoking and listening to gipsy stories in the encampment at the foot of our hill, and as we went our evening walks we had to ask the cattle to make way for us on the principal High Street. Perhaps you know the Karli Caves, and can picture us breakfasting under the shadow of the great Buddha himself. But I think I love

the woods best of all—the great trees felt so protecting, and I spent many mornings comfortably settled with cushions and rugs up among the branches, while the birds sang (they really do sing more than I thought they did, and when they sound nicest I say to myself, 'Ah! now they are singing in English') around me, and the crickets chirped, and my small sister overhead, for she always ventured higher, assailed me with ribaldry and hard green mangoes."

Dined at Grillion's. Charles Bowen in the chair, Herbert and Lord Norton being present.

Bowen repeated an extremely ready answer made by a high Oxford dignitary who has lately become portentously stout. "Dear me!" he said, as he looked at him, a man who had been his friend in undergraduate days, but is now a bishop, "this is orbis veteribus notus!" "Oh, no," said the other, "it is only Mercator's projection!"

We talked of the best way of conducting Bills through Parliament, and a tribute was paid to Lord Cross's skill in the judicious use of silence. "I have passed," I observed, "not a few Indian Bills by raising my hat."

Lord Norton said that Disraeli had remarked to him when he was first in office: "There are two rules which you should always bear in mind—in the first place, never speak a word which you can help speaking; and in the second place, never write a line which you can avoid writing." He told us also that the same personage

when about to speak in the country, had sent round to the Departments to ask what they were doing. Many of the Ministers replied at great length, while he, knowing the tastes of his chief, instead of writing volumes about the Board of Trade, merely put on paper a word or two about Sanitation. The result was the famous "Sanitas Sanitatum" speech. Disraeli's hatred of taking any unnecessary trouble was one of his most marked characteristics. On one occasion Lord C——, when sitting next to him in the House of Lords, said: "Just see what nonsense he is talking—this is the real state of the case!" handing to his chief, as he spoke, a closely written manuscript. The latter kept it opposite his eyes for a decent number of moments, and then handed it back, saying: "How is Lady C——?"

After the party broke up I joined my wife at the Queen's Ball, and we reached York House in the small hours.

15. I took Clara last night to the concert at Buckingham Palace, returning here just as the clock was striking two, but went up again this morning to attend the Breakfast Club, which met under Herbert's chairmanship at the Imperial Institute. The Chancellor, Dufferin, Aberdare, Lacaita, Acton, Courtney, Lyall, and Frederick Leveson Gower were present. In the course of talk the last-named remarked on the bad habit, which he

had observed, of men, both on the Treasury and the Front Opposition Bench, leaving a colleague quite alone during his speech.

Herschell, "for the defence," said that he once sat by Chamberlain while he was making a speech which lasted from six till past ten o'clock, and had even towards the end suggested to him a point which he had overlooked!

He also said that he thought the excessively close attendance now required would drive an unusual number of men out of the House at the next election.

Conversation found its way to Cobden, and I told the story I had from Gladstone about him (see these Notes for May 1879), which no one present had heard; and Aberdare recalled a scrape into which the great free-trader had got during a speech of Henry Drummond's. That eccentric, but sometimes very effective, orator had sent the House into convulsions of laughter by a joke at the expense of the Whigs, whose pretensions to office had been set aside in favour of some of the Peelites. Cobden, much amused, threw himself back exclaiming audibly: "Oh! that's rich," meaning "that's amusing," when Rich, whom the cap fitted, sprang to his feet and made a vigorous protest.

16. A party of young people with us. A contingent of three, Diana, Claud, and Gilbert Russell, came from

the Ridgeway; Lady Arthur is in quarantine at 2 Audley Square, as we were last year. Some one told a story of a lady who had talked much to an acquaintance about the beautiful statues of which she was the happy possessor. The acquaintance going presently to see her, naturally asked for the statues. "Alas!" was the reply, "they were all stolen last night. We suspect the head housemaid."

17. "Tempora Mutantur." I came across the following to-day in a letter dated 28th June 1883, and addressed to me when I was in India:—

"You will hear from many other people of our expedition down to the Tower with the Shaw Lefevres yesterday, and of Lord Hartington calling to Mr. Chamberlain, 'Here! Hi! Chamberlain! Come and see the Traitor's Gate!'"

Dined at Grillion's. We were a party of three only —Lecky and Lord Norton being the others. The former reminded me of Bishop Strossmayer's delightful slip in the Council of 1870, when, in replying to an opponent, he invoked the "Dii immortales!" A debate in the House of Lords, which seemed likely at eight o'clock to make us dine *tête-à-tête*, carried our talk to Ireland, and he mentioned that his first experience of county business in that happy isle was a highly characteristic one. The first day he attended the Grand Jury, a long delay was caused by the non-appearance of the High Sheriff. Presently a rumour came that he had

been fired at and killed; later the rumour was modified, and they were told that he had lost the sight of an eye. "Oh! if he has only had one eye shot out," said a Grand Juror, "he will do very well."

Susan Lady Malmesbury told me that the late Lord ——— had been a great sportsman, especially devoted to duck shooting, and his mind wandered when he was *in extremis* to his favourite amusement. "The Angel of Death," he said, "is hovering over this house, and if you don't feed those ducks on the lower pond, I'll be d——d if you don't lose them all."

Dined with Northbrook, meeting amongst others Henry Grenfell, who told me that during the Franco-German war he had gone one day to dine at Dropmore with Mr. George Fortescue, finding hardly any one there but Disraeli, who did not open his mouth till near the end of the entertainment, when he observed in his most sententious manner: "The French embarked in this war because they conceived that they had the superiority in arms of precision; they had the chassepot and they had the mitrailleuse" (which he pronounced "mitraillouse"); "but of the third engine, called a man, they did not possess even a single specimen." This said, he relapsed into perfect silence.

20. Aberdare came down in the afternoon with his daughter Pamela, and remained to dine. He cited a

singularly good reply made by Lord John Russell to Roebuck, who had attacked the Government in a speech which was extremely fierce, but had little substance in it. Lord John began by saying that the speech of his honourable friend reminded him of a sight often seen in country houses, a stuffed bird of prey. There was the beak and there were the claws, but all between them was straw.

Aberdare told me that he listened to the last Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, when he moved the vote of thanks to the officers who put down the Indian Mutiny. He had taken the greatest pains to learn the facts about each commander, and said what was appropriate in every case. From the Commons Aberdare went to the Lords, where he heard "the Rupert of debate" make the same motion. He had, however, taken no trouble, trusted to his *facundia*, and made a thoroughly vapid speech, not for a moment to be compared with that of his far less eloquent son. Never was the hare more completely distanced by the tortoise.

Our talk strayed to Lowell, so agreeable at his best, so much the reverse when, as too often, he bored his company by trying to prove that all men of ability had Jewish blood, or when that secret distrust of the merits and position of himself and his countrymen, which was his bane, overmastered his better nature

and made him offensively self-assertive. Aberdare quoted some instances of this, but also his excellent advice to a young lady about to be married, which I have elsewhere noted: "Always give your husband—your way."

22. ——— sent her little son to see her father- and mother-in-law dressed for the Royal Wedding, telling him to be very good and not to make remarks. The child obeyed, but when he returned home was observed to be in very low spirits. "Well, didn't you like it?" she asked. "Oh, no!" was the reply, in a broken voice; "grandpapa was dressed like a drummer boy, and grandmamma was naked; it was dreadful!"

Mr. English dined here. I told him the story of Ranke's death, and he mentioned that the Fourth Psalm, which was being read to the great historian when he died, was St. Augustine's favourite. He repeated to me also a most elaborate liturgical joke, not new, but new to me, and said to have been made by a Cardinal some years ago: "Quid est Regnum Italiae? Videtur esse Missa Solemnis pro defunctis, sine Gloriâ, sine Credo, maximo cum Offertorio, ubi nulla Pax datur et populus sine Benedictione dimittitur!"

28. Read a little manuscript sketch of Renan by Mrs. Simpson. She tells an amusing story of his coming into Mme. Mohl's *salon* one evening in 1863, without

the faintest idea that Madame Ristori was present, and exclaiming, *à propos* of some remark of Cousin's: "C'est cette Italienne, cette comédienne qui joue sur le Boulevard qui dégrade l'art." A deep silence followed, and then Mme. Ristori, in her contralto voice, remarked: "Ce n'est pas moi, Monsieur, qui dégrade l'art," gave him a scolding, sailed into the next room, and left the house.

29. The Breakfast Club met at Trevelyan's—its last meeting for the season. Acton, Courtney, and Reay attended. Mr. Phelps, who used to be the American Minister here, was present as a guest. Conversation turned to the outrageous proceedings in the House of Commons on the 27th, and our host mentioned that there were some notes upon previous occurrences of the same kind in the *Daily News* of this morning. I looked at these later in the day, and find the nearest parallel to have been a *fracas* in the reign of Charles II., which is reported in Grey's *Debates*, on a discussion about English subjects in the service of the King of France. An armed struggle seems to have been with difficulty prevented by Hampden in 1641, when it was decided by a majority of eleven that the Grand Remonstrance should be printed. Some one remarked: "If this goes on it will be necessary to re-introduce duelling." I asked across the table: "How far are we away from

civil war?" Phelps then remarked that he had been talking over the occurrence with Mr. Bayard, who was in the Senate at the time of the attack by Brooks on Sumner, and was much struck by the resemblance of the inflammable state of opinion then and now.

August

1. My wife finished reading to us in the evening *Ships that Pass in the Night*, a remarkable book, far the best thing of the kind I have come across since *Lena's Picture*.

3. Looking at the Harrow *Prolusiones* for 1893, which Mrs. Greg, who is staying here, brought with her, I was almost startled to see that the group of Harrow men a little older or younger than myself whom I knew at Oxford — Roundell, Sir Alexander Grant, Henry Oxenham, D'Arcy, etc., etc.—seem to belong to almost prehistoric times.

Aberdare, who has been reading my Diary for 1891, sends me some notes upon it, with full permission to use them as I please. The first is on the entry for 22nd January:—

"I had several talks with Dr. Lushington when he was over ninety. He was full of reminiscences charmingly told. I specially remember (1) a night with Sheridan at Bellamy's,

when in gratifying Dr. L.'s curiosity about the Coalition, R. B. S. consumed the best part of eight bottles of claret; (2) a night with Walter Scott, when he was busy with the 'Scottish Border Minstrelsy'; they talked far into the morning; (3) the scene at Drury Lane Theatre when the managers announced the execution of Louis XVI., and asked whether it was the pleasure of the audience that the play should proceed. A deep universal 'No' was the answer, and all walked out in dead silence."

The next, on the entry for 9th February, is as follows:—

"Lowe's epigram was founded on the general, but mistaken, belief of the facts accepted by him for the sake of the epigram. The procession of the match-girls took place on a certain Monday. The determination of the Cabinet (j'y fus) to abandon the tax, was taken on the preceding Saturday, in entire ignorance of the intended demonstration. But, like the belief of the suppression of garrotting by Adderley's Act, passed more than six months after the last case, or, like the greater myth, the 'Massacre of the Bards' by Edward I., which appeared first in print about James II.'s time, in Wynne's History of Wales; and like many another historical lie, it promises to be immortal. Lowe no more believed in the story than he did in the epitaph on 'Humilis Robertus,' with which he dallied so pleasantly."

On the entry for 11th April, Aberdare remarks:—

"I met Poodle Byng several times. I remember at a dinner at Mr. Mansfield's—Lord Sandhurst's father—he told us how at a dinner-party in London, when the conversation turned on the Peninsular War, he heard General Foy apologise

for his warmth, by saying that he had lost his chance of promotion—a Marshal's baton, I suppose—by having been constantly opposed to the English, and as constantly defeated, by no fault of his own. While speaking he had pressed a star on his left breast so violently as to crush it out of shape, and it was on discovering this that he became aware of his loss of self-command."

His comment on that for 5th August, is:—

"Browning referred readily to the charge of obscurity against his poetry. He once told me, after repeating a story Wordsworth had told him illustrating his own strange want of humour and wit, that Wordsworth after all was unjust to himself, for that on hearing of Browning's engagement to Miss Barrett, he had said, 'Well! I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them.'"

On 10th December we have:—

"Your capital story of Bishop Stubbs and the 'Articles' is new to me. Did you ever hear Sydney Smith's last recorded joke, made a few days before his death? On being asked whether he had had a good night, he answered, 'Yes! I had a very pleasant dream! I dreamt that there would be in future thirty-nine Muses and only nine Articles.'"

8. Returned to York House from Peperharow, whither we went on the 5th. There was a very large party in the house, chiefly of young people, some of whom I did and others I did not know before. Amongst the latter were Mr. Godfrey White of the Grenadier Guards, who had been on Lord Stanley's staff in

Canada; and his sister, who was partly brought up at Bonchurch by Miss Sewell, of whom she gave a very delightful account. I was much pleased to find on the dinner-table my old friend *Gloriosa superba*, which I never happened to see till now in England, though, if my memory is not at fault, it was sent from Ceylon to one of the Fagels in the 17th century. I had, of course, much political talk with Midleton, in the course of which he asked me if I still saw much of ———. "No," I said; "since the split in the party I rarely come across him." "I am very sorry," he replied, "for the Liberal Unionists; their own tame cats have turned against them."

Victoria also returned to-day to York House from Merevale, where she has been staying with Mrs. Dugdale, who was one of our party here on the 30th ult.; as was Mr. Sidney Colvin. I asked him whether any excavations of importance were going on in Greece, and he told me that they have recently discovered a town of which history does not seem to have preserved the name — Ægosthene, but which must have been a place of some importance, and not far from one so familiar as Megara.

On the same day I took Lady Alba Hobart-Hampden to the Catholic Church, where we had a Mass composed by a local genius of the name of Tanner, who

is only fourteen. The Cardinal preached upon the usefulness of brief ejaculatory prayers, about which he said much that was sensible; but so far from setting a good example of brevity, "he exhausted time and encroached upon Eternity."

10. In a letter recently received, Arthur writes, under date of 22nd June:—

"We got back to Tahu on the 27th of May, after a successful run from Chemulpo. We had Bishop Corfe of Corea on board, and he preached on Sunday. Curiously enough the only other time I had ever been to a service on board ship he had been the preacher—in 1887, on the *Alexandra* at Cadiz."

This should have been noted on an earlier page, as also should have been some mottoes mentioned by Mrs. Craven in her account of La Roche en Breny, which I read in Mrs. Bishop's memoir, which she is kindly sending to me as it comes from the typewriter —"Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs," belonging to the Merodes; "Ni espoir ni peur," and "Bien ou Rien."

21. I remained till this afternoon at La Mancha, which received its strange name from a member of the Dundonald family, into whose possession it came last century, and who had property in Southern Spain.

I read there seven of the Bishop of Oxford's lectures, delivered while he was Regius Professor of History at

Oxford, and found in them, in addition to much valuable matter of which I need say nothing here, several interesting notices of persons whose names appear in these Notes. Speaking of Shirley, whose name will be found in my Diary for 1851, Dr. Stubbs uses these words:—

"Noble, good, and wise far beyond his years, who had watched and worked for the development of this study from the day of its introduction to Oxford, whose labours and influence were ever used for good and for everything that was good, whose early promotion and effective character had marked him out as the man who was to do great things for the University and the Church of God in this age."

The following refers to the Bishop's first meeting with J. R. Green, which has become the subject of a legend:—

"I was told, 'If you leave the Station at two you will meet Green, and possibly Dimock,' the biographer of S. Hugh, whom I knew already. I knew by description the sort of man I was to meet; I recognised him as he got into the Wells carriage, holding in his hand a volume of Renan. I said to myself, 'If I can hinder, he shall not read that book.' We sat opposite, and fell immediately into conversation. I daresay that I aired my erudition so far as to tell him that I was going to the Archæological meeting, and to stay at Somerleaze. 'O then,' he said, 'you must be either Stubbs or Dimock.' I replied, 'I am not Dimock.' He came to me at Navestock afterwards, and that volume of Renan found its way uncut into my waste-

paper basket. That is all; a matter of confusion and inversion; and so, they say, history is written."

I see Dr. Stubbs speaks respectfully of Professor Cramer, some of whose lectures I attended on first going up to Oxford in 1847, before the failure of my eyes overthrew most of my plans of study.

From La Mancha my wife and I passed to Lady Reay's, at Carolside, leaving Victoria with her cousins. The weather was wild, and the Tweed in that condition which Scott describes as one not of flood but of "heavy water." The storm, however, which burst over all this district on the night of the 19th, came from the west, and has hardly affected the Leader, on whose banks Carolside stands.

23. We went over this afternoon to Ravenswood, Admiral Fairfax's lovely place. He is now in command of the Channel Squadron, and has just returned to his ship after a holiday of two or three days; but we found Mrs. Fairfax, and saw the remarkable collection of orchids.

24. An excellent day for seeing the country, not without showers, which, however, leave the sky intensely blue when they have passed by. We drove towards Dryburgh as far as Bemerside, a place I have long been curious to visit; just such a one as my predecessors, had they been wise in time, might have made, if they

had adapted the old castle of Eden to the purposes of modern life. At the top of the hill, before descending upon Bemerside, Lady Reay called my attention to the tradition that exactly at that spot, which commands one of Sir Walter's favourite views, the horses which drew his hearse stopped. She pointed out to me also, at another part of the road, the old tower of Smailholm.

From Bemerside we went to Gladswood to see the Hays, who usually live at Putney, and with whom we became lately acquainted. The second daughter, Adèle, shows real genius as a sculptress. Gladswood, which forms a sort of pendant to Ravenswood on the other side of the Tweed, commands even more beautiful views.

Captain Bruce Hamilton, Mrs. Beaumont's brother, who was in charge of Pertâb Singh, the brother of the Maharajah of Jodhpore, when he came over for the Jubilee, has talked much to me in these days about him, and has had nothing to say that was not very much to his advantage. In fact, the epitaph which he wrote for one of his companions who died in England might obviously serve for himself: — "He was all that a Rajpût ought to be."

25. I went this afternoon to interview the White Lady of Avenel, whom I found on the banks of her own

stream, reposing in the shape of a beautiful cat of appropriate colour on a ledge of a broken tower, in one of the three little fortalices — Colmslie, Langshaw, and Hillslap — which combined in the mind of the Great Enchanter to form the idea of Glendearg, which never had any more objective existence.

Miss Hay, who, with her younger sister mentioned yesterday, came over to tea, quoted to me a happy description by an American of an opal: — "A pearl with a soul in it."

26. Drove over to Thirlestane Castle, Lord Lauderdale's place, near the town of Lauder. It is a huge house, some portions of it being of very great antiquity; others much more recent; but all more or less in the style of architecture which Scotland borrowed from France. The general effect is gloomy, but it is full of treasures, the china and the snuff-boxes being, perhaps, the most prized. There is a very admirable picture by Romney of one of the ladies of the house, and several of the ceilings are of exceptional merit. The title has changed hands rapidly of late years, and Lady Reay has known no less than five Earls in possession of the Lauderdale estates since she came to settle in Berwickshire.

27. This afternoon my wife and I crossed the curious irregular old bridge and walked down the

Leader to where it leaves the grounds, a charming alternation of pool and ripple, where yellow wagtails, wrens, water-hens, water-ouzels, and herons make themselves, and those who are as fond of their kindred as we are, extremely happy.

Then we passed up the river above the house to try to see a little stoat, with whose proceedings she had been much amused in the morning; but he did not appear. When we came in she read aloud passages in the *Purgatorio* from the miniature Dante she always carries with her—"Era gia l'ora." "State contenta umana gente al quia"; the speech of Buonconte di Montefeltro; and much else.

28. Drove over to Huntly Burn on the other side of Melrose, where a cricket match was going on. Mrs. Kerr, who lives there, took me up to see the house where Sir Adam Fergusson lived in the days of Sir Walter, who gave the place its present name. Much of the building, as it now stands, was added by Mr. Hope Scott. Thence we went on to Chiefswood, which has also been much added to, but which in its earlier day was inhabited by Lockhart and his wife.

My guide pointed out the window of the room in which *The Pirate* was written, and then took me to the opening of Rhymer's Glen, where Thomas of Ercildoun, a fragment of whose ruined and ivy-clad

tower is still to be seen in the village of Earlston, had his interview with the Queen of the Fairies.

I walked up as far as the second of the two small bridges which span the stream, accurately described by Scott, not as a brook but as a runnel; then gathered some Enchanter's Nightshade with several sprigs of yew, and returned, meeting on my way back a son of Mrs. Maxwell Scott's, whom Lady Reay had sent to rescue me from the spirits of the place, and who told me that his mother, who is still living near Dresden, had almost finished an account of Mary Stuart's last days at Fotheringay.

29. At ten o'clock I drove away from Carolside, and so ended a week of pleasant talks, pleasant walks, pleasant drives, pleasant everything. The four-legged society was on a par with the two-legged. Flossy and Fatima have now many companions — there is Chrysi, and Loti and Zoni, and many more, old and young, named and unnamed. There is a cat who is a worthy successor of Fritz, promoted to the Elysian Fields, and the deer flourish as of old. The white cockatoo still pursues Fatima with his attentions; and if the power to serve him as the fay Vivien served Merlin is wanting, the will to do so is assuredly there.

The owls have been a great delight ever since we arrived. I protected them strictly when we lived at Eden, but have hardly heard their cry since we ceased

to do so. My wife, who is as fond of them as I am, saw two fly across the front of the house last night, in the bright moonshine.

From St. Boswell's station, made interesting by a fine view of the Eildons, I made my way to Carlisle, and so south by the Midland. I had never before seen Kirkstall Abbey, close to Leeds, nor was I prepared for the extreme ugliness of the country I traversed *viâ* Normanton, Sheffield, Nottingham, Melton Mowbray, and Kettering, until evening closed in. It had long been night when I reached York House.

30. Among things which I found on my table there was a little box containing live specimens of *Ludwigia palustris* in fruit, gathered at Brockenhurst, by Mr. Frederick Hanbury. I see that Hewett Watson queries its continued existence in Hampshire, so this find is interesting.

During my absence Lily has covered herself with glory by capturing, on the Surrey side of the river, *Dianthus deltoides* in flower. This is the plant De Tabley and I went to look for in the walk noted under the date of 10th June.

In the afternoon I took Lily to Kew, of my visits to which I have been rather losing count lately. The newest thing I saw to-day was a gigantic orchid, almost tree-like in its proportions—*Grammatophyllum speciosum*—in the great tank where the *Victoria regia* lives.

September

1. Leaving York House yesterday I crossed the Channel and slept in Paris. This morning I went before breakfast to Saint Thomas de Villeneuve and to Saint Sulpice; after it to the Historical Museum in the Hôtel Carnavalet, where Madame de Sevigné lived for nearly twenty years. It is full of treasures, of which, although I had an intelligent guide, I saw only a fraction. Amongst things which I remember were the Proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick in 1792; the printed programme of the Execution of Louis XVI.; a sketch of Marie Antoinette taken in the Conciergerie; a Lettre de Cachet and the corresponding order of release from the Bastille; a model of that fortress carved out of a stone which formed part of it; portraits of all the principal notorieties of the Revolution, most of them as unpleasant as their reputation. One or two pictures of St. Just, however, represents him as very good-looking, which I suppose the monster was. The less favourable representation of him seems to have been a gift of M. Clémenceau, while Gambetta was the donor of a Jacobin cap, which lies beside a Phrygian one, in what was once Madame de Sevigné's bedroom!

From the Hôtel Carnavalet I drove to Mr. Stephenson's

house at the other end of Paris—23 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—and saw many of his beautiful books, bound chiefly by Cuzin. I observed to-day that the extraordinary perfection of Cuzin's and Mercier's gilding *killed* very fine specimens of Bedford and Marius Michel when laid beside them.

From Mr. Stephenson's I went with my nephew Douglas to the British Embassy, where I was introduced to Mr. Phipps, who is now in charge in the absence of Lord Dufferin, and under whom Arthur served long at Vienna.

2. I left Paris last night, came *viâ* Pontarlier to Lausanne, and passed on to Montreux, whence, driving up through the belt of vineyards, the village of Chernex and that of Sonzier, I reached the Châlet Blumenthal, which stands about 1000 feet above the lake, just within the edge of the Alpine pastures, and is separated by a deep gorge from Glion, where we stayed for a day or two in 1869. Here I found in addition to Clara, Mrs. O'Connell, the aunt of my hostess; Miss Wolkoff, a Russian, who knew my sister at Weimar; and Mr. Lascelles, of Harrow. Rain fell as I ascended from Montreux, and became later very heavy, a circumstance which did not prevent some of us walking up in the evening nearly as far as Les Avants, which I was curious to see.

Mrs. O'Connell told me that her maid, who is a Burgundian, distinctly remembers seeing an old woman

at Autun put a sou into the hand of a dead child. She asked the reason, and received the reply: "C'est pour payer le trajet à Charon"! Could there be a more curious proof of the depth to which Roman civilisation had penetrated the Gaulish mind?

3. When I rose this morning the sky had lifted and there was every appearance of fine weather, though some fragments of rain-cloud, which had lost their way, still hung above the lake. The currents produced on its surface a strange sort of water-mirage. It was as if I saw, half-way between us and Meillerie, islands with houses upon them, separated by lagunes, one, for all the world, like the Grand Canal. The ground falls very rapidly from the Châlet towards Montreux, which is, however, hid by the trees of a little wood at the bottom of the garden. Half-way between the house and the upper edge of this wood is a terrace, over which have been trained the vine, a large-leaved *Aristolochia*, jasmine, clematis, and other creepers, so as to form a *berceau* or covered arcade—an agreeable feature in all gardens, but especially appropriate at a spot so near that ever memorable one on which, on the night of 27th June 1787, the greatest of English historians walked up and down after writing the last line of the last page of the *Decline and Fall.*

Two or three steps from the eastern end of the

berceau one comes in sight of an admirable view of Jaman, of the Rocks of Naye, of Sonchaud, and of the Dent du Midi, but not of Malatrait, about whose position Mat Arnold, although very particular in such matters, would seem to have made some mistake. In the case of a less scrupulous and accurate poet, it would be enough to say that no one is bound to swear to the truth of a song; but in his case that explanation does not entirely satisfy me.

My room, which looks to the west, commands an admirable view towards and far beyond Vevey. Clarens is at my feet, and as I read the description of Madame de Wolmar's imaginary Elysée in the pages of the *Nouvelle Heloïse*, I thought how very much more beautiful was this spot than anything Rousseau had dreamt of. I have only to step into the balcony, into which my room opens, to see the whole range of the Savoy mountains beyond the lake, to the greatest advantage.

What a happy remark about a certain kind of woman: "Culture—she gets her culture at Whiteley's!"

4. I drove this afternoon with Madame Blumenthal to the old Château of Blonay, where we walked on the terrace, and returned through the pleached Platane Avenue of Hauteville, past the Castle of Châtelard and the village of Chailly.

Madame Blumenthal told me to-day another admirable piece of advice given by the old Belgian mentioned in these Notes for 22nd May : "Tâchez de vous préparer pour la bonne compagnie du Ciel."

Did I ever write down the happy saying suggested by the inscription on the coins of the French Republic of 1848, which I heard in those days?—"Liberté—point. Egalité—point. Fraternité—point" ; and which was thus varied : "Liberté de faire du mal. Egalité de misère. Fraternité de Cain et Abel." The very handsome head which typified the Republic had an astonishing abundance of hair. "Il n'y a que des tresses," said some one. These things came back to me on our drive to-day, and if not already preserved, seem worth preserving,

5. "The wild wolves of laughter," said ———, "were tearing my vitals." Is not that an admirable description of a person overcome by some ludicrous idea at the very moment when it was most desirable to be grave?

I went up in the evening to the high point above the house known as the Cubly, gathering as I walked such plants as remained in flower. Many were common English ones. Amongst those which were not, I was most interested by *Prenanthes purpurea* and *Scabiosa sylvatica*, which I had either never seen before or had forgotten.

Madame Blumenthal gave me a very remarkable

Christmas carol, written by Miss Probyn, a Catholic convert, which is full of the *naiveté,* but instinct also with the devotional spirit, of the Middle Age.

Here are the first three verses :—

"Lacking samite and sable,
  Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
  Slept, and was three hours old.

"As doves by the fair water,
  Mary, not touched of sin,
Sat by Him—the King's daughter,
  All glorious within.

"A lily without one stain, a
  Star, where no spot hath room :
Ave gratiâ plena,
  Virgo virginum!"[1]

7. This afternoon we emigrated to the Rigi Vaudois, from the Châlet, where I spent five very pleasant days. I do not know indeed that I have for a long time forgotten more the small troubles of life than in that "half-Lethe and whole paradise." Clara wrote in the visitors' book some stanzas, of which this was the second :—

"The dream-days come and the dream-days go,
And we mark it not, for the hills are green;
And the white daturas bud and blow,
And the stream makes ever a murmur low,
And the blue lake shines between."

[1] It is curious how little known is Miss Probyn's exquisite volume, entitled *Pansies.*

8. ———, writing about a professional agitator, mentions that he had asked a friend who knew the fellow, whether he was honest? and had received a happy reply: "Yes, honest, so far as a man who is simply governed by his emotions and does not open his eyes to facts can be called honest; but of such is the Kingdom of Mischief."

We went up by a very comfortable mountain railway on the Abt system to the hotel recently opened at the Rochers de Naye, between six and seven thousand feet above the sea, where I spent two or three hours in botanising, finding little in flower, but not nothing. I gathered, for example, one specimen of the White Alpine ranunculus, and one of the Alpine forget-me-not; several of *Aster Alpinus*, *Bupleurum ranunculoides*, *Calamintha Alpina*, and *Dianthus sylvestris*; a great deal of *Adenostyles albifrons*, mostly half faded; *Centaurea Montana*, and *Scabiosa Columbaria*, *Campanula Scheuzerii*, near the hare-bell, but larger and darker.

I did not go to the principal point of view, where the clouds seem to have been troublesome. Where I was they did not prevent delightful glimpses of—

"The green river, who doth change
His birth-name just below;
Orchard, and croft, and full-stored grange,
Nursed by his pastoral flow." [1]

[1] Mat Arnold.

The pass was crowned with gentians, but, alas! not aflame with their yellow spires, for, as usual (see these Notes for 17th June), I have visited their haunts too late.

12. The 9th and 10th we passed at the Rigi Vaudois without events, unless gathering *Coronilla varia*, which was new to me, can be accounted one; paying a visit to the Châlet, where we found amongst others Lady Erne, Mr. Austin Lee and his wife, losing ourselves in the wood behind Chillon, and enjoying the wonderful view from our balcony; but yesterday we ran down to Geneva, touching as we passed at Evian and Thonon on the Savoy shore, which I had never previously done. I looked in vain for M. Ernest Navile, but saw M. Correvon, and went with him over the garden which he has created for the Alpine plants. Most things were out of flower, but amongst others to which he called my attention were a yellow *Achillæa* from Greece; a lovely blue *Plumbago* from China, which has run wild in the garden; a yellow Clematis from the same country, said to be perfectly hardy; a *Mühlenbeckia* from New Zealand, belonging to the Dock family, but a shrub; a new Mulgedium from the Caucasus; and the White Alpine Poppy.

M. Correvon is at the head of the association which was founded, in 1883, for the protection of the rarer Swiss plants, and gave me several of its Bulletins, which contained some notable articles. Amongst them was one

in which he points out that several of the less known orchids, as for instance *Epipogum aphyllum*, and *Corallorrhiza innata*, if they could only speak, might explain to us our own origin, for they assuredly saw the first appearance of man in these latitudes.

13. This morning, after a pilgrimage to La Sallaz (see these Notes for August 1891), we went to the Cathedral, which forms so striking an object from many parts of Lausanne. It was built in 1260, and the interior is fine, though time and circumstance have given it rather the effect of a body without a soul. Here, amongst other noticeable monuments, is one, good according to the taste of the period before men began to say:—

> "And Taste and Art, rejecting heathen mould,
> Shall draw their types from Europe's middle night,
> Well-pleased if such good darkness be their light."

It was raised by Sir Stratford Canning in memory of his first wife, over the place where her "Cara ossa sancte quiescunt," as the graceful epitaph has it.

In the afternoon we went to Monabri, from which so many of Mrs. Craven's letters to me were dated, and where her husband died. The Princess Wittgenstein[1] received me like an old friend, and we had a long conversation. I asked her if she had ever seen Alexandrine.

[1] Leonille, Princess of Sayn Wittgenstein of the Karlsburg-Ludwigsburg branch, born 1810, married 1834. She was a daughter of Prince Bariatinsky. Her husband died in 1866.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I met her first in Florence. My husband and I went to dine with her mother, and she was there dressed in the deepest mourning. I was very much attracted by the extraordinary tenderness of her look and manner. Afterwards I was a good deal with her in Paris, and she was most kind to me at a very critical period of my life, when I was hesitating between the Eastern Church, in which I was born, and the Catholic. One day when I found a difficulty in putting something into words, she threw her arms round me, and said: 'Do not tell me! I understand it all'!"

When we had taken leave we passed through the garden and by her tribune on the Epistle side of the Altar into the Chapel, which contains some pictures on a gold ground, by the Princess herself.

15. After attending Mass in the Chapel of Monabri we travelled *viâ* Pontarlier to Dijon, and to-day, at long last, I succeeded in making it convenient to stop at Sens, which Lubbock and I had so often vowed to do, as we passed on our way to and from Algeria or the East, that it became a standing joke between us. I never before observed Buffon's Château at Montbard. Murray mentions the monument which was raised in honour of that eminent man by his son, bearing the inscription:—

"Excelsæ turris humilis columna
Parenti suo filius Buffon, 1785."

If he always wrote as pithily as that, he certainly did not deserve the character which an enemy gave of him: "C'est le plus mauvais chapitre de l'Histoire Naturelle de son père"!

The Cathedral of Sens is indeed well worth a visit. It has been restored by Viollet-le-Duc, and I suspect that a good deal has been sacrificed which had better have been left; still, as it stands, it is very lovely. The Senonais assert that it is the earliest complete example of the Pointed Architecture. However this may be, it is assuredly one of the earliest and is the immediate predecessor of the present Canterbury, the architect of which was William of Sens. It was during the building of the Cathedral, commenced in 1124, that Pope Alexander III. took refuge at Sens in 1163, and for more than eighteen months the little French city was virtually the capital of Christendom. While he was there, arrived another famous exile, in the person of Thomas à Becket, some of whose vestments are still shown in the Trèsor. It was in the nave, then still unfinished, that the Council was held which condemned Abelard in 1140, and nearly a hundred years later, in 1234, St. Louis was married in this Cathedral to Margaret of Provence. He had engraved upon his ring these three words: "Dieu, France, et Marguérite"; and liked to say in showing it, "Hors cet annel, n'ai point d'amour."

16. Rose early and went out to see, at the extremity of the town, the very ancient church of Saint Savinien, martyred, as runs the legend, near this place. An hour later we started for Paris, some seventy miles off, which we reached in due course. Clara had never been in the Louvre, so I took her thither, seeing many things I remembered, and many I had forgotten. Amongst things new to me was the Regent diamond, of which I have long had a model. It is a magnificent stone, very much the finest I have ever beheld, and worthy of its history. That history, disengaged from many fables which have gathered around it, but romantic in the highest degree, is recounted by Sir Henry Yule in his life of William Hedges, published for the Hakluyt Society (Vol. III. cxxv.-cxlvii.)

17. We had the good fortune to hear the Stabat Mater beautifully sung to-day, first at the High Mass in St. Roch just before the sermon, and then at the Benediction in Notre Dame de Sion, where I have not been since February 1887.

In the Gallery of the Luxemburg, to which Clara took me, I saw many beautiful things. Amongst its sculptures I should most like to possess Joan of Arc at Domrèmy, by Chapu, a kneeling figure evidently listening to the "Voices." Among the pictures my choice would have fallen on the "Vierge Consolatrice" of Bourguereau, if it

had not been half ruined by the dead child sprawling in the foreground, in most inartistic defiance of the Horatian counsel about Medea.

The most interesting portion of my day, however, was spent in the museum of Les Archives. I used to know Alfred Maury very well in my earlier Paris days; but somehow fell out of acquaintance with him after he became "Archiviste," and he is now dead.

The great majority of the documents which are shown to the public are so near the eye and so well lighted as to be admirably seen, and it would be impossible to exaggerate their interest. There, for instance, was in holograph, Condé's letter announcing to Mazarin his victory at Rocroy; there was the actual treaty of the Pyrenees with the signatures placed on it in the Isle of Pheasants; there was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—the actual document; there was a sketch of the life of Henrietta of England in Madame de Motteville's own hand; there was a minute dictated by Napoleon immediately after the crossing of the Beresina, and showing all his mastery of detail; there was the will of Louis XVI., and the last letter written by Marie Antoinette, every word plainly legible; there was Charlotte Corday's farewell to her father in which she quoted Corneille's line—"Le crime fait le honte et non pas l'échafaud"; there was Carnot's letter announcing the treason of Dumourier;

there was a document found on the person of Roland after his death, expressing his horror of the state of things which then prevailed; there was the order signed by Robespierre and others ordering the arrest of Danton, and the table, taken curiously enough from the private room of Louis XVI., upon which Robespierre lay after his attempt upon his life; there was Neckar's letter of resignation; and there were letters and other documents, some holograph, a few only signed, by Mazarin, Cardinal de Retz, Colbert, Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, Vauban, Villars, Catinat, M. de Rancé, Le Nôtre, Huet, Bossuet, Labruyère, Corneille, Racine, the Regent Orleans, Louis XV., Madame de Pompadour, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Beaumarchais, Fouquier-Tinville, Vergniaud, Barras, Cathelineau, Danton, Pétion, and many others.

19. We left Paris this morning and ran rapidly through a supremely uninteresting country some sixty-five miles to Soissons, whence I visited the magnificent ruins of Coucy, which recall the feudal strongholds of Palestine. There is an elaborate description of it by Viollet-le-Duc, from which I see that it was built very quickly between 1225 and 1230 by Enguerrand III., the most powerful vassal of the King of France, and who was perhaps only prevented from trying conclusions with the young St. Louis, by the ability of his mother, Blanche de Castille.

Violletle-Duc's account is illustrated by admirable plans and engravings. He says :—

"Si loin que puisse aller l'imagination des romanciers ou des historiens chercheurs de la *couleur locale*, elle leur représentera difficilement ce que la vue de ces monuments si grands et si simples dans leur disposition rend intelligible au premier coup d'œil ; aussi conseillons-nous à tous ceux qui aiment à vivre quelquefois dans le passé d'aller voir le donjon de Coucy ; car rien ne peint mieux la féodalité dans sa puissance, ses mœurs, sa vie toute guerrière, que cet admirable débris du château d'Enguerrand."

Soissons, thanks to its having had the good fortune to have been frequently bombarded, is a relatively well-built and clean little town. No one would guess from seeing it that it played so important a part as it has done in history. Here it was that Clovis defeated Syagrius and put an end to the Roman dominion in Gaul ; here, when the star of the Merovingians had paled, Pepin le Bref was raised to supreme rule ; while, alike in the struggles between the Seigneurs and the Communes, between the partisans of France and England, between Catholic and Protestant, all the region round has suffered many things. Down quite to our own times it has been a theatre of war, for Soissons was taken and retaken in 1814, and was again attacked and captured in the autumn of 1870.

The Church of St. Léger has a curious crypt which

we visited, but the only thing of much importance in the town is the Cathedral, which is so remarkable that I cannot understand why it is not much better known. It contains an excellent modern statue of a very good-looking Bishop, who was, I doubt not, the best of men, but rejoiced in the rather unlucky name, to an English ear, of Monseigneur de Simony.

20. From Soissons I retraced my steps as far as Coucy to show Clara, who did not accompany me yesterday, the exterior of it; and then passed on *viâ* Chauny and Noyon to Compiègne. Thence we drove some seven miles through the Forest to Pierrefonds, which was built about 1400 by Louis D'Orleans, and was restored by Viollet-le-Duc under the orders and chiefly at the expense of Napoleon III. Of it, too, the great architect has left a careful account. Writing in 1886, he said:—

"Nous n'avons que trop de ruines dans notre pays, et les ruines, si pittoresques qu'elles soient, ne donnent guère l'idée de ce qu' étaient ces habitations des grands seigneurs les plus éclairés du moyen âge, amis des arts et des lettres, possesseurs de richesses immenses. Le château de Pierrefonds, rétabli en totalité, fera connaître cet art à la fois civil, et militaire qui, de Charles V., à Louis XI., était supérieur à tout ce que l'on faisait alors en Europe. C'est dans l'art féodal du XVème siècle en France, développé sous l'inspiration des Valois, que l'on trouve en germe toutes les splendeurs de notre Renaissance, bien plus que dans l'imitation des arts Italiens."

We returned from Pierrefonds by a more circuitous route through the Forest, the botany of which must present some interest earlier in the year. The lily-of-the-valley seems to be the very weed of the soil, growing in vast quantities on either side of the road.

21. This morning we went through the rather forlorn Palace of Compiègne, built by Louis XV., connected chiefly, however, with recollections of the first and third Napoleons. The furniture and decorations would be very instructive to students of such things, and there was a tragic interest in the apartments once occupied by Marie Antoinette. Not less interesting to me was the room where Napoleon III. used to work, and where so many dreams were dreamed by him, of whom M. de Falloux said:—

"Il ne sait pas la difference entre rêver et penser."

The thing, however, which struck me most was the really grand Avenue down which the Imperial party used to pass to the great Chasses.

From Compiègne we transferred ourselves to Chantilly and went over the house, which contains the most admirable collection of pictures, books, miniatures, and what not. In the chapel behind the altar is the heart of the great Condé.

From Chantilly we went to Paris, where I had time,

in addition to paying a visit to the Rue de Sèvres, to see various things, of which the Church of the Sacré Cœur on the top of the historic hill of Montmartre was perhaps the most important.

22. From Paris we returned to York House.

25. With Lily and Iseult to the Natural History Museum, to have some fossils which they found in the carboniferous limestone of Lancashire named by the authorities there. When this had been done, the Head of the Department showed us many of the treasures under his charge, including not a few things which I had not seen, such as the feathers of the Moa; the coarse hair which protected the Siberian Mammoth, and a piece of his skin with the wool upon it; the Archæopteryx, that is, the transitional form between the reptile and the bird; with much else. I had no idea that so very large an amount of elephants' bones and tusks had been dredged up from the Dogger Bank, the site of which must have been occupied by a great valley, full of these animals, at a very recent period of the earth's long history.

October

1. In these last days a friend told me that he once had occasion to talk to a young man who was engaged in the perilous process of "making moral experiments."

He pointed out that whereas it was quite true to say that men had differed, and still differed enormously about matters of religion, there was a practical consensus about all the larger and broader questions relating to morality, adding: "You might as well talk of making experiments and coming to your own conclusions about morals, as of making experiments and coming to your own conclusions about seamanship. If you were to do so in our seas, the chances are that you would run on the Goodwin Sands." The individual in question took, a little later in life, to yachting, carried his experiments into that pursuit, and actually did run on the Goodwin Sands!

The death of the Master of Balliol, which has been known for some days to be imminent, is announced this morning. He has been a conspicuous figure in my world since the spring of 1847, that is to say, for rather more than half the years through which this century has run. Destiny played me a mischievous trick when, there being two, and so far as I know, only two, very remarkable college tutors in Oxford at that period, she decided that I was to become the pupil of that one of the two who was least adapted to my peculiar needs, and this through the direct, though most unwilling, action of the other. From first to last, however, Jowett and I were on the best possible terms, though I never belonged to the inmost, or anything like the inmost,

circle of his friends. Many stories are told of his sharp criticisms. I have showed up any amount of work to him, good, bad, and indifferent, but he never said one single word calculated, even at the time, to cause me pain, and his advice, though very sparingly given, was uniformly excellent. Simplicity in writing and in all things was one of his favourite themes. I remember his saying to me, when, I suppose, I had been trying to write too artificially: "You are too young—even I perhaps am too young to attempt to write a formed style."

I see by looking back to the records of my Oxford time, that I first took composition to him on 19th October 1847, a translation of a part of the *Lotus Eaters* in Latin hexameters, with a piece of Latin prose; and that I was very much struck with the short address which he read on the night of Saturday, 13th November, in the same year, to his pupils who were to receive the Communion next morning.

I trust that whoever writes his life will be able to give us some of his pre-Communion addresses. I have never seen any of them since those days, but the effect they produced was very remarkable indeed. This first one was on the text, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and, like all the rest, fulfilled the maxim of Marcus Aurelius to "mind life more than notion."

I observe, too, that I dined with him *tête-à-tête* on 9th January 1848, and I well remember how frightened I was! His own extreme shyness, in those days, had the effect of making such of his younger friends as were at all shy become, for the time being, hopelessly idiotic.

He stayed with us at Eden something like a quarter of a century ago, and was again with us at Hampden, in company with his life-long friend, Arthur Stanley, the other college tutor mentioned above, but I do not think he was ever here. We exchanged letters at distant intervals, but always about some definite matter of common interest. We were never in regular correspondence.

His last letter but one to me was dated 8th May 1893, and ran as follows:—

"I write to thank you for the Memoir of Renan, which I have found extremely interesting. It is just what was wanted. It will not only make him known, but show him as he was to the English world.

"Could one of Renan's friends translate it into French? It grieves me that I knew so little of him. He was a really good and great man, who has done much for France and for mankind. In some respects he may be compared to M. Arnold. Both of them wrote an exquisite style; both of them had courage and were regardless of the opinion of the world; both of them had a strong religious feeling, which was not understood by their contemporaries. No

doubt Renan's is the larger and more enduring work. But M. Arnold is very admirable.

"I regret that Renan wrote at the end of his life that strange drama about the Reign of Terror. It is a great blessing to have known such men, and to be able to write such a tribute in honour of one of them."

In his last letter, after replying to a question of mine about one of his pupils, whom I proposed to recommend as a travelling tutor, he added:

"I never finished the *Récit d'une Sœur*, though it seemed to me an exquisite book, quite first-rate in style. I shall take it up again in a little while, and will then try to give you an opinion about it more at length."

6. Went down to Jowett's funeral. There were in the railway carriage, in addition to two people whom I did not know, the Speaker, the Bishop of London, and Colonel ffolliott. With the former I had a great deal of talk about the position of affairs and about the present House of Commons.

Another subject was the diary which he has kept ever since he entered Parliament in 1859, and which he continues in his present position. Alike from what he told me to-day, and from what he has told me on former occasions, I gather that during the twenty-two years in which we were working side by side, we hardly ever recorded the same thing. His notes seem to relate almost exclusively to events which occurred, and speeches

which were made, within the four walls of the chamber over which he now presides.

He told me, *inter alia*, that he had himself heard Mr. ——— say in a speech: "If this is not jerrymandering, then Mr. Jerry Mander has lived in vain."[1]

I mentioned as an instance of the way in which stories get altered, that a friend wrote to me the other day that she had heard it said that Max Müller had swallowed the heart of Louis XIV. I was able to reply to her that that story had been told me years ago, the hero of it, however, being Dean Buckland, when his mind was going, but that I did not know whether it was true. "I don't know either," said the Speaker; "but I well remember his taking out of his pocket in my father's house at luncheon, something which looked like a piece of leather, and saying: 'This is a piece of the flesh of the Mammoth, preserved in ice in Siberia; would any one like to taste it?' There were several volunteers, to whom he handed little fragments which he cut off with his penknife."

Colonel ffolliott, who had been many years ago a member of a reading party of which Temple was the coach, re-introduced himself to the Bishop, who, as I have remarked elsewhere, is now very blind. In the

[1] Jerrymandering is a corruption of Gerrymandering, and is derived from the name of Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States in 1812.

course of conversation he said: "Are you fond of the sea?" Dr. Temple replied:

> "Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis.
> E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem."

The first portion of the service was read in Balliol Chapel, and well read, by William Fremantle.

The Dead March in *Saul* was played as we filed out, but after that there was no music of any kind. The procession was very long, and full of most distinguished people, but the strange omission I have mentioned detracted very much indeed from the impressiveness of the ceremony, the concluding scene of which took place in the cemetery near the Clarendon Press.

8. Colonel ffolliott came back with me to York House, and we were joined last night by Miss Somers Cocks and Sir Rowland Blennerhassett. The conversation, I need hardly say, turned very much upon Irish subjects.

In the afternoon Blennerhassett read to me passages from his wife's forthcoming book upon Talleyrand—some of them extremely interesting, and putting that statesman's character in a more favourable light than that in which I have been accustomed to regard it. He told me, too, a most remarkable story, to the effect that after all the instances of the King of Saxony and of the Grand Duke of Baden, who were both very much afraid of popular pressure being brought to bear upon the

Princes, had failed to induce the mad King of Bavaria to take the initiative in proposing the restoration of the German Empire, that object had been accomplished by a heavy pecuniary bribe, and that the annuity which was paid to the king while he survived was provided from the Guelphic Fund—a new reading of the old policy of "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Sir Rowland mentioned at breakfast that Newman had been taken fourteen times as a boy to see Kean in *Richard III.*, and had never seen him play it twice in the same way.

10. Lady Gregory sends me a plant of Maidenhair from Grania's Island. Her letter was begun on 1st October, in Inishmaan. After describing the life of the people, she goes on to say:—

"But the weather is lovely, and the beauty of the views wonderful. To the north there is the whole range of the Connemara Hills, with shifting lights and shades; and to the south, the cliffs of Moher.

"The island at first seemed literally formed of solid rock, but there is grass here and there, not to speak of the Maidenhair. At Inisheer there is a thorn tree, bowed with age and supposed to be dying—but such an exotic is not to be found here. The great Cyclopean fort, Dun Conor, awed me with its massive greatness, until I went to the shore and saw how it was dwarfed by what Nature can do, when she sets to work to build ramparts and pave courts by the mile, and play pitch and toss with boulders.

"October 5th. Aran-Mor. I have been weather-bound at Inisheer, the sea too rough till yesterday for a canoe to leave the island, but I am at the big island now, and hope for a steamer to-day to take me to Galway.

"The time has not hung heavily, for there are endless relics of the past—Druid altars and beehive cells, and churches built by the saints of the early centuries — and here, the most splendid of all Cyclopean forts, Dun Aengas, crowning the cliffs — and altars, crosses, and blessed wells, and beds of saints and giants, are scattered through the fields—and even in this century the people have commemorated their friends by wayside crosses and 'eternal prayers' for the soul of such a one—and these relieve the treeless scenery.

"I am telling you all this in the hope that some day you will be tempted to come and explore for yourself, and then I will put in my claim of being a qualified guide. The people are not so tragically sad as in 'Grania'; I could hear low ripples of laughter from the evening fireside at Inisheer, but neither are they merry; a potato and fish diet, and the battle with the stones and the sea, settles this."

13. Returned to York House from Six Mile Bottom, Mr. Hall's place in Cambridgeshire, where I have not been since I was staying there nineteen years ago with poor Charles Kingsley, just before my first visit to India. The place is so entirely changed that I had not the slightest recollection of anything I saw. When I was last there, it had not been long in my friend's possession, and it retained the character which it had in the days of his uncle, who considered a tree to be an intrusive

vegetable which might prevent a man seeing which way a partridge flew. It was he who one day at breakfast observed: "Some of my friends say to me, 'General, why don't you plant a few trees near your house for the sake of the picturesque?' but I say to them, 'Damn the picturesque!'"

On the 11th we went over to Newmarket and saw the Cesarewitch run in heavy rain. It resulted in a dead heat, and the owners of the winners divided the stakes. Yesterday was fine; we went over to see the Wades at Cambridge, and then drove about the place, which was new to my wife and Clara. The autumn tints were at their best, and I never saw it look so attractive.

I found on my table, on my return home, many letters. Madame Taine writes from Boringe, Menthon St. Bernard, that she hopes to publish, before the end of the year, the concluding volume of her husband's great book.

Another letter from Miss Bishop gave an account of Mme. von Schubert's confirmation by the Cardinal, and described the ceremony, which concludes with the officiating personage saying, as he gives to the person confirmed a tap on the cheek: "Pax tecum."

Aberdare, who is here with one of his daughters, gave me some lines, the last four of which I have known in a rather different version for some fifty years, but have never seen written down. The first four are quite new

to me. I did not even know there had been a Burn before Burns—"fortis ante Agamemnona."

> "But Minstrel Burn could ne'er assuage,
> His grief while time endureth,
> To see the changes of this age
> Which fleeting time procureth.
>
> "Full many a place stands in hard case
> Where joy was wont beforrow,
> With Homes that dwelt by Leader Chase
> And Scots that dwelt by Yarrow."

He sent me recently a translation which he made at twenty-four, of a poem by Owain Gruffyd, 1643-1730, entitled *Dialogue Between the Bard and the Cuckoo.* In it, speaking of sixty-three, the cuckoo says:—

> "Yes, at this age, oh Bard! the blessed Maid,
> Christ's holy Mother, in the grave was laid."

This couplet, Aberdare remarks in a note, "might be supposed to have proceeded from a Catholic pen; but before the outburst of Methodism, many Catholic usages lingered on in Wales."

He has continued to send me most interesting comments on these Notes. Some of them will find their places on the pages to which they refer; but others, which are too long to be conveniently treated in that way, may be collected here.

With reference to the entry under date of 19th March 1872, he writes:—

"On the night of the 'scandalous disturbance,' when Auberon Herbert seconded Dilke's motion on the endowments of the Royal Princes, a sister of Lady Aberdare, being at a party, heard two ladies discussing the shameful conduct of the Home Secretary (H. A. Bruce) in 'crowing like a cock.' The real offender was Sir Harvey Bruce, a past master in the emission of noises of all sorts applicable to the suppression of unreasonable or unpopular speakers."

On the entry under date of 27th January 1873, he notes:—

"It was at Monsell's breakfast[1] that Mdlle. de Montalembert told the story of the sick Englishman, the scene of which I think she placed at a château in Burgundy.—He was asked how he was: 'Mais pas trop bien—et pourtant j'ai avalé mon médecin.'

"I also heard Tourgueneff at Arthur Stanley's make the answer to Madame Mohl which you record. They discussed Peter the Great rather warmly—Lui pour, elle contre. She affirmed that his violent efforts to impose Western culture on Russians was a mistake. Hence T.'s reply, which greatly puzzled Madame—'A Co., what's a Co.? Une Vache, Madame, une Vache,' shouted he. It is curious that both these stories should have been repeated at Greg's."

With reference to the story of the Anglomane told by

[1] The breakfast at which I first met Mrs. Craven.

him, which I have recorded under the date of 10th July 1875, he writes:—

"You have correctly given the pith of my story; but the setting is curious, and may be worth adding. In Sir G. Grey's absence I had to meet Bass' demand for sterner laws against street musicians. Palmerston, the only other occupant of the Treasury Bench, was indignant, and hoped that I would defend the interests of the maid-servants, and of the children who danced to the music of the hand organs. I referred to an explanatory note I had once read in a French newspaper on 'West End, parti occidental de Londres habitée par les Tories,' whereupon he poured out story after story of French blunders about England; one of them was the one recorded by you of Charles de Mornay, a furious Anglomane, who not only adopted the extreme fashions of the 'Bond Street Bucks' of those days—blue coat with brass buttons, enormous blue and white 'chokers,' buckskin breeches, top boots, etc.—but appeared in that morning costume at evening parties. It was to Lord Alvanley, a chief wit of those days, that he imparted his intention of having his portrait taken—and then, as in your story."

À propos of the quotation from Camden, under date of 24th February 1878, he remarks:—

"I am glad to see my old friend Camden honoured by admission. Would you like another similar passage from an Elizabethan poet, Anthony Brewer?

"'The ancient Hebrew, clad with mysteries,
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;

The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, the Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French.'

"What a trick of writing these old fellows had!"

With regard to Gladstone's remark about the modernness of the taste for ruins, mentioned under date of 2nd March 1878, he writes:—

"The earliest appreciation of ruins I can remember is in Warton's sonnet, written on a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon:—

"'While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye surveys
New manners and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'

"John Bright told Mrs. George Howard, who related it to me, that ruins gave him no pleasure. Old abbeys only suggested to him superstition, old castles violence."

To the entry under 23rd March 1878, which records a story told to him by Sir G. Lewis, he adds:—

"Sir George Lewis also told me, but without vouching for it, of Joe Hume's one attempt at poetic quotation, 'Let not the hon. gentleman lay that flattering ointment to his chest.'"

With regard to the entry about Sir Henry Thompson, under date of 3rd June 1878, he observes:—

"On the Lords Committee on Intemperance, Sir H. Thompson was asked whether water or beer were the more

dangerous drink in London. He answered, 'Certainly water.' I asked him where he got his drinking water? He answered, 'By the dozen bottles, from Malvern.'"

With reference to a conversation at the Breakfast Club, noted under date of 16th June 1888, he writes :—

"You may remember that, in a note to the *Life of Dr. Arnold*, p. 161, Stanley gives an extract from a letter of Sir W. Napier: 'Tell Dr. Arnold to beware of falling into the error of Pompey being a bad General; he was a very great one, perhaps in a purely military sense greater than Cæsar.'

"Pray read pp. 339-41, 2nd Vol. of *Life of Sir W. Napier*, the comparison between Cæsar and Pompey which I quoted at the symposium. It ends with the striking words: 'Cæsar beat him (Pompey) by superiority of character rather than by superiority of skill.' You will find within these pages vigorous sketches of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Marlborough, Wellington. The final sentence in the comparison of Napoleon and Wellington, as generals, is, *me judice*, one of very finest in expression, imagery, and rhythm, in the language. Judge for yourself!"

With regard to my complaint, recorded under date of 24th September in the same year (1888), that there is no index to his life of his father-in-law, he says :—

"Your reproach for my omission of a good index to the *Life of Sir W. Napier* is just. My excuse is, that when I worked at and brought out the book I was Under-Secretary of the Home Department, and very busy. Your answer will be: 'You should have employed some one to do it,' and

this silences me. I met one day in Hyde Park, Carlyle, who told me that he had been reading Napier's Peninsular War. He found fault, even more justly than you, with the absence of an index, and urged me to bring out an abridged edition, cutting very short the accounts of those campaigns in which the English were not engaged. He observed that, however necessary at the time the history was written, the purely Spanish doings had now ceased to be interesting, the present and future interest of the work being concentrated on Wellington and his army. I don't think that even then the idea was worth acting upon. At any rate I am clear that it would now be a failure."

About the entry with regard to Bishop Blomfield, on 1st March 1892, he remarks :—

"Bishop Copleston writes of him in 1840, after a great debate in the Lords: 'He always brings out original thoughts, bearing well on the subject. His diction the readiest and purest and most correct of any speaker.'"

Dr. Copleston once said to me, that of all the speakers he had ever heard, Dr. Blomfield came nearest to Cicero's description of the *disertus*.

He comments as follows on Guizot's remark, quoted under date of 28th March 1892, that French and English troops acted together for the first time on the River Plate :—

"This was a mistake of Guizot; 6000 English troops had co-operated in Cromwell's time with the French Army under Turenne, and against Condé in 1657-8. Guizot must have

known this, more especially as he had written fully of their joint operations before Mardyke, Dunkirk, etc., in his History of Cromwell. Again, in 1672, 6000 English were sent to help the French against the Dutch. Among these was Churchill, whose military talents were noticed by Turenne. Guizot must have referred to more modern times, although even the navies of England and France had co-operated at Navarino. The Argentine business was in 1845."

About the entry under date of 23rd July in the same year, he writes :—

"Two Welsh poets. *Aneurin*, author of the Gododin, parts of which were translated by Gray, and *Llywarch Hên* —(Hên means old)—who wrote some touching poems, admirably translated by Wiffen, librarian at Woburn, who also translated Tasso's *Gerusalemme*. Ecclefechan was then in the kingdom of Reged and Strathclwyd, the last independent British dominion in the North, extending from the Solway to the Clyde."

21. I see from an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Renan's friend, M. Berthelot, that the word bronze is really a corruption of Aes Brundisianum.

22. George Bunsen's daughter, Marie, who is staying here, told me that M. d'Alopéus, when Russian Ambassador at Berlin, lived in the house in the Wilhemstrasse, which is now the Foreign Office, and that there is still in it a piece of tapestry which was given to him by the Empress Catherine.

24. I gave a lecture this evening to the Twickenham

Literary Society upon Joubert. In the course of preparing it, I lit upon a note to M. de Raynal's memoir of that writer which I had overlooked, and which gives me a new association for Villeneuve. One is not sorry to have a new association during the railway journey through the rather monotonous Valley of the Yonne! Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires D'outre-Tombe*, writes as follows :—

"Qu'est il arrivé de cette société? Faites donc des projets, rassemblez des amis, afin de vous préparer un deuil éternel! Madame de Beaumont n'est plus, Joubert n'est plus, Chênedollé n'est plus, Madame de Vintimille n'est plus. Autrefois, pendant les vendanges, je visitais à Villeneuve M. Joubert: je me promenais avec lui sur les côteaux de l'Yonne; il cueillait des oronges dans les taillis et moi des veilleuses dans les prés. Nous causions de toutes choses et particulierement de notre amie, Madame de Beaumont, absente pour jamais: nous rappelions le souvenir de nos anciennes espérances. Le soir nous rentrions dans Villeneuve, ville entourée de murailles décrépites du temps de Phillipe-Auguste, et de tours à demi rasées du haut desquelles s'élevait la fumée de l'âtre des vendangeurs. Joubert me montrait de loin sur la colline un sentier sablonneux au milieu des bois, et qu'il prenait lorsqu'il allait voir sa voisine cachée au château de Passy pendant la Terreur.

"Depuis la mort de mon cher hôte, j'ai traversé quatre ou cinq fois le Senonais. Je voyais du grand chemin les côteaux: Joubert ne s'y promenait plus; je reconnaissais les champs, les vignes, les petits tas de pierre où nous avions accoutumé de nous reposer. En passant dans Ville-

neuve, je jetais un regard sur la rue déserte et sur la maison fermée de mon ami. La dernière fois que cela m'arriva, j'allais en ambassade à Rome. Il a plu à Dieu d'ouvrir à M. Joubert une Rome céleste, mieux appropriée encore à son âme platonique devenue chrétienne. Je ne le rencontrerai plus ici-bas. Je m'en irai vers lui; il ne reviendra pas vers moi."

I was thoroughly puzzled by the words Oronge and Veilleuse. The latter is the *Colchicum Autumnale*, so familiar to the eye in Swiss pastures, but which I observed the other day, with some surprise, to be abundant in the very district of which Chateaubriand was writing. I need not have been surprised, for I found it further North hardly less common in the meadows by the Aisne at Soissons. As to the former, I have consulted Littré, the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, and a variety of other authorities in vain. Some of them tell you that the "fausse Oronge" is *Amanita Muscaria*, but what the "vraie Oronge" is, they do not say.

27. This wonderful year, in which spring, summer, and autumn have been equally delightful, is keeping up its character to the last, and this was a quite perfect day. I took Fraülein von Bunsen to Kew, which she had never seen.

30. After attending a meeting at the Royal Holloway College, where Prince Christian was in the chair, and where the governing body, as at present constituted,

met for the last time, I passed through London to join my wife and Victoria at High Elms, where we spent yesterday. Amongst others there was Sir Thomas Sanderson, Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, with whom I had much talk of the chiefs under whom he had served, and other subjects. He mentioned incidentally that when the design for Victor Emmanuel's tomb was first shown to Pio Nono, he pointed out that he could not be expected to approve of a monument which had not the slightest allusion to the Christian religion. The design was accordingly taken back, but returned to His Holiness just as it had been, save that the female figures were all called by the names of Faith, Hope, Charity, and so forth. This satisfied the scruples of the Pontiff, who quietly remarked: "That all the virtues were now present, barring 'la Castita."

November

1. I ran down with Clara on the afternoon of the 30th to Mrs. Bishop's, near Tunbridge Wells, whither I went last in August 1881, when Mrs. Craven was staying there. It was on this morning—the morning of All Saints, by a happy chance—that Florence read to me the last page of the Memoir in which her mother

has so well described the life and character of her friend.

Yesterday, Florence took us over to Groombridge Place, an interesting old house occupying the site of one which belonged to the Wallers. There the Duke of Orleans, taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt, long lived with his captors, and there, I suppose, Edmund Waller worshipped Sacharissa, who dwelt not far off at Penshurst.

The present house was built at the end of the 17th century, and I repeated as I walked in it some of Faber's lines, which perfectly apply, save that the peacocks were not one but many:—

"Sweet are old Courts with dates above the doors,
And yew trees clipped in shapes, and cedar walks,
And lawns whereon a quiet peacock stalks,
And leaden casements, and black shining floors,
And armchairs carved like good cathedral stalls,
And huge French clocks, and bedsteads most inviting,
And stiff old ladies hung upon the walls,
Famed in the days of English Memoir-writing—
Places whose very look kind thoughts might draw
E'en to Anne Stuart or William of Nassau.
Sweeter than Tudor-stricken shrines are they
With pleasant grounds and rivers lingering by—
Quaint homes, that shed a pure, domestic ray
O'er the dull time of English history."

6. My octogenarian neighbour, Mr. Twining, has given

me a volume which he has recently published, containing an account of his father's travels in India and elsewhere. I have just had read to me the description of a visit to General de Boigne when at the height of his power, the same whose frank advice to my father with regard to replenishing the treasury of the Great Company is recorded in the first chapter of my *Notes of an Indian Journey*.

Drove up to the Bristol to dine with the Literary Society, and took the chair, in the absence of Coleridge. It was a large gathering—Colvin, Henry Cunningham, Locker-Lampson, Birrell, George Denman, the Bishop of Rochester, and a good many others. Henry James was on my right, Lecky on my left, Canon Ainger, Du Maurier, and Sir George Chesney all within talking distance. The first-named spoke very highly of Lowell's letters, which fill two handsome volumes lately sent me by Charles Norton, their editor, but into which I have as yet hardly looked. This led on to talk about letters in general, and Henry James put Mrs. Carlyle's at the head of all English ones. Ainger told a story against himself, to the effect that he had one evening been sitting next a friend, to whom he said: "I see you have got a toast to speak to." "Yes," was the reply, "I shall have a lot of nonsense to talk after dinner." "No one," rejoined Ainger, wishing to be extremely civil,

"is more capable of doing so." Henry James and I both laughed, and Du Maurier said: "Now that I see that story produces so much effect, I will draw it;" adding, I regret to say: "Fiat experimentum in corpore vili!"

That introduced some talk of his pictures in *Punch*, and of his big dog who figures much in them. "Was he," I said, "the big dog of whom the little girl said to the very thin man, 'My big dog likes bones'?" "Yes," he replied. "And was it you," I asked, "who drew the husband and wife sitting on two uncomfortable chairs, the comfortable ones having been given up to the dog and the cat?" "Yes," he said. "I am glad to hear it," I answered, "for my wife and I found the cap fit so well that we were half inclined to think that some one, who had been staying with us, was the artist."

Chesney spoke much about the wonderfully small proportion of men who are hit in a battle compared with the number of shots fired.

I talked with Lecky about the story of Buckland swallowing the heart of Louis XIV., alluded to above. "It is," he said, "I suspect, quite true; at least Sir Henry Howorth told me he had looked into it, and was of that opinion. It is stated to have happened at Nuneham, Mr. Harcourt's place near Oxford."

7. Looked through the collection of the principal

plants which we gathered together in the eastern counties, Surrey, Middlesex, and Somerset, which has just been forwarded to me by Mr. Hanbury. They are so exquisitely dried that some of the more showy ones, such as *Ranunculus lingua*, are really beautiful objects.

8. Ran up to London to attend the Committee of the Literary Fund and to transact some other business, but having ample leisure between two engagements, I went to the British Museum. I found the great room completed, which was only in process of arrangement when I was last there, and saw the bust of Sir Charles Newton, presiding, as it ought to do, over the grand remains from Halicarnassus, at length properly seen. Most of my time, however, was given to the very remarkable collection of historical autographs now displayed in the library. The memorandum books of Burleigh and of Bacon; a long series of quotations made from classical authors, and inscribed with his own hand, in a book to be presented to his father, by Charles I.; a paper on the talents of Charles XII. of Sweden, in the hand of Frederick the Great; and a portion of Mrs. Hutchinson's life of her husband, were only a few of the remarkable things which I saw. Very interesting, too, was Milton's Bible, with the record, first in his own hand, then in that of another, of family events. Not less so was a little *album amicorum*, the great-grandfather of our birthday books, which had

belonged to a travelling scholar, and in which the great poet had inscribed the words:—

"Doctissimo viro meoque fautori humanissimo D. Christophoro Arnoldo dedi hoc in memoriam cum suae virtutis tum mei erga se studii.

JOANNES MILTONUS.

"19 *November* 1651."

9. Sir Charles Fremantle, who has been Deputy-Master of the Mint since 1868, and whom I have only seen for a moment or two at very distant intervals, since in times which now appear almost pre-Adamite, he was Brand's Private Secretary at the Treasury, came down on Saturday to stay with us with his wife and daughter. He mentioned in the course of conversation that he had found a curious letter from Airey, the Astronomer Royal, to his predecessor, written at the moment when Gladstone first went to the Treasury, before his great budget of 1853 had eclipsed the recollection of his *Church and State*, wondering how the officials at the Mint would manage to get on with the visionary who had been placed over them. He added to my Bethelliana by telling me, on the authority of the person addressed, that Sir Richard had turned round on one occasion to his junior, when Lord Campbell was pronouncing a judgment against him, with the words, "Melville; this is not senile, it is anile."

Mr. Bence Jones, who was also of the party, repeated the amiable reply of an art critic to a painter who had shown him a picture of Satan: "It is undoubtedly a damned thing, but it is not Satan."

Lady Arthur Russell writes:—

"The following is the earliest mention of you I have come across, in looking through and arranging Arthur's letters. He writes to Odo, March 1858: 'I have met in Parliament, and he has become a "Cosmopolitan," Mr. Grant Duff—Old Sauckels Monomania—idée fixe—Mister Krahntŭff—a man of cultivation, who writes the reviews of German books in the *Saturday Review*, as he confessed to me last night.'"

The Duke of Argyll writes with reference to his recent great speech at Glasgow:—

"We had a splendid meeting, 4,000—all men, mainly working class or lower middle class. The very name of the House of Lords was cheered to the echo. This Gladstone has done for us."

11. Some conversation with Henry James on the 6th led to my sending him my notice of Arthur Russell. In the course of a letter just received, he says:—

"Your sketch tells me much about that most attaching of men that I didn't know or should have had a difficulty in otherwise learning. But it points the moral of how modesty—the most exquisite of personal virtues—is essentially a virtue of sacrifice—a virtue resigned in advance, as it were, to losses. To be so accomplished and yet so soundless! *Too* soundless, one would say, were there not, after all, other ways of making an impression than by making a

noise. And it is something to have appealed, in one's very personality, only to the sense in others—for the *finest*."

12. Lady Gregory came down last night. She told us that a priest in her neighbourhood some years ago had been disturbed by an uproar in the street and had rushed forth, exclaiming: "The devil himself couldn't say his prayers with such a noise going on!"

Mr. Walpole, who is about to resign the Governorship of the Isle of Man for the Secretaryship of the Post-Office, came down to spend the day. He called my attention to the fact, which had not before struck me, that the Phœnicians had never engaged in an offensive war, while their great colony of Carthage was always doing so.

13. Madame Renan writes:—

"Quand vous recevrez le Vème et dernier volume 'd'Israël' vous serez frappé, je crois, des chapitres de la fin, qui relient l'histoire du peuple d'Israel à la Vie de Jésus. Vous y verrez quelle admiration et quelle tendresse y sont exprimés pour le Christianisme. Je me suis rappelé souvent, en les lisant, le doux sourire avec lequel il disait parfois que, dans un temps très-éloigné, l'Eglise catholique le regarderait comme son dernier apologiste. Le dernier chapitre est intitulé: *Finito libro sit laus et gloria Christo.* Le volume est tout-à-fait prêt à paraître; seulement l'éditeur préfère ne le mettre en vente qu'au mois de Janvier à cause de l'époque du Jour de l'An, peu faite pour la vente des livres sérieux. Je ne doute pas que la maison Calmann Lévy ne soit très bien disposé

à éditer la traduction de la Princesse. Je dirai à son chef, Paul Calmann Lévy, combien j'en serais heureuse et ce que je pense de votre beau livre rempli d'une science si étendue, d'une impartialité si réelle et d'une amitié si touchante pour celui que je pleure et qui vous a aussi tant aimé."

14. Evelyn writes that an attempt had lately been made in Tabriz to murder the Turkish Vice-Consul. The Ambassador naturally remonstrated, and the authorities replied: "It was all a mistake; the man accused of the crime was not shooting at the Vice-Consul at all, but at his own father"! This, he declares, to be literally true, which I am afraid cannot be affirmed of the following, which he also communicates on the authority of a French lady:—

"Some people were discussing the intelligence of animals, and after many present had said their say, a quiet man remarked, 'I had an elephant who played very well on the piano. I used to take him out with me to dinners, and afterwards he would perform, to the delight of everybody. One day he sat down to play, and after wiping the keys with his pocket handkerchief, he suddenly burst into tears.' 'Qu' est ce qu'il y'a?' said a lady. 'Ah! Madame,' he replied, 'Je viens de reconnaître les dents de ma mère.'"

15. I went up last night to dine with The Club, where we had only four, Alfred Morrison, Herbert, Mackenzie Wallace, and myself. That low figure is not often reached, but even three and two are not unheard of in our annals. I have not observed in looking

through them that anybody ever dined alone, save Lord Liverpool, being at the time Prime Minister, on 13th December 1825.

I slept in London, and breakfasted this morning with Lady Arthur Russell. Conversation turned to two brothers long since deceased, but once well known in London Society, of whom she said very happily: "They had small cultivated minds."

16. Took the chair at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society, the first of 1893-94, at which Mr. Round read a paper upon a subject which it appears still excites the most furious animosities in the town of Colchester, the putting to death, namely, of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle by Fairfax after the surrender of that town in 1648. Mr. Markham has justified it in his life of that commander, while the object of Mr. Round was to controvert his views and to maintain that it was neither more nor less than a judicial murder.

17. Jowett has been rapidly followed across the dark river by the first of that long line of rather (to relapse for a moment into the old Balliol slang) Apolaustic or Acratic pupils, to whom some one alluded when he said that "the Master had always an Alcibiades on the premises." Sir Robert Morier died yesterday at Montreux. We were never continuously intimate, but

we had some loves as well as hatreds in common, no less in public than in private, and were from time to time brought by the course of events, as for instance by the Schleswig-Holstein Question in 1864, by the Austro-Prussian War, and by the Commercial Treaty policy, into the closest sympathy. In one respect, and that one of paramount importance, he completely answered to my ideal of a diplomatist, that is in the extraordinary pains which he took to master the politics of many of the countries in which he lived. In other respects he frequently left much to be desired, and it was a standing marvel to me that a man of his tornado temper rose so high in a service where the *suaviter in modo* should wait on the *fortiter in re.*

19. Mr. Tyrrell told me that Admiral Maxse, having been recently in Paris, had said to Clêmenceau:

"You know that I am no lover of the Germans; I cannot abide them; but if your countrymen go on as they are doing, we shall be driven to join the Triple Alliance." "Dieu merci," is said to have been the reply, "c'est la paix!"

Mr. Cooke is going for a year to Palestine, partly with a view to work at an introduction to the historical books of the Old Testament, on which he is engaged along with Mr. White of New College. In the course of talk about Jerusalem there came back to my mind

an anecdote which I did not include in these Notes at the time, but which should not be lost, for a brand-new insanity, outside an asylum, is a treasure. When I was dining there with Mr. Moore, our Consul, on Christmas Day, 1886, the conversation turned upon the Christians of St. Thomas, and I happened to say that it was impossible absolutely to disprove the very improbable origin which they claim, because we really know nothing authentic of the travels of St. Thomas. "I beg your pardon," said a lady who was present, "we know all about the travels of all the Apostles." "From what source?" I asked. "From the constellations!" was her answer. I need not say I did not pursue the subject.

Between six and seven on Sunday evenings, when we are here, the musical members of the party and the children usually sing hymns. To-day, when Mr. Cooke's turn came, he chose and played No. 18, the oldest in the Ancient and Modern volume, being a translation by Keble of a Greek hymn, probably of the 2nd century, which is quoted by St. Basil in the 4th, and which I re-read in the original before going to bed. He also played the older or plain song version of *Jesu, wie süss*, which is extremely likely to have been that which was sung to Montalembert at Ratisbon.[1]

24. Dr. Stein, Principal of the Oriental College at

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, Vol. I. 230.

Lahore, came down to lunch. I showed him a Sanskrit manuscript, which was brought from India by my father, a copy of the Gita Govinda, made, I think, in 1790, the exact date and name of the copyist, who was a Kashmiri pundit, being given in it. In those days there was a school of learned persons in Kashmir who wrote very bad Sanskrit in the most exquisitely beautiful hand, and exported their productions to all parts of India. Mine appears to be a particularly beautiful specimen, the miniatures, with which it is filled, being drawn with great care. The art has now quite died out in Kashmir, and these manuscripts are hardly to be seen there.

At Eastbourne with the Wilfrid Wards.

27. To afternoon tea at Huxley's. He has been ill, but is better again, and able to take walks of five or six miles over the downs behind Beachy Head, which is hard by. I asked him if he did not find that during solitary walks his mind preyed upon itself. "No," he said, "not if I walk fast enough, more especially if I walk up hill. Besides," he added, "I am extremely fond of scenery, and the scenery of the chalk has a special charm for me."

We talked of Jowett's funeral, at which we had both been present, and he told me that he had first met the Master in 1851. He had gone, immediately after his long cruise, to stay with the Vaughans, who were

anxious to hear about Captain Owen Stanley, Mrs. Vaughan's brother, who had died in his arms. Jowett and he were left alone after the others had gone, and fell into conversation as they lighted their candles. They stood talking for about half an hour, and Jowett strongly advised him to read Comte.

From Jowett we passed on to speak of another common friend, and Huxley mentioned that during the meeting of the British Association at York, in 1881, his wife and he met Henry Smith in the Minster. "Ah! Professor Smith," said Mrs. Huxley, "you did not expect to meet my husband here." "On the pinnacles," was the reply.

I asked Ward if he could give me the reference to a saying of Newman's which I have several times used in the form in which it was repeated to me by Walter Bagehot, which, though better than the original, was not absolutely accurate. It is the last sentence of the Ninth University Sermon, and Ward showed it to me in the copy given by Newman to his father, when the book first appeared.

"When men understand what each other mean, they see, for the most part, that controversy is either superfluous or hopeless."

Bagehot's rendering was :—

"When we have stated our terms and cleared our ground, all controversy is, for the most part, either superfluous or useless."

On the chimney-piece in the drawing-room were the well-known lines describing the character of W. G. Ward, written in Tennyson's own hand and not long before his death. Less grave thoughts were excited by an old exercise book of the theologian's kept at Winchester, in which occurs a highly comic copy of Latin verses describing the adventures of Daniel in the lions' den, of which I remember only one line, but it is a fair sample of the whole:—

"Tum dicit vates. Rex vive in sæcula cuncta"!

In connection with this my host told me a singularly happy rendering by his father, when a schoolboy, of the phrase "You have lost your book; don't lose your temper"—"Liber tibi deest; ne desis ipse tibi."

We spoke of ———, and Ward quoted a saying about him by a person belonging to a less liberal school, who is much scandalised by his concessions to criticism: "I have a great affection for him; I much admire the reverent decorum with which he extinguishes, one after another, all the lights upon the altar."

Ward also showed me a note-book of Newman's, kept during the later years of his life, in which he jotted down from time to time his reflections on religious and philosophical subjects. Much of it will ere long be published. Among the entries which interested me

most was an account of his receiving the Communion, for the first time, in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford, and a passage about the pregnant meanings of *Lead, Kindly Light*, in which he says that its ruling idea is contained in the words, "One step enough for me," all beyond that belonging simply to the domain of faith.

Mrs. Ward called my attention to a volume of poems lately published by Father Ryder, the head of the Birmingham Oratory, from which I take the following lines on a Photographic Album :—

"A book of friends who still are friends,
With friendship waxing stronger ;
A book of friends that once were friends,
But now are friends no longer.

"I wonder as I turn the leaves
What further changes yet may be ;
Or e'er the Master bind the sheaves
And friends are friends eternally."

I have seldom heard a more delightfully *mal-à-propos* remark than one which was quoted in the course of conversation, without the name of the unlucky speaker: "*Surtout point de zèle*, as Ignatius Loyola used to say to his disciples!"

This was the very perfection of a winter's day, with bright sun and a westerly wind. The terrace along the sea-face of Eastbourne was almost warm, as we walked here before I left by the mid-day train. I had as my

companion on the way up, my colleague on the Council of Foreign Bondholders, Admiral Field, a new importation into the House of Commons since I disappeared from that assembly. He told me, amongst many amusing things, a saying of Bradlaugh's which was new to me: "The motto of the old Trade Unionists was 'We will!' The motto of the new Trade Unionists is 'You shall!'"

28. A passage in Hayward's article on Holland House, republished amongst his collected essays, some of which are being read to me, recounts the circumstances under which Stephen Fox announced the death of Cromwell to Charles II., and reminds me that I have never written down a curious story:—

In the year 1840, M. de Gödecke was travelling in England with the late King of Holland, then Prince of Orange. For some reason the Prince had become much incensed against his companion, and would not speak to him. At length, at some place where they stopped, M. de Gödecke bought a newspaper and began to read it. In process of time the Prince put some question to him, to which he quietly replied: "Yes, your Majesty." The paper contained the announcement of the death of the old King, the Prince of Orange of the Peninsular War.

December

2. I entered yesterday into the occupation of No. 4 Cromwell Houses, which we have taken for the winter, and my wife, with the children, followed to-day.

In the afternoon I went, under the protection of Lady Gregory, to 6 Holland Villas Road, to see Miss Ingelow. Conversation found its way, *viâ The Brides of Enderby*, to Boston, and I discovered that as a girl she had known intimately my old friend John Conington, whose father had a living near that place, to which she used constantly to go, across the very fields which were submerged by the high tide she has made famous. In the days of her youth she lived a great deal at Gunby Park. It was at that time in the occupation of her uncle, who had been guardian to Mr. Massingberd, a minor, who was to succeed to it, but who disappeared without leaving any trace behind. After long years of vain search a friendly suit was brought by another member of the family, Colonel Massingberd, and the place passed into his possession.

3. Lily went with me to the Temple Church, and on our return read to me the account of it in Bædeker.

I had forgotten the exact process by which the Temple became the Quarter of the Law. After the fall of the Templars their property was given by Edward II. to Aymer de Valence. On his death it passed to the Knights of St. John, and it was they who, in 1346, leased it to the lawyers. It did not become their freehold property till 1609.

Later I called on the daughter of one of our most distinguished contemporaries, now dead. We talked of "things one would rather have put differently," and she mentioned that last summer at a garden-party a lady had asked her whether her little boy was not very clever. "Yes," she replied. "Ah," was the rejoinder, "I have often observed that cleverness skips a generation."

4. Dined with the Literary Society. Coleridge was in the chair. Sidney Colvin, Walpole, Lecky, Alfred Milner, our newly-elected member, Dr. Hubert Parry, and others, were there. The presence of the last naturally led us to talk of music. Coleridge mentioned that some one had recently said to him: "What an admirable composition Dr. Parry's *Job* is! Admirable and unique." "Admirable," he replied, "it most certainly is; but why unique?" "Why?" was the rejoinder, "because you have in it the only tenor Devil!"

Dr. Parry told us that Tennyson had said to him,

and said with truth: "Browning is devoted to music, and knows a great deal about it; but there is no music in his verse. I know nothing about music, and don't care for it in the least; but my verse is full of music." Dr. Parry repeated also the description of music by some French *savant*, as "the only noise for which one is obliged to pay." That gentleman must have agreed with Théophile Gautier, who, when rebuked by his host for talking while some one was singing, said: "Je ne supprime pas la musique je ne fais que l'attenuer."

Coleridge repeated a conversation which he had had with Arthur Stanley about Sterndale Bennett being buried in the Abbey, in the course of which it transpired that the one piece of music which gave the Dean pleasure was by that composer. I was surprised that any did so, remembering my conversation with Jenny Lind recounted in these Notes for 1881, and I said I thought he was as insensible to music as was my excellent predecessor in the government of Madras—the Duke of Buckingham—who declared that there were only two tunes; one was *God Save the Queen*, and the other "was not."

It was interesting to hear this evening, from the lips of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, that when he was at St. Louis, some years ago, he was told that far the best essay which had recently been written on a legal

subject, at the University of that place, had been the composition of a Cherokee girl.

The name of Colonel Sibthorp somehow came up, and Coleridge told us that he had been taken to task for dining with Hudson the Railway King. "Why should I not?" was his answer. "I have dined with Peel again and again. Rush never asked me." This led to talk about the murders committed by that worthy; Coleridge said he was tried by Baron Rolfe; and when a question arose as to the title that Judge should take when he passed to the House of Lords, some one suggested Lord Kilrush.

Milner, who sat on my right, said to me: "One does not get much amusement out of Blue Books; but I was amused once by a telegram of Baring's to Gordon, which I found in a Blue Book about Egypt, to some such effect as this: 'Have received your eleven telegrams. I should like to oblige you in every way. Pray kindly make up your mind what you would wish me to do, and send me one telegram stating what that is.' I told this to Baring, and he said: 'Eleven telegrams! I received thirty-two!—each suggesting something different.' 'I do not wonder,' I replied, 'that he should have written to Mallet: "Ah! You little know what it is to have to do with a Christian hero!"'"

Coleridge and I are seldom long together without

talking of Newman, who, holding opinions so entirely different from ours, exercised the same fascination over both of us. He quoted (to-night) the epitaph which Newman had written himself: "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

Talk found its way, *viâ* President Lincoln, to Sherman and Sheridan, both of whom, said Sir George Chesney, who was present, had real genius. Coleridge told us that he had only once met the latter, but had come to know the former pretty well, and gave, on his authority, a description of his arriving, in the course of his famous march, at a large town in the South where the shops were all shut, and which seemed almost a city of the dead. He sent for the authorities, reassured them as to his intentions, and, in reply to the question whether he would receive a deputation of ministers of religion, agreed to do so. After various preliminaries they asked him whether they must now pray for Mr. Lincoln. "Oh!" he replied, after thinking for a moment or two, "I don't think you need trouble to do that; he is getting on exceedingly well." "May we then pray for Jefferson Davis?" they asked. "By all means; pray away as hard as you can. No one ever wanted it more."

5. Introduced at Lady Mary Howard's, by Mrs. Ward, to Miss Mary Church, the daughter of the Dean. She told me that her father's family was of Quaker origin.

Her grand-uncle ran away from home and enlisted. His relatives bought him a commission, and, in process of time, he developed into the General Church of the Greek War of Independence, whom I saw as a very old man at Athens in 1871.

10. Went to see Miss Lawless. We talked, amongst other things, of a tendency constantly present amongst the Irish peasantry of the south, before the recent political agitation began, to look at life as something essentially transitory and of no great account—a sort of dream. This was especially observable among the women, and was often found in connection with strong Catholic feeling. It is the same idea which is worked out in *La Vida es Sueño*, by Calderon.

Dr. Klein came to see us at night, and talked for some two hours most brilliantly. He mentioned incidentally that when he went to see Newman, he found his mind altogether hazy as to the very meaning of the word biology. He imagined chemistry to be a department of it. We spoke of the slow progress which Christianity had made in the so-called eighteen Christian centuries. Dr. Klein attributed it to the fact that the barbarians had overwhelmed the civilisation of Southern Europe, which was prepared to receive the new doctrine : whereas it required many centuries, the whole period known as the Middle Ages, to bring the brains of the Northern

races into a sufficiently advanced condition to grasp its real significance. He took a hopeful view of its progress in the future, but dwelt much on the hopelessness of the attempt to proceed *per saltum*, and the necessity of a physiological basis for all mental improvement.

12. Dined with The Club. Acton mentioned, on the authority of the Dean of Windsor, that a willow-tree there, the offspring of a cutting taken from Napoleon's willow at St. Helena, had lost two of its branches. The first went on the day of Sedan, the second on that on which the Prince Imperial was killed.

Herschell said that a lady had told him that, when about to wash her hands at the Carlisle station, she had taken off five rings and had left the whole of them. When she discovered her loss, she telegraphed, wrote, and took every means of recovering them, but in vain. Some months afterwards her maid saw an advertisement in a newspaper to the effect that six rings had been found in the lavatory at Preston, and called her mistress' attention to it. "My rings," she replied, "were only five, and I lost them at Carlisle, not at Preston; the advertisement can have nothing to do with me." Eventually, however, she was persuaded to send a description of her rings, and was informed in reply that the description of five of them was absolutely correct, but that there were six. The five rings were at last conclusively

proved to be those which had been lost at Carlisle Some one, it is pretty clear, had stolen them, and had left them with another at another station on the same railway.

I told the story of Mr. Massingberd mentioned above. That drew from the Chancellor an account of one of the Schleswig-Holstein family, who had disappeared, but had turned up some twenty years afterwards as an organist at a church in Sicily, and had eventually returned to his family.

Coleridge mentioned the case of a Mr. Lovell who disappeared in Lyons. It is not the only case I have heard of disappearance in Lyons. There was one of an English clergyman, who was last seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the railway station there.

Coleridge was persuaded that I had told him many years ago that Strossmayer had used the word *æstimium* in an inscription on a book which he gave to a friend. I have no recollection of having done so, but he seemed to have no doubt of the fact, and had looked up *æstimium*, finding that there was thoroughly good authority for it, it having been used by Hyginus, librarian to Augustus.

Asked whether Keate was remarkable for anything but his ferocity, he replied that he was a very fine scholar indeed, and that his lines entitled *Immortalitas*

Animi, published, I think Coleridge said, in the *Museum Criticum*, are in the first rank of modern Latin poetry.

I observed, with interest, during the conversation which followed, that Robert Herbert, himself a very exquisite scholar, put modern Latin poetry higher than, I think, most people are now inclined to do.

13. My wife having gone to take Victoria to her first ball, I went to the Cosmopolitan, which Sir Nigel Kingscote and I had entirely to ourselves. He lives close by, and reports that it has been very slenderly attended of late.

14. Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice told me this afternoon that the mother of one of the most gifted, but not most decorous of contemporary writers, had said: "Dear ———, he would have taken orders had it not been for the baneful influence of Jowett"!!!

Talked at Mrs. Humphry Ward's with a gentleman just returned from sketching in Spain, who told me that although costume had vanished from most parts of the country, it was still to be seen in perfection near Santiago in Galicia. He thought, however, that the costumes of Ragusa and other parts of Dalmatia were far more beautiful than any others which he had seen in Europe.

15. Canon Ainger and others dined with us. Mr. Du Maurier has done as he said he would, and the Canon's story against himself appears in *Punch* this week, but the speaker is a pretty woman, not a dignitary of the Church.

18. To the British Museum, where continued examining the collection of autographs mentioned on a previous page. Amongst the most interesting which I saw to-day was a letter in the hand of Erasmus, about Luther's marriage, in which he says:—"Solent Comici tumultus fere in matrimonium exire, atque hinc subita rerum omnium tranquillitas. . . . Similem exitum habitura videtur Lutherana Tragœdia. Duxit uxorem, monachus monacham. . . . Luterus nunc mitior esse incipit, nec perinde saevit calamo."

Very curious, too, was the rough sketch in the hand of Lord Burghley of the room at Fotheringay as arranged for the trial of Mary Stuart. Side by side lie a letter signed by Lady Jane Grey and an order signed by Mary Tudor. The first speaks of the second as a bastard, the second of the first as "a quene of new and pretye invention." There is a letter in English by Voltaire, in which he praises the liberty of England and condemns the *monstruous* irregularities of Shakespeare. There is one from his unfortunate Chancellor to Henry VIII., in which the former hopes to meet and "make merry with his grace in hevyn."

There is the contract for the sale of *Paradise Lost;* there is a resolution come to by the Commanders who fought the Armada, with the name of Howard of Effingham at the top; there is a long letter from Raleigh and a short one from Hampden; there is the signature of Drake, and

an account of Drumclog by Claverhouse; there is Nelson's last letter to Lady Hamilton, with her remarks upon it, and many things not less memorable.

19. Dined with the Aberdares, meeting Acton, a son of Madame de Riaño's, who is at the Spanish Embassy here, and others. Our host told a good story of Victor Hugo, on the authority of Préssensé, the same, by the way, whom Madame Smirnoff alluded to when she said, at an evening party, to Madame Tourguéneff, retreating, as she spoke, into a little room: "Donnez-moi un cigare et envoyez-moi le petit théologien." Préssensé was expressing to the great man his regret at the decline of religion in France. "Rassurez-vous," was the reply, "par dix vers dans mon nouveau poëme j'ai remis Jésus Christ sur son piédestal."

That led to talk of Lamartine, and Aberdare mentioned that the poet had sat to Henry Phillips, who refused to show him his portrait till it was finished. At length it was unveiled, and Lamartine, folding his arms, contemplated it for a little. At length he said: "Oui c'est bien moi! C'est bien cet air fin et Grec. C'est le jeune Lord Byron devenu homme d'Etat."

Another story of the same personage Aberdare gave us, on the authority of the late T. C. Bruce. After putting aside the red flag in the spring of 1848, Lamartine went to Lady Elgin's, and was of course congratulated. "Oui,"

he said, "Ce jour-là l'homme physique était superbe; l'homme moral etait sublime!"

I took down Miss Elliot, who told me that when people were talking of the Endowment of research at Oxford, Henry Smith had said: "Don't you think they had better call it the research of Endowment?"

20. Dined with the Danish Minister and Madame Bille, meeting the Akermans, the Leckys, and others. The Italian Ambassador (Tornielli) used a phrase applicable to more persons than the diplomatist of whom he was talking: "Il appartient à la catégorie des Incontentables."

21. To the British Museum with Lady Reay, where I saw amongst other things the Mazarin Bible, printed by Gutenberg and Fust at Mainz in 1455 or 1456, and deriving its name from the fact that the first copy which attracted attention was in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. This was the first complete printed book, but during its progress certain letters of indulgence to those rendering aid against the Turks, which are also shown in the same case, appear to have been printed, and go back to October or November 1454. I noticed, too, the *Cicero de Oratore* of Subiaco, the first book printed in Italy; and the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, the first book printed in Greek characters. A series of Block books is also exhibited, including the *Biblia Pauperum*, a book of devotion, supposed to be the oldest of them. I observed also a

letter of Dryden's to Lawrence Hyde, who succeeded his father in the possession of York House. In it he urges that he should receive through his correspondent some appointment from the king, adding: "'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and sterv'd Mr. Buttler."

——— sends me an account of the dinner given to the Duc de Montebello in the Salle de la Noblesse at St. Petersburg, and adds:

"Of course the enthusiasm was immense; but I couldn't help wondering what the great Catherine would have said had it been foretold to her that the Marseillaise would be ng by her own subjects before her own statue."

28. M. de la Ferronays writes from the Chambre des Députés an account of the recent Anarchist outrage there:—

"How I escaped unhurt, God only knows, for I cannot understand it yet. If you happen to fall in with a copy of the *Intransigeant Illustré* (which has given the most trustworthy picture of the scene) you may get a very good idea of the event. My seat being just by the steps on the right, I was in the centre of the explosion; round me (happily the greater part of my neighbours had just walked out of the room) all the seats were covered with nails, etc. A letter I held in my hand, and was going to post, was torn by one of the nails, my clothes were covered with blood, and the shower of plaster, which lasted a good quarter of an hour after the shell burst, gave the Press reporters the notion of much more serious consequences. That is how, at the first moment, I happened to be put under No. 43

on the official list of the wounded, and since I have not been able to have my name taken off; so that, if in future days a very conscientious historian tries to write the story of our time on original papers, he will be obliged to pity me as being one of the victims!"

30. To-day Lily, Iseult, and I paid the twenty-third visit which we have made, since our arrival in London, to the Natural History Museum.

On the 21st Mr. Fletcher breakfasted with us to look over my collection of stones, and yesterday he showed us, amongst many other treasures in his department, two beryllonites, the last new gem which has been discovered, and which is a phosphate, not a silicate.

31. The last two or three days have been very dark, and last night the fog was so thick that we were unable to go out; but 1893 has died as it lived, incomparably the finest year in point of weather I have ever seen in Great Britain. In many other respects it has had less to recommend it, but of its disagreeable features I say nothing.

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15



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